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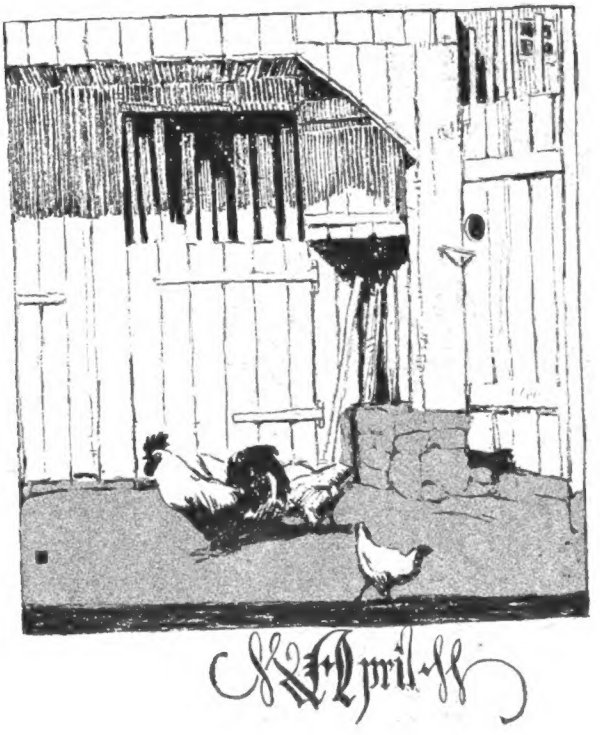

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THE AMERICAN BOY.

NO. IV.—HIS FIRST LOVE; OR, LEARNING TO FETCH AND CARRY.

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VOL. XXII

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

NO. 4

April 1910

SANITY AND DEMOCRACY FOR AMERICAN CITIES

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"
"Soldiers of the Common Good," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Here is one splendid victory for the American people—one result of a decade of war for reform. Commission Government is becoming a national issue. Already some sixty cities, representing over 3,000,000 people, have adopted its essential features. The success of this plan threatens death to organized corruption: Therefore the Beast is showing its teeth and using its customary methods in the legislatures. To meet this, the twenty larger cities of Illinois have an organization fighting to wrest an "enabling act" from the lawmakers. A similar organization exists in Michigan. In Texas fifteen cities use the Galveston commission plan. In Kansas nine have the Des Moines plan. Boston, Buffalo, Tacoma, St. Joseph and Memphis—all cities of over 100,000—have adopted Commission Government. In all, 147 cities want it. Mr. Russell here shows the results in five of the reformed municipalities. It is money in your pocket and pride in your heart to know the facts.

SURELY every American adult, if so much as moderately patriotic, if not joined for gain with predatory enterprise, and if given in any way to meditation, must feel moved at times to sit down and weep over the fathomless shame and (to his mind) the hopeless misrule of the cities of his native land. Here is a very strange matter, well worth the attention of all.

Let us take, for an example, a high-class and chiefly American city of the Middle West, the city of Des Moines, Iowa. In many respects it is an admirable place of habitation, handsomely situated, of solid and permanent development, unusually fortunate in the character of its population. I doubt if in another community in the world you could find a higher average of worth and intelligence. It has every symbol of advanced civilization: a great university, model schools of all grades, excellent newspapers, churches, beautiful parks, societies for culture and art. The residence streets are broad and handsome; in many directions there are evidences of taste and æsthetic impulse.

It is the capital of a state famous for schools, good institutions, prosperity, good order, and the broadly progressive spirit of its inhabitants; it is a fit capital of such a state.

In this city the people are admitted to have unusual civic spirit; they are never indifferent to public affairs. Habitually and with great liberality they subscribe for every public

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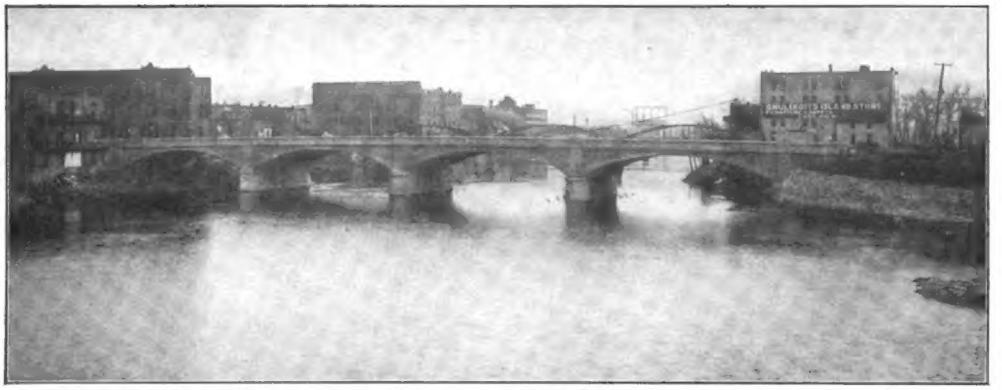

Photograph by Runkle, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

THE ISLAND PURCHASED, OUT OF SAVINGS THROUGH COMMISSION GOVERNMENT,

purpose. Reasonably enough, they are proud and fond of their city; they will make sacrifices in its behalf. The business men are noted for their alertness and their progressive methods; with conspicuous ability and success they manage their respective concerns. Beyond a doubt the vast majority of the people of Des Moines are efficient as well as honest; they fervently desire efficient and honest government.

Photograph by Reid, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

EX-COUNCILMAN M. J. MILES, RECENTLY ELECTED MAYOR OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

Yet for many years they were cursed with a local government usually extravagant and wasteful, sometimes dishonest, and always grossly incompetent and futile. Again and again good men, feeling the sting of these conditions, and upheld by the sympathies of most of the people, set their hands to the task of improvement. Without exception their efforts had one dreary record of failure. Good men seemed to become bad when they took public office; wise men to turn foolish; efficient men to become suddenly incapable, and honesty itself to be corrupted. Public-service corporations absorbed the highways, the city finances were slipshod, the protection of citizens was often alarmingly inadequate. Thus the strange spectacle was presented of able business men yearly investing their money in a notoriously unprofitable venture and supporting an institution so wretchedly mismanaged that it was a kind of public jest. What was strangest of all, while the people had obviously the sense of beauty and the love of adornment, the appearance of the business part of their city was always slovenly. In spite, therefore, of what might be called a universal aspiration for good things, the astonishing result was obtained of universally bad things, until part of the people were ready to despair of good government, and another part settled into a cynical acceptance of what seemed to be an irremediable evil.

In all these matters Des Moines was but a type of the American city, big or little, and, everything considered, I know of no other fact so abnormal as that this should be so.

Because if the American people have one distinguishing trait, it is their strong innate moral sense; yet the government of their

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BY CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—SHOWING THE NEW SECOND AVENUE CONCRETE BRIDGE.

cities is probably the most immoral government in the world. They are essentially honest; the government of their cities is so dishonest that it is a byword and mocking for the rest of mankind. On the whole, they are probably the most capable and intelligent of modern peoples; the government of their cities is incompetent, childishly inefficient, blundering, ruinously wasteful, and stupid beyond all words.

If you happen not to have handy standards for comparison, this may seem to you overwrought. Also there is the old matter of cheap national pride that so often and miserably blocks our way; we hate to make public confession of a fault that in our hearts we know well enough. Yet shall we for once deal with things exactly as they are, man-to-man fashion? Then the statements made here are not over but under the truth. Some few exceptions exist, also some degrees of badness; but as a rule the American city is unsightly to look at, plundered by corporations and political ruffians, misruled where it is not corruptly ruled, and bungled, boggled, and manhandled in all its most important affairs.

The government of these cities is usually wasteful, usually fails to give to the people that pay for it any adequate return for their money, and is usually conducted for the benefit, and at the command, of public service corporations. In things visible and invisible it certifies to its own abominable failure; for most American cities are badly paved, badly lighted, badly built, badly sewered, have an expensive water supply and a police force that thrives often upon an alliance with vice, sometimes upon an alliance with both vice and crime.

All this, with every stage and phase of it, beginning, end, and middle, utterly contradicts the essential spirit and impulse of the people, because they are for things high and good. Then, is it not a strange spectacle?

Yet, as a matter of fact, and not to make

Photograph by Whittier, Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA'S ALLEYS ARE PAVED AND CLEAN UNDER COMMISSION GOVERNMENT. HUNDREDS OF LOADS OF REFUSE HAVE BEEN CARTED OUT OF THEM.

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Photograph by Harpel, Des Moines, Iowa.

THE OLD RIVER BANK, DES MOINES, IOWA. BEFORE COMMISSION GOVERNMENT.

any concession to fustian patriotism, the failure so broadly marked upon our municipalities is not really ours, but a system's. We have done the best we could with the tools we have; the fault is with the tools: they are worn out, antiquated, and worthless for the task in hand. How absurd to suppose that a people capable of devising and managing the most gigantic business enterprises is incapable of managing a municipality; or that Americans are moral in their convictions and grossly immoral in their public practices! Indeed, the truth is something very different. The truth is that the old mediæval and thumb-hand system called representative government is a failure, and the American city, being wholly modern and without the sustaining power of tradition, is the first to demonstrate that fact.

The theory of representative government rests upon the belief in individual wisdom. Some few men are very wise; the rest of us are very foolish. If, therefore, we entrust our affairs to the wise and the good, all will be well with us.

On this theory the nation has proceeded for one hundred and twenty-two years, most

A. J. MATHIS, MAYOR OF DES MOINES, IOWA.

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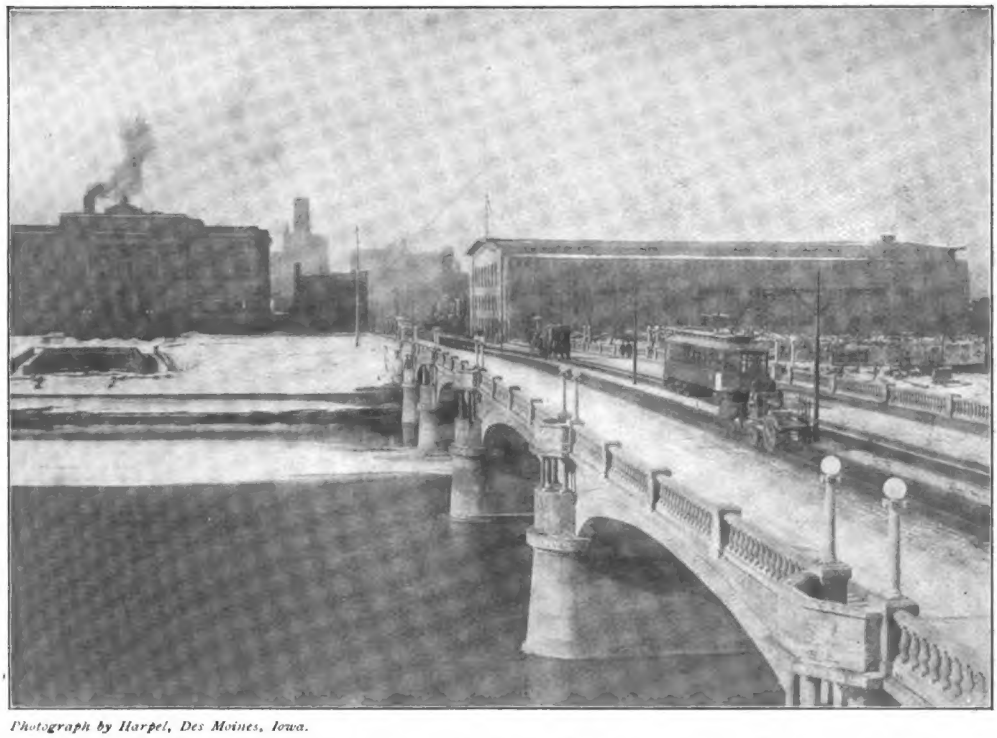

Photograph by Harpel, Des Moines, Iowa.

THE NEW RIVER BANK AT DES MOINES, SHOWING LIBRARY ON LEFT, COLISEUM ON RIGHT, AND LOCUST STREET BRIDGE.

of the time in trouble and, so far as its cities are concerned, in a state bordering upon chaos.

All this time we have been trying with more or less assiduity to find the wise and the good and to invest them with government.

Some of our performances in this grand pursuit have been of an aspect not without its touch of comedy for those to whom cynicism appeals.

Thus, for about four-fifths of the time our municipal affairs are perfectly rotten and we all know they are rotten and say they are rotten, but patiently endure the rottenness, feeling, perhaps, that rottenness is sent upon us as a visitation from the gods.

Of a sudden, in the fifth year, we say that we can endure rottenness no more. The time has come to throw off the hateful yoke of Tammany in New York, or of the Ring in Philadelphia, or of the Coxe gang in Cincinnati, or of the Butler gang in St. Louis, or of the Hinkey-Dink-Traction gang in Chicago, or of the Ruef-Railroad gang in San Francisco. Some uncontrolled newspapers tell us this and valiantly lead us to the assault. The pulpit sounds the alarm, the underlying moral sentiment is aroused. A non-partisan committee is formed. Our best citizens turn from their private affairs and devote themselves sedulously to the cause of reform. We feel that to do away with rottenness we must, with great care, choose for each public office only the wise and the good. To this also the uncontrolled newspapers vehemently exhort us; so exhorts the pulpit; so exhort all the moral guides.

We proceed to exercise great care. We search, we weigh, we consider. We choose good men, splendid men, exalted characters: the president of a college, the head of a great business concern, men of learning and of spotless reputation. To these, our wisest and best, we entrust our government, feeling a sweet joy in the thought that all will now be well. We have followed the formula; we are now to be governed by the wise and the good; we settle back to observe the triumphant entry of righteousness.

It never comes. The same old conditions persist in the same old way. Of the work of the municipality, the wise and the good make a fist as bad as that made by their unwise and not good predecessors. Nothing

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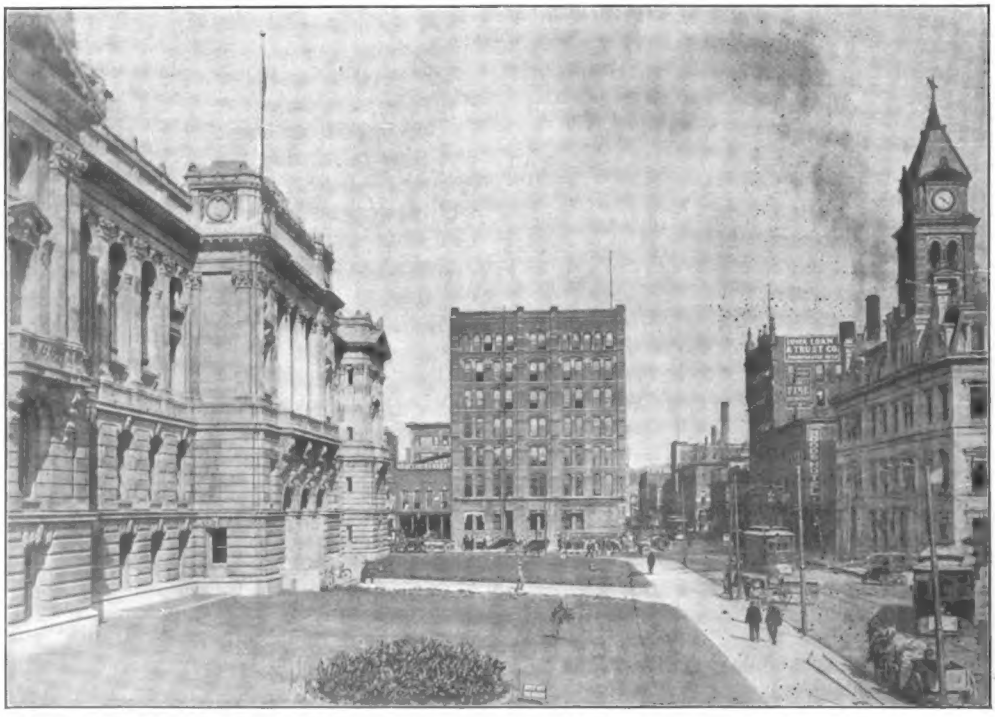
Photograph by Stevenson, Leavenworth, Kansas.

IN LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, THE CITY COMMISSIONERS HAVE FORCED PROPERTY OWNERS IN THE BUSINESS SECTION TO LAY UNIFORM CEMENT SIDEWALKS. ALSO THE STREETS ARE REGULARLY WASHED—A MARKED CHANGE FROM THE OLD RÉGIME.



Photograph by Harpel, Des Moines, Ia.

WEST FIFTH STREET, DES MOINES, IOWA—THE FIRST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES TO TRY GENUINE DEMOCRACY IN ITS GOVERNMENT. ONE OF THE RESULTS IS ITS NEW FRONT OF GOOD LOOKS.

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is in any way different except that now the gentlemen that steer the mismanaged machine are members of our set, and previously they were members of somebody else's.

This goes on for two years. Then the general public, disappointed and disgusted, returns to its normal state of apathy, back comes Tammany, and, the circle of farce having been completed, we are now ready to begin again where we were five years ago.

This is the history of every city in America —under the representative or thumb-hand theory of government.

Sometimes there are variations and embroideries. Sometimes when the corruption by the public service corporations has been particularly flagrant, we get very angry and demand that persons shall be sent to jail. Then some ardent district attorney becomes active and begins to send them to jail. This we hail with boundless satisfaction; we feel so good about it that we want to make the district attorney president or governor or something. All the better newspapers and pious periodicals assure us that the district attorney is very wise and good, and that his work of sending men to jail is immensely valuable and important. Then the Supreme Court reverses all of the district attorney's convictions and turns the men out of jail again. Meantime other men in the city council have been duplicating their offenses; the public service corporation bribes and corrupts; and the full tide of misrule sweeps on as if there were no such things as jails, district attorneys, punishments, or laws.

At intervals the wise men set themselves to work to tinker the city charter. Something must be wrong with that precious document. It ought to secure honesty and efficiency and government by those rare birds, the wise and the good, but somehow it does nothing of the kind. So the charter goes to the repair shop.

First we put all the power in the hands of the mayor, because we shall then have all the responsibility in one place, which will be a very good thing, to be sure; and the first mayor under the new charter is a man like Schmitz of San Francisco, maybe.

So then we see that this will not work, and we take the power away from the mayor and give it to the city council; and the public service corporations go in and buy aldermen like beef-cattle. So then we devise two municipal legislative bodies, one to be a check on the other, and the only result is to demonstrate that the corporations can buy two bodies as easily as they can buy one. Then we vest the power in the State Legislature or in the governor, and the people kick that over because they demand Home Rule. Then, in New York, we increase the power of the borough presidents; then we take their power away. Next we appeal to the courts; then we get along without the courts. We have a single-headed police commission and find that that will not work. We substitute a commission of four, then one of three, then none at all, and discover that under any one of these conditions the status of the police department is as bad as under any other.

Then we get a charter commission appointed and begin all over again.

Meanwhile two or three things are apparent, certain, and universal:

First, there is no true government of the city, but only a government by wards or assembly districts. The aldermen are elected by their respective wards or districts. They are bent upon doing things for their wards or districts; to their wards or districts they look for reëlection. Nobody is bent upon doing anything for the city. The city blunders on, neglected, forlorn, unkempt, untidy, and plundered on all sides. The taxpayers growl at the tax rate and the little they have to show for the taxes they pay; the honest citizens go about chasing the phantasmagoria of the wise and the good; the thieves grow rich; the police levy blackmail; Mr. Croker gets him a stable; and the world sneers at the failure of self-government in America.

Second, for what government there is, the people are in no way responsible. They have practically nothing to do with it. They do not choose the mayor nor the treasurer, nor the assessor, nor the clerk, nor the aldermen, nor any other officer under the heavens that is supposed to serve them. All these functionaries are selected by a political boss or a political machine, and the boss or the machine is the real ruler of the city, drawing support from the public service corporations, and giving them in return the privileges that enable them to make dividends on their watered stock and maintain the machine that is so profitable to them. Incidentally, these are privileges that really belong to the people thus exploited, but this fact is always conveniently obscured to the people and overlooked by the city legislators.

Stripped of the pretense with which we habitually clothe our public performances,

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this is a fair summary of the situation in most of the American cities. The conspicuous exceptions are some sixty odd, a few of which I am presently to enumerate.

For now, by one of those singular chances that, as Robert Louis Stevenson remarks, have given to Fate the likeness of a malicious schoolboy, while the wise, the learned, the expert, the profound of thought, and the student of sociology have been laboriously and fatuously trying to determine what is true wisdom in regard to these matters, a handful of men not learned nor profound, men that probably never have studied the principles of sociology, have, without trying, hit upon the veritable solution of the problem. What is still stranger, they have advanced democracy while trying to suppress it, and in point of fact the improvement they have wrought is one they never really intended.

In 1900 Galveston, Texas, was almost destroyed by a flood. Chaotic conditions followed. With characteristic courage the people undertook to rebuild their city. In a situation so abnormal, and particularly in the activities that rebuilding brought about, some latitude of government was certain. The city council fell to carrying things with a high hand. Charges of graft kept an even pace with the physical evidences of inefficiency. At last the citizens understood that if the new Galveston was to be anything like their desire, they must have a form of government strong enough to cope with the situation. Most of them felt vaguely that what was needed was some form of dictatorship, a concentrated and, if necessary, an arbitrary power, but a power strong and prompt. Therefore they got from the legislature a charter for a form of government quite new to American soil, and as near to a dictatorship as is conceivable under our general polity.

The city council and all other city officers were abolished. All power and authority relating to the city were vested in five commissioners, almost irresponsible and almost autocratic. The business of management was made solely theirs; they were at once the legislative, executive, and all other branches of the municipal government.

With this great change representative government collapsed in Galveston. The ancient ward lines vanished; men were no longer chosen to represent wards or districts, nor indeed to represent anything else. Five men were hired to manage the city as they might be hired to manage a great factory, and the people (who hired and paid these managers) had nothing to say about the manner of work the managers did, except that when a commissioner's term expired he could be defeated of reëlection.

The sole origin of this device was the hopeless situation that the ward system and representative government created in respect to the political machines, the saloon and the votes that the saloon controlled. So long as the city was divided into wards, the grafters and political machinists could carry enough wards (with the aid of the saloon) to give them practical control of the city council, although a majority of the citizens at large might be against them. This is a familiar situation, and one reason for the persistent failure of reform.

Galveston's experiment in municipal management was bitterly opposed on the ground that it was undemocratic, which it certainly was. Nevertheless, in the peculiar situation of city affairs its success was great. The five commissioners seemed to develop the sense of service, a sense quite new in the history of American municipalities. There was assuredly a great decrease of official dishonesty and a great increase in efficiency. The first year's operation showed that notable economies had been made; the city had never been so well governed, nor so safe, and had never looked so well. Finally, nearly all observers agreed that the destroying of the old ward lines and the unifying of the city's interests were most wholesome changes.

When these results were apparent, the city of Houston adopted Galveston's plan and secured similar benefits.

Still, the plan was undeniably open to the very grave objection that it was essentially reversionary and exposed any city adopting it to the perils that always accompany autocracy, and are greater than any inconveniences arising from ordinary misrule. What was needed in this country was a larger measure of democracy, and this plan actually diminished the people's share in their government, already absurdly small. If the idea of operating a municipality sanely, as a business enterprise and strictly on business lines, could be united with the idea of direct popular responsibility, the new plan would probably be the best ever devised.

This end was presently attained in a bill prepared by former United States Senator Richard F. Pettigrew, and passed (largely through his efforts) by the South Dakota

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Legislature. It authorized any city in the state to adopt the business form of government upon certain prescribed lines such as these:

All ward lines and other political divisions of the city were to be abolished. Five commissioners, each having in command a department of the city's affairs, were to be elected by the city at large. These were to constitute the entire city government, all other offices (city council, city treasurer, recorder, clerk, attorney, and what not) to be abolished. They were made subject at all times and in every way to the will and direction of the people. Except emergency regulations for public health or safety, no law passed by the commissioners could go into effect for twenty days, and if within those twenty days fifteen per cent. of the voters presented a petition to that effect, the law must be submitted to the vote of the people. By a similar petition any measure not originating with the commissioners could likewise be submitted, or an election could be had at any time to determine whether any commissioner should continue in office or be removed therefrom. These features (which are, of course, the referendum, initiative, and recall) obliterated the one fault in the Galveston plan and put all responsibility definitely upon the people.

The bill also adopted the excellent device known as the New Zealand ballot. For many years we have talked much of that delectable reform, the exclusion of partisan politics from local voting. The New Zealand ballot secures this result. No party names nor designations nor what an eminent New York boss used to call "Symbloms" are allowed on this ballot, but the names of candidates are printed in alphabetical order under the names of the offices they seek, with nothing to indicate the party to which any candidate belongs. Party conventions were abolished by ordaining that nominations should be by direct primary vote or by petition, a change that also helped to eliminate the boss and the machine. The bill finished the destruction of these two evils and of the public service corporation as a political force by providing that no public franchise should be granted until the grant had been submitted to the vote of the people.

On the production of this radical measure the conservative element, with which South Dakota, like the other states, is over-supplied, was aghast, and the political machinists were furious.

"What!" they said, "no party names? How can a man tell how he is voting? No emblems? What is a ballot without emblems? And of course you can't get along without party conventions. Who is to tell who shall be nominated?" But in spite of these objections the bill became a law, and every city in South Dakota was free to try the same method of government if it chose.

Then an instructive thing happened. Senator Pettigrew had hoped, if he got the bill enacted, to see the first trial of it made in his own city, Sioux Falls. The question was submitted to the people of Sioux Falls, and the saloons, the breweries, the bawdy-houses, the gamblers, the grafting politicians, and the railroad companies made one of their usual and unholy alliances and beat the proposal at the polls. These understood too well what the plan would mean to graft and privilege.

For some time the new idea was doomed to be inert in the state where it had been brought to perfection.

Meanwhile it had fared much better in the neighboring state of Iowa. There the Legislature took it in hand, adopted a law very similar to the South Dakota law, and the capital city of Des Moines, where the chase of the wise and the good corposant had been so long and arduous, became the first city in the United States to try the experiment of genuine democracy and modern business methods in the conduct of its affairs.

Cedar Rapids, another important city of the state, soon followed. In Davenport the new plan was submitted to the voters, and until within a few days of the election would have commanded a majority. At that stage the influences that had defeated the people in Sioux Falls made a similar combination with a similar result. Not long afterward the proposal was re-submitted in Sioux Falls; the saloons, dives, bawdyhouses, gamblers, and railroad companies were overthrown, and the new plan went into full operation on May 1, 1909.

We have, in all, about thirty cities that have tested the new idea sufficiently to furnish a basis for estimating what modern and sane methods are worth when applied to a modern municipality; also what the thumb-hand method was worth as a source of universal failure. Of these thirty odd, let us look at five typical instances.

In Galveston five years of the modern

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method showed that the annual expenses of the city government had been reduced nearly one third; the city had saved a million dollars; both the tax rate and the city debt had been reduced; a new system of sewers had been installed, a new and efficient health department had been created; the area of paved streets had been greatly extended; there had been no peculation, no fraud, no boss system, and in every way Galveston had become a better city to live in.

In Houston, the first year of the new plan showed that the saving effected had enabled the city to pay $400,000 of indebtedness, while the tax levy was reduced twenty cents in the $100. At the same time the public improvements effected were the greatest in the history of the city, and the appropriations for such work exceeded the records. As one indication of the new order, I may mention that in one year Houston laid six miles of new street paving and paid for it without issuing a dollar's worth of bonds.

In Des Moines, the general disgust with the old method of government was so great that when the question of adopting the new was being agitated, placards appeared in the streets bearing only the words: "It Can't Be Any Worse Than This," and all men knew and appreciated what was meant. After a year of the new plan, the Des Moines *Register and Leader*, a newspaper of conspicuous fairness, reviewing the advantages and disadvantages of the innovation, concluded that "Des Moines is, in fact, the most economically and most honestly managed city of its size in the Middle West." The old city government had left affairs in such a tangle that an issue of $180,000 of bonds to provide for the floating indebtedness was necessarily the first step of the new managers; the first year of their work showed that all of this extravagance had been excised, and economy had taken the place of helter-skelter extravagances. Previously there had been in the general fund an annual deficit of from $50,000 to $25,000; this had been converted into a surplus; none of the funds reported a deficit.

The collecting of license taxes, which, with other duties, had been much neglected under the old city government, had been carefully looked after by the new. Every department showed increased efficiency, and an increased total of business transacted at a decreased cost. Public improvements had cost less and had been pushed farther. In brick-paving, for instance, the expense had been reduced by seven cents a yard, and in asphalt-paving by two cents; and more of each had been laid than ever before. The cost of curbing had been cut one and a half cents a foot. Under the old government the city paid to the gas company $24,278.66 for 1,113 street lamps, under the new $19,475.33 for 1,119 lamps; under the old government seventy-five dollars a year for each street electric lamp, under the new sixty-five dollars.

The city lived within its income, a condition that had blessed it but once before in a generation. Not one appropriation had been exceeded. The water rates had been reduced from thirty to twenty cents a thousand gallons. Police and fire departments had taken on a new efficiency; the city began to show a new front of good looks. No boss, no machine, and no scandal marred the situation, and men that had sought so long in vain for good government began to believe that at last they had found it.

In Sioux Falls, the new system seems to be viewed with practically unanimous satisfaction. Three results are already apparent. There will be a saving in city expenses caused chiefly by the consolidation of offices; there has been a noticeable increase of efficiency in all the departments; public improvements have been both stimulated and conducted upon a coherent plan, the business of the city is no longer a hit-and-miss affair, looked after at odd times by men busy with other occupations, but a rational enterprise ably managed for definite ends.

In the old days the city council met once a month to muddle and mess: the new commissioners or managers must meet once a week and may meet at any time by the call of the mayor or of two commissioners. All meetings must be open to the public—a dear relief to the people of Sioux Falls, for in the old days there were "star chamber" or executive meetings about which the people were allowed to know nothing. "The difference between the old system and the new system in Sioux Falls," said a resident, "is the difference between chaos and order; between twenty men each pulling in a different direction and five all pulling in one."

Cedar Rapids affords probably the best and clearest illustration of the practical workings of the new idea. When the proposal was submitted to the people in December, 1907, it was viewed with so much distrust and so long had been the record of disappointment

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that it was adopted by a majority of only thirty-three. Some persons go so far as to say that if it were submitted now not fifteen per cent. of the voters could be induced to oppose it.

The first act of the new city managers was to engage expert accountants and issue to the people of Cedar Rapids the first public statement of the city's actual financial condition. This showed that the thumb-hand system had been spending public money at the rate of $40,000 a month and would have added $150,000 a year to the city's indebtedness. Nine months of the new management made a very different showing: the city lived within its income, and on January 1, 1909, it had a balance in every fund, while every bill had been paid and every current obligation met. The tax-levy was thereupon reduced one mill, and a further reduction was obviously feasible for 1910.

One may well give heed to these experiences; they seem typical as well as instructive. To show the difference between the old methods and the new, I may say that the thumb-handers in Cedar Rapids (as generally elsewhere) were in the habit of paying the city's bills whenever they thought of the matter and the cash was available. The business administration, being engaged in managing the city exactly as it would manage any great commercial enterprise, audited and paid all bills as soon as presented and got two per cent. discount for cash.

Some of the achievements of the new system were amazing, and staggered even those most familiar with the slipshod ways of the old. For example, under the old régime the city's revenues from the police court and the police department amounted to about seventy-five dollars a month. When Business Democracy came in, it increased these revenues to $700 a month, and without increasing the assets. How? Merely by collecting the license and other fees instead of allowing them to go by default as thumb-hand was wont to do. Can there be any doubt that the representative is the costliest system of government known to man?

Every month in Cedar Rapids the hired managers render to the people that hire them an exact account of the people's business, every item of receipt, every item of expenditure, with a balance sheet, so that the people may judge how well their hired men are doing their work. Also there is issued a pamphlet giving a full, exact report of the council meetings—no concealment and no hugger-mugger. In the first year of Business Democracy the city retired $60,000 of bonds, enlarged and improved the park system, increased the police force, repaired or rebuilt the fire apparatus, enlarged the fire service, built a new fire station and fitted out the policemen and firemen in new uniforms. It cleaned the streets (for the first time in the city's history), repaired more old pavements and constructed more new ones, and with them built more sewers, water mains, sidewalks, curbs, and roadways than had ever been constructed in any previous year in Cedar Rapids. It began a new bridge across the Cedar River, and bought an island on which the city is to erect handsome municipal buildings out of the savings effected by the new system and without the issue of a dollar's worth of bonds.

Even this is not all. The new management sent for and hired an expert authority on the beautifying of cities, and under his direction has been doing much to redeem Cedar Rapids from the common reproach of neglect and untidiness so long (and so justly) urged against American cities.

Best of all is the appearance of a spirit of intimate interest in municipal excellence, the very thing that all the doctors and learned professors of politics have agreed from the beginning is the first requisite of reform in our affairs. This highly laudable change followed close upon the death of the old mediæval and fantastic superstition about the wise and the good. It seems that when the people of Cedar Rapids learned that the responsibility for their government was in their own sole hands and they could no longer depend upon the wise and the good, they woke up. The city became their city instead of the boss's city and the public service corporation's city. Having (for the first time in their experience) the power to secure better things, they began to demand such things and to be interested in securing them. Councilman Ernest A. Sherman, one of the managers of the new Cedar Rapids, says that "the commission plan law has done more to awaken civic pride in Cedar Rapids since last April [1908] than all that happened during the more than fifty years that the city was operated under its special [thumb-hand] charter."

Does not this rapid development of a communal conscience seem as natural as it is desirable? The scheme of representative government is no better than a device to

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enable us to shirk our civic duties and responsibilities. We know nothing about our city government because we have no occasion to know: it is none of our affair; certain men are paid to relieve us of it. Who these men are we do not usually know. How many average Americans can tell you the names of their aldermen or how they were selected or what they do? But all this changes very quickly when the representative government is abolished and the responsibility is placed directly upon us with no intervening power. Then if things go wrong it is our fault; if things go right we may well be proud. Right or wrong, the work is ours. There is no longer any excuse for having one bad man in office: we can at any time remove him. There is no excuse for one corrupt or evil act of our government: we can at any time undo it. There is no excuse for one instance of governmental neglect or inefficiency; we can at any time order a neglected act to be performed.

We have often heard the assertion made that frequent elections are an evil. I think this is an error. From my observations in Switzerland and elsewhere, I believe that frequent elections are a blessing. Not frequent elections for the choice of men but for the choice of measures. If we had an election every week, that would be well. It would force upon us by direct responsibility the duty of guarding our birthright and attending to our affairs. The communal conscience! What is a nobler thing? And how can you develop it except through communal responsibility?

It was noted at Cedar Rapids that the periodical pamphlets containing the statements of the city's condition were widely demanded and read with avidity. Men thought this strange. Not so; it was only a natural desire that for the first time had a chance to be gratified. The people had discovered that the city was really their own intimate, personal affair; not an irksome thing to be left to the care of hired men, but the vital concern of each citizen. I believe the result was really one of the most moving and encouraging developments of these times. We are not really callous, indifferent, careless, nor selfish; up to the present time we have never had a chance to seem anything else.

The source of this great change may be thought to lie in the essence of the commission plan. Under representative government men are chosen by wards or districts and act only for their constituencies, while nobody acts for the community; under the new plan men are chosen by the whole community and act for it. Under representative government men badly chosen are a legislative function in a state of society that needs no more legislation; under the new plan the agents of the community are employed to transact its business and execute its will. Evidently here is a difference worth noting.

I should not omit another observation. In the case of Cedar Rapids each of the five councilmen or commissioners is a busy man with exacting private interests. The mayor is at the head of a great manufacturing enterprise, another councilman is a lawyer with an important practice, another conducts a printing establishment, another is the editor of a prosperous and influential daily newspaper. Yet all of these, having now a veritable responsibility to their city and ample opportunity to achieve definite results, have cheerfully subordinated their private affairs and are giving their time and attention to the Common Good. The manufacturer-mayor has given over his factory to his superintendent and spends ten hours a day in the mayor's office; the lawyer esteems his public work above his profession; the printer has arranged for some one else to manage his plant; the editor has a substitute to write his editorials.

Here, then, we have at last the devotion to public service that the dull cynics said we should never have in America. We have it here for the simplest of reasons and one that would propably produce like results anywhere else in the country; that is to say, for this same reason of direct responsibility and direct results, no representation, no mediævalism, only democracy and common sense. The people have the power in their own hands. They hire certain men to do certain work. If the work be not well done, the men can be at any time discharged. If the work be well done, the man that does it can show all of it as his own. He has in charge this or that department; in it he has introduced this improvement, reduced that expense, enlarged and bettered this service. It is his work; he has pride in it. No foolish, meddling board of aldermen, no ignorant and vicious political boss, no party, no convention, no campaign committee, no outworn system of office tenure stands between him and his employers. They are face to face; he does these things

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for their benefit; they know what he does and how he does it; and the approval of the community, having a chance to be exercised and felt, takes its normal place as one of the strongest impulses to action, much stronger than greed or aggrandizement.

The present rational council meets every day; the thumb-hand council used to meet twice a month. In the old days a piece of business brought before one council meeting was referred to a committee which reported (if at all) when it could be prodded into action. Now a petition presented to the council is decided upon the same day. In the old days the aldermen got $100 a year each, and gave to the city what time they chose to segregate from their businesses or their bungstarters; now the councilmen get $1,800 a year each and give all their time to the city's affairs. In the old days nobody knew anything about the city's business; now every department is arranged, systematized, indexed, and open to inspection. From every point of view—except one—the rational method has far surpassed the thumb-hand. Many poor but undeserving patriots that in the old days lived easily on city politics have been obliged to go to work, and the old political machine has been dismembered. So far as I can discover, it is from these sources alone that objections arise to the new system.

In all these cities the public business is apportioned among the commissioners, each becoming the head of a department for which he alone is responsible to the people that hire him. He is hired to manage that department as a railroad company hires a man to manage its freight department. If he can secure results and make a success of his department—good; he remains. If he proves incompetent, he is released and another is engaged in his place. Whether he goes or stays, rests entirely with the people that hire him. It is purely a business arrangement; the pernicious element of politics has no more to do with it than politics would have to do with a general freight agent.

These experiments are young and may possibly be deemed not conclusive, but the following achievements of the new plan seem to be fairly well established:

1. It abolishes party politics from local affairs.

2. It eliminates the boss, the grafter, and the political machine.

3. It views a municipality as a great business enterprise and provides accordingly for its effective management.

4. It recognizes definitely the failure of representative government and substitutes therefor a system of democracy; it recognizes the fact that there is no wisdom but collective wisdom.

5. It establishes direct responsibility for every pubic act.

6. It seems to be swift, efficient, economical, and adapted to a rational community in the twentieth century.

7. It abolishes a raft of useless offices, sinecures, jobs, and political rewards, and substitutes organization, method, and work.

The cities that have thus far tried out this method of common sense and democracy are not large, but no reason can be discovered why it should not work as well in a large as in a small city, in New York as in Sioux Falls; indeed, it should work better. The form of government now in use in New York is ridiculous and clumsy. A great modern metropolis, with business of infinite importance to the inhabitants, managed by incompetent persons, chosen by irresponsible bosses —is not this both absurd and humiliating? The modern city is too big, and too complex to be the plaything of party politics.

To take but one instance, the finances of New York are one of the most intricate and difficult financial problems in the world. That they should be managed by men chosen by a political boss for political reasons is a Gargantuan jest. New York should be enabled to hire men for the managing of this great business, to choose them on the sole ground of fitness, to dismiss them if they prove incompetent, to know at all times what they do and how they do it. These great advantages the commission plan provides.

We have been so long deluded and disappointed in our municipal affairs that we may be pardoned if we look with some misgiving upon every experiment that promises relief. Yet about this are two facts, both fundamental, that may tend to reassure the timid: It is exactly in accord with the progress of democracy, and exactly in accord with the plainest principles of good business, good morals, and good sense.

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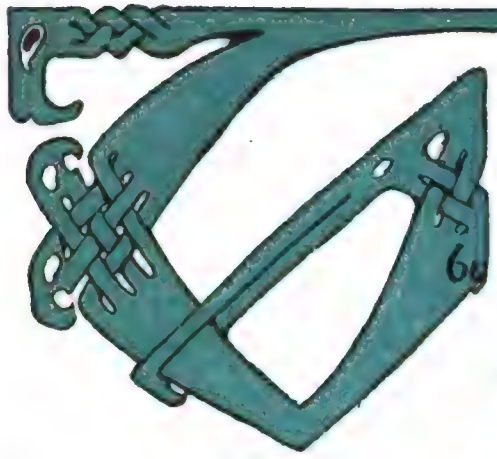

The Queens Conquest

Seumas MacManus

Author of "A Lad of the O'Friels," "Through the Turf Smoke," "Donegal Fairy Tales"

Illustrations by C. B. Falls

IT WAS in the old times long, long ago, when kings were plentifuller, and happenin's wonderfuller, and women wittier, ten times, than they are in these God-forgotten days, that the happenin' I am going for to tell you about, happened.

Colm was the name of the king that then reigned over the North of Ireland—and a fine man an' a brave king he was, barrin' some shortcomin's.

Now Colm was still a young man and hadn't married a wife, by raison that, though he was ten years lookin' for her, he couldn't get a woman to his pleasement. He was a great admirer of wit (though he was no wit himself), and he'd have no woman that wasn't as witty as she was comely, and the best of both. People at last agreed that he'd never find the woman he wanted, and settled down to regard him as a convicted ould bachelor.

Colm was for ten years at war with the King of Connaught, and both of them were such able generals that neither could outmatch the other, and by all signs an' tokens, the war 'ud last as long as they'd live. Says Colm, says he, "If I had only a spy clever enough to know the secrets of the King of Connaught, I'd very soon end the war." But, though he sent the cutest and the cunningest of his picked men into Connaught for to find out the King's secrets, no one could contrive the plan that would bring him success.

At last King Colm sent word throughout his kingdom that to the man who could put him on the plan of readin' the King of Connaught's heart a hundred poun' would be given. For three months after, his castle was throngeder than a circus, with people pushin' and crushin' an' crowdin' an' scroojin', each wantin' to put his own pet plan afore the King; but instead of rewardin' them with goold, he was nearer givin' them the gallows—for wan plan was stupider than the other, an' the best of them would shame a *haveril*.*

When all others had gone away from the castle, with their heads an' their hearts as low as their heels, there was wan ould man named Feargal, from not many miles away, who came in an' said he wished to see the King. Colm gave him an audience an' asked him what he wanted. Says Feargal, says he, "'Tis to tell you that the near-cut to the King of Connaught's heart is through the heart of his lady's maid." Bedad, Colm, when he heard this, slapped his leg. Says he to the attendant: "Pay this ould man his reward, and send me instantaneously the smartest man in all me army."

The cleverest soier come to Colm, and he

* Half-wit.

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got his orders, an' was sent into Connaught in disguise. There he made love to the lady's maid of the Queen of Connaught. The lady's maid, to be sure, knew all her mistress's secrets, and her mistress knew all her master's, and the lady's maid's lover, in less than a fortnight, had all the secrets of the whole court of Connaught. Back with him he came to King Colm. And within six weeks after, the war was ended, the King of Connaught defeated, and Colm cock o' the walk.

As soon as the war was ended, says Colm, says he, to his generals and great men, "The next move is for to get married."

"Who are you goin' to marry?" says they.

Each wantin' to put his pet plan afore the King

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"The wittiest woman in Ireland," says he —"the woman who defeated the King of Connaught."

"Is it the ravin' that's come over you, King?" says they. "Sure 'twas yourself that defeated the King of Connaught, an' 't was the old man, Feargal, that put the wit your way."

Says the King: "That wit was never the wit of a man, old or young—'twas the wit of a woman, an' I'm goin' to find out immaidately who she is, an' marry her."

The generals and the wise men were flabbergasted. But they couldn't say anything. They went with him in his search for Feargal, and they found him in his field, plantin' potatoes. Says the King, says he, "Me man, who was it advised you the near-cut to the King of Connaught's heart?"

"'Twas my daughter Saav," says he.

"Right!" says the King, lookin' at his generals and wise men. "Did I know what I was talkin' about or did I not?"

And they admitted that he surely did.

"Take me to see your daughter," says the King.

And when Saav was put out afore him, she was a comely young woman sure enough, even though she was dressed in poor clothes an' went barefoot.

"Me girl," says the King, says he, "I want you to go immaidately an' lave your measure for a silken suit at my expense, for you're goin' to marry me."

"I don't think I am," says she, as cool as a throut in a pool.

The generals an' wise men, an' the King himself, were dumbfoundhered.

"What!" says Colm, says he. "Do you, a poor, penniless girl, refuse to be made Queen an' my wife?"

"That's just what I do refuse," says she.

"And for why?" says Colm, ready to drop with the amazement.

"Just because I'm poor an' penniless," says she. "I'm not your aiquil. And the day would come," says she, "when you'd take offense at me, an' upcast to me that I was only come of beggars, an' you were a fool to take me."

"Make your mind aisy," says the King, says he, "if that's all that's a-trouble to it. That day'll never come, an' my tongue'll never be guilty of such a mean upcast."

"But it will come," says she. "And another thing—it's foolish for to marry any woman for her wit. If a woman's wit wins you, 'tis her wit in the end that'll drive you away. So would it be with you and me. They," says she, "that never come in of the King's door, can never be thrust out of the King's door."

"That'll never happen," says the King, says he. "I swear to ye that all the powers of earth wouldn't make me drive ye away. And I'll not have paice, aise, or content till you, the ablest woman in all Ireland, are my wife and Queen."

"Well," says Saav, says she, after he had begged, beseeched, and entraited for hours, and wouldn't be put off nohow—"Well," says she, "if I consent to become your wife, it'll be only on condition."

"Name the condition," says the King. "'Tis granted before it's asked."

"It is," says Saav, says she, "that on the day you turn me out of your castle, I'm to be allowed to take with me any three back-burdens that I choose of the most valuable things in the castle."

Feargal

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"It's certainly an aisy condition," says the King, says he, "and wan that you'll never need to call on. But it's granted, all the same."

"Well," says Saav, says she, "we'll see what we'll see. Meantime you can fix up the weddin'."

"Well," says Saav, says she, "we'll see what we'll see"

Now the King, I said, had a few little shortcomin's; an' these same couldn't escape the keen insight of the witty Saav. No more could his virtues. She saw that he was selfish where his own comforts were concerned, and unjust where his own feelin's entered in, and oftentimes boastful an' arrogant—but was still a good-hearted man behind it all, and had in him the makin's of a fine character. When she consented to take him, she did so because she consithered she had the ability to cure his peccadillies, an' make out of him a man whom she'd have raison to be proud of.

They were wedded well an' good, an' a great weddin' it was—with the King of Connaught, and fifty other kings that paid tribute to the proud Colm, in attendance, with their queens, their lords an' ladies, and the nobles of their coort. And the weddin' lasted nine days an' nine nights, an' the last

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day an' night were better than the first. The King was a proud man of the bride he had got, as handsome as she was witty, and she as far outshone the wives of all the other Kings there as the moon does the stars.

'Twas on the last day of the weddin' that, the supply of apples in the women's quarter runnin' out (because it was June, when good apples are rare an' hard to find), Queen Saav sent a message to the King's quarters, askin' His Majesty to send them another bag of apples. Now, apples were the King's favorite fruit, and there was no wan thing in the worl' he enjoyed better, barrin' that delicate rarity known as Boxty-bread: so he told the Queen's messenger to go back an' give his compliments, an' say he was sorry, but the last of the old apples were gone, an' the new crop wasn't ripe for a month yet.

When this message come to the Queen, she knew at once 'twas a lie, for he always kept some bags of apples in reserve for himself. She said to the messenger; "Go to my matron in the kitchen, and get her to butter you six plates of fresh, hot, sweet-smellin' Boxty-bread an' bring them to the King with my compliments."

When the six plates of sweet-smellin', mouth-waterin' Boxty-bread came under the King's nose, it softened his heart, an' opened it so wide that he instantly ordered his steward to send to the Queen two bags of apples.

When the Queen saw the apples comin', she smiled, and says she, "I thought as much." Then she sent back her messenger direct to the King for to tell him, aloud, in the hearin' of his comrades, that she was most grateful to him not only for the handsome gift, but also for the new knowledge that Boxty-bread made magnificent manure for apple-trees.

The King's comrades, when they heard this, started laughin' at the King, and didn't stop till mornin'. "Faith," says they, "your wife's the wit in earnest, an' she's not goin' to let you forget it, either."

The King, he pretended to laugh with them—a laugh that was as cheery as the rattle of stones in a coffin.

Colm told his wife, next day, that her wit was wondherful, indeed, but 'twould be well always to choose a proper time an' place for it. But, curiously, from that day forward, the King seldom let any one see a sign of the selfishness he used to be noted for.

The King and his Queen lived along happily, she reflectin' credit and glory *goleor* on him, and respected and loved and admired not only by all about the coort, but all over the land likewise, wherever her fame spread—an' it spread both near an' far.

Now, when the King was out of his selfishness, the thing that pressed most on Saav, and kept her from bein' at paice, aise, and happiness, was the fact that he wasn't always just to his subjects, whenever his own pleasure was concerned. At last, it happened that he coveted a particularly handsome young filly, belongin' to a poor man in the mountains; and he had his steward drive it into his own park. Next day, when the poor man's son who owned the filly came before the King for to complain that the steward had stolen his filly, the King ordered him to be gone from his sight, called him a rogue and rascal, and swore that the filly he claimed was his own breedin' and rearin'—reared of one of his own chestnuts. Whereas, the rale fact was that in all his stables the King hadn't a mare at all, at all.

The poor boy, not knowin' whether he was gladder for escapin' with his life or sorrier for losin' his filly, was quittin' the castle in tears when the Queen sent a private messenger after him and brought him to her chambers. She gave him a fishin' rod and sent him to take his sait on top of the wall of the King's ball-alley, and act accordin' to her directions.

Now, the King and his courtiers always went into the flagged ball-alley to play hand-ball for an hour before dinner; and this day when himself and his courtiers came there, lo and behold you, the chap was sittin' on top of the wall with a fishin' rod, and line, and flies, complete, an' he makin' as if he was doin' desperate fishin' on the flags of the ball-alley! . . . Well, the courtiers, to be sure, put their hands on their sides, and roared with laughin' at the idiot on the wall; and the King, half mad, asked him what the divil he thought he was doin' there!

"Fishin' for salmon," says the lad on the wall, says he. And then the courtiers roared again.

Says the King, madder than ever at any subject of his bein' such a fool: "When do you expect to catch a salmon in the King's ball-alley?"

And says the lad on top of the wall, says he, givin' his line another cast: "I expect to catch a salmon in the King's ball-alley the first day that the King's horse has another foal."

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Sayin' twas a nice how-do-ye-do

The minute the courtiers heard that, they put out o' them a roar of a laugh that was heard ten hills away. They had been present that mornin' when the King claimed the filly as his own breedin' an' rearin'; and now, if the heads were to be cut off them, they couldn't stop laughin' at the King.

"There's wan person," says the King, says he, "and only wan, could have put me up to this trick, me lad—and that's my Queen."

"'Twas herself sure enough," says the lad, says he.

"Come down," says the King, says he, "from that wall. Take your filly off with ye, an' never let me sight either you or it again."

Then he went to the Queen's apartments, and met Saav, and raged at her, sayin' 'twas a nice how-do-ye-do that she would side with

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his enemies, and make him the laughin'-stock of his own courtiers an' the whole worl'. For, sure enough, the news of the ready way in which the King was cornered took short time to spread to all the other kings' coorts in Ireland, and all the land laughed for three weeks. But if it did, the King took good care he gave his wife no further opportunity to have him laughed at for injustice, but became so scrupulously honest that the wags, in waggery, nicknamed him Colm the Just.

Saav was liking her King more and more, every day. And in troth, after he got over his irritation with her, Colm was likin' Saav more and more every day, too. And they were as happy as the day was long. They had a little son now that both of them doted on, and the King had his whole heart wrapped up in him. Only Saav had one regret. Notwithstanding all she would say, her King was still keepin' very vain of his great power, and very arrogant toward all that he had anundher him. He used to have special days appointed when all the other kings who were tributary to him would send ambassadors to put in their petitions, and to crave his forbearance, indulgence, and protection, and beseech favors of him. This day Colm would be so terribly vain and proud that even Saav could hardly stand him.

At last, on one of these great coort days, all the ambassadors, and all the kings and chiefs, and many lords and ladies and nobles of the great coort and of the land were present in the audience chamber, where the King was receivin' them one and all, and listenin' to their petitions, and then vain-gloriously tellin' each in turn to go back to his master, and notify him to be of good heart, for that he had Colm's approbation and wouldn't be harmed.

Among the crowd of great ones that were waitin' to represent their great masters was a poor priest in a faded coat, with a petition from a little flock of his, among the hills, who were badly oppressed by the King's servants' compellin' them to rear beagles for the King, and cruelly punishin' them if any of the beagles died or didn't thrive. Now when the Queen, whom Colm had seated on a throne on his left hand, had looked and listened in patience as long as she could, while Colm was cuttin' his vain canthrips, addressin' every ambassador in turn, she at last leant forward and waved her finger at the poor priest in the faded black coat, sayin', "Come up here, my poor man."

And the poor priest, whose heart was bursting with indignation for the oppression of his little flock, strode up the audience chamber with a high head, and a defiant look in his eye.

And says the Queen, when he had come up and made his obadiance, says she—"Whose ambassador are you, my good man?"

"I'm God's ambassador," says he, straight back to her that way.

"Then," says Saav, and every one there had their ears cocked, "don't be afeard, my good man, but go back to your Master, and tell him to rejoice, and be of good cheer, for the great King Colm will neither himself deign, nor allow any one else, to harm a hair on his head."

The scene that was in that audience chamber then it bangs me for to describe. But anyhow the audience broke into mortial uproar. And every ambassador bawled with laughter all the way home to his own king again. And in a few days Ireland was from shore to shore shakin' with such laughter as never was heard afore or since.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. 'Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his Queen, or look her in the face and speak to her—and what he come to say to her then was, that she was a shame an' a disgrace to him, but sure what could he expect, anyhow, when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of beggars. "Get up," says he, "and dress yourself, and lave my sight and my castle for evermore."

"Very well and good, me lord," says Saav, says she. "I'm ready. I was prepared for this, as you'll remember, before ever I married you. But," says she, "you remember your agreement—three back-burdens of the greatest valuables I choose to carry out of your castle at my lavin'."

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like. 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you."

"Thanky, me lord," says she. "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out, maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back-burden you choose?" says he.

"A back-burden," says she, "of gold, silver, diamonds, and jewelry."

In a short time the King had a burden of them piled on her that near almost broke her back—and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she laid it down, and come back in

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again, says the King, says he, "What will your second back-burden be?"

"For my second back-burden," says she, "hoist up on me our baby boy."

The King gave a groan. But he wasn't the man to be daunted afore any woman. He lifted the boy in whom his heart was wrapped up, and, settin' his teeth hard, put him on Saav's shoulders. She carried him out over the drawbridge.

When she come back in again, says Colm, says he, "Now, then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you for ever, thank God."

Says Saav, says she, "Get on me back yourself."

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived ever after the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew—a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the wittiest, as her husband lived ever after and died the justest, and most generous, most raisonable, sensible, affable, and amiable king that Ireland ever knew.

'Twas the Queen's Conquest.

LOST SONGS

By ARTHUR STRINGER

AROO, but there's singin' I've struck up
Wid never a note to be heard,
When me heart widout stirrin' the silence
Stood by me and sang like a bird!

So if all the ould dreams that escaped me
Were sung to the chunes that got free,
I'd be weavin' ye rainbows av rapture
And shamin' the thrush, ma-chree!

But och, 'tis the birds that are ailin',
Bide close by our coaxin' and sing;
'Tis the music worth housin' and keepin'
Foriver makes off on the wing!

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THE LION AT HOME

By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE, F. R. G. S.*

Author of "Camera Adventures in the African Wilds," etc.

With Photographic Illustrations from Life by The Author

NOT every lion is a King of Beasts, any more than every man is a Cœur de Lion. One learns this clearly in dealing with the biggest of the cats. In days before the advent of modern high-power arms, he may, indeed, have stood generally as a symbol of fearlessness and daring—all well and good! But time seems to have changed that. Assuming him to have been once all that popular fancy paints him—though I begin to doubt it—the fact remains that he is now neither so fierce nor yet so formidable as he is depicted. Nor is the chase of the lion to-day attended—except occasionally—with anything like the degree of hardship and of peril that the popular mind imagines.

Of course, all this conflicts with much that has been told and written. And sentiment dies hard. Even now, when the use of powerful arms renders the conflict so one-sided, many regard the killing of a lion as a feat to elicit the applause of an admiring world. Perhaps it is. Perhaps the hunter has cause, indeed, to puff out his chest and pat himself on the back. But he forgets, at the same time, that what he has done with a rifle—and probably at a safe distance, too—is frequently accomplished by the naked savage with the most primitive of weapons.

Again, there are the lion's habits—and are they of a kingly nature? I think not. For one thing, he is a shameless scavenger; on occasion he may become a cannibal. Anderson, the African traveler, tells of a contest over a carcass, between a lion and a lioness, that ended in the male's killing and then devouring his mate. Further, it is notorious that, while in captivity, lions will feed upon their young, and, according to some authorities, this habit exists even in the wild state. But that they are shameless scavengers, as I say, there remains no room to doubt. I myself have seen them greedily devour part of a zebra that had been dead for more than three days. Other instances also have shown me that they care little whether the food is of their own killing or not. Nor when they kill for themselves are they overnice in their choice. If nothing else offers, I have known them to prey on porcupines.

But even though all this be true, one cannot fail to regard the lion seriously. Among the other beasts, rare indeed is the creature that ventures to question the tawny fellow's supremacy. Nor can the hunter, even though he be equipped with the best of weapons, afford to take any chances. If he does, he is likely to pay for it; for, understand me, the lion is the meanest, as well as the strongest, among the cats, fiercely cruel and sly when man or beast is at a disadvantage, and with a temperament that varies as greatly among individuals as is the case among mankind. He may be bold or timorous, sly or openly fierce and aggressive. He may show himself an arrant coward, or, on the other hand, display a wild heroism that strikes terror to the heart. Nor, in either case, is the trait fixed, unchangeable, even in the individual. What he will do to-day he may not do to-morrow. Normally, about all you can depend on him to show is the unexpected.

Besides, opinion of any brute's nature seems to depend largely on the experience of the observer. If the hunter has chanced to have a close call with a lion, he assumes the lion to be the most dangerous of beasts. In Africa, many hold the wild buffalo to be far more fierce than the lion for this one, pertinent reason. Or some fellow has had a brush with an elephant and nearly lost his life; therefore, he considers the elephant to be the most dangerous of all animals. Personally, I'd rather face a herd of lions in the open than a herd of buffalo bent on mischief.

But, once in the lion country, you learn the real reason why he is termed the King of

* Mr. Dugmore is a specialist in wild-animal photography. He has recently returned from an expedition to Africa in search of the biggest of big game. This recital of his adventures with lions will be followed in the May number by his story of photographing the rhinoceros.

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Beasts. He looks it. Besides, there is the terror he casts over all the brute creation about him. And as for terror, there is one feature of life in East Africa that the traveler never forgets—the lion's roaring. To me, no other sound in nature is more awe-inspiring, more appalling, especially if heard at really close range, or among hills, where the echo resounds in its rolling double bass. Contrary to the common idea, lions do not confine their thunderous calls to the night only; frequently in open daylight one may be startled by a sudden outburst. They are a noisy lot, too. At night, I have heard a band keep up the dire chorus for hours at a time, a blood-curdling concert that brings to mind every tale, fanciful or true, of their daring, of their fierce rapacity and might. It seems, still further, to have an added dreadfulness when one is lying within the frail walls of a tent, with only its canvas between one and the formidable musician.

Listen now! There goes one booming in the distance, a roaring obligato that breaks into from six to a dozen calls. From the first to the fourth the volume usually increases; then it dies down. At very close quarters, one hears the roar melt gradually into a purr, itself diminishing to a growling, discontented mumble that lasts for about half a minute. Or there is the other sound, equally menacing—a soft and suggestive crunching noise, as though the beast had already settled to a grewsome meal. The lion's voice is mighty, as mighty as his strength. Forget his habits, his love of carrion, and his daylight turn of cowardice, and you have the impression of a King of Beasts—a real royalty among the brute creation.

It is, indeed, one thing to face him in the open, armed as one may be with the advantage of a powerful rifle, with plenty of light by which to shoot, and a wide distance between—one thing to play with the tawny fellow like that, but quite another to meet him in the dark, to rub elbows with his so-called Majesty when all the advantage is on his side. Frankly speaking, I do not care for it at all. I went into the dark to take the fellow's picture; it was part of the African work; but that I liked it, or felt any relish for the sport, I do not pretend to say.

Now that I have spoken of this picture taking, a few words on how it was done. First of all, though I seem to contradict myself, it is a peculiarly fascinating type of work—fascinating not in its effect upon the sports-

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ONE OF A PAIR OF LIONS THAT ATTACKED THE AUTHOR AT MIDDAY. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE AFTER THE ANIMAL WAS WOUNDED.

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man, but in the net result of the enterprise. I mean by this, his satisfaction in bringing home the trophy, the quarry, not a dead thing of hide and hair, but a living transcript of the living thing as it walked among its haunts. That is where the work fascinates—not in the risk of life and limb merely for the sake of adventure.

The most important detail was to learn just where the game might be found. In this, I had the able help of James L. Clark, of the American Museum of Natural History, in New York, who was my constant companion throughout the months of our African travel. On more than one occasion, his calm courage in guarding me with his rifle enabled me to get pictures that otherwise I should have been unable to take. At the outset, Clark and I tried waterholes far and near, with no result whatever. Then we watched beside the carcasses of animals we had killed. Night after night, for three weeks running, we lay out beside our baits, and on only two occasions were they approached. It was exasperating, thoroughly discouraging, but, as I had learned by long experience, patience is the greatest factor in photographing game. Finally, when patience was well-nigh at an end, we chanced to spy a vulture resting gorged and satiated in the top of a dead tree. That meant but one thing—that there was another "kill" besides ours somewhere in the neighborhood, probably one of the lion's own slaying. And after a time we found it. We moved

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FLASH LIGHT OF A LIONESS TAKEN WHEN SHE WAS TEN YARDS AWAY

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LIONESS COMING TO THE HALF-EATEN CARCASS OF A HARTBEEST. HEARING AND SEEING US, SHE STOPPED FOR AN INSTANT AS THE FLASH WAS FIRED.

and that night twelve visitors—all lionesses—came in to the toll.

The photographing outfit I used was of a special kind. It consisted of several cameras arranged in positions to cover the surroundings of the bait. Their shutters and the flash light were operated by an electric current, so that when an animal visited the bait it was necessary only to press a single button once. Then, within ten yards of the "kill," we built a hut of thorn bushes, a small enclosure known in East Africa as a *boma*. It was open in front, closed in the rear and on both sides. It gave us security from rear attack, and allowed us to concentrate our attention in the direction of the bait. From bait to *boma* we ran the wire, arranged so that I could hold the button in my hand while leveling a rifle in case of attack. Underfoot, we strewed the ground with grass, and on this laid a blanket. This precaution enabled us to move without being heard, for silence is a most important factor of success in all work like this. Then, with food, blankets, and our rifles, we prepared to spend the night, one watching while the other slept.

It was a new venture with me and I had no difficulty in remaining awake. It was also a new venture with Clark, but Clark slept. He slept almost always, and like a babe; and to hear him pitch his snore to the rumbling keynote of a lion's voice was something I never

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THE SCENE OF A FLASH-LIGHT OPERATION: ON THE RIGHT IS THE THORN SHELTER, NEAR IT THE FLASH LAMP; IN FRONT ARE THE THREE CAMERAS, CONNECTED ELECTRICALLY, AND TRAINED ON THE BAIT.

shall forget. I have heard him do it when the beast was not more than twenty yards away; and he had to be awakened whenever there was a possibility of trouble.

Many will inquire, no doubt, what happened when the flash went off. Usually, it was nothing, or something of such little importance that it's hardly worth recording. When the lion approached and was judged to be within range of the several cameras, we turned on an electric torch to arrest his movements. Then the electric button was pressed, the flash went off, the shutters clicked, and, in almost every case, the lion dashed off a hundred yards or so. Occasionally, however, he went only thirty or forty yards. Afterward, we crept out to the battery of cameras, changed plates, and reset the various shutters. I need scarcely say this part of the work rarely appealed to us.

Why? Well, let me tell you. There was one occasion, for instance, that made me feel its perils more keenly than before. It is also another illustration of the fact that one should not depend on a lion's behavior. Clark and I were watching in a little thorn *boma* when, about midnight, a pair came in together. They came so quietly that, although I was lying with my head to the ground in order to see and hear as clearly as possible in the dark, I detected them only when they had landed with a thud on the dead zebra not more than twelve yards away. Under the circumstances, it seemed risky to attempt mere photography, so we decided to shoot as the flash went off. So far, so good—but when I pressed the electric button the flash failed to explode. Furthermore, both our shots missed in the darkness, so that the lions promptly vanished. Utterly disgusted at our luck, I was just going out to repair the flash light, when my companion seized my arm, at the same time pointing to what proved to be one of the lions returning. Though scared off by our shots, he had nevertheless come back, and, fearing he meant mischief, we again blazed away together.

The report was followed by absolute silence. Again we felt certain we had missed. After waiting some minutes, we went out to attend to the cameras, the flash light was repaired, and then we thought it well to examine the ground to find out which way the lion

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had departed. To our astonishment, as I turned on the torch, there lay the beast, shot between the eyes and stone-dead. I may say here, this incident of a lion returning to be shot at a second time completely altered my views on lions in general. In fact, I was constantly altering them until I solved the question by applying the personal equation.

For, as I've said, one lion may be an arrant coward, another courageous to the point of stupidity. The account of the man-eating lions that held up the building of the Uganda Railroad is so well known that it is not necessary to repeat it here. Such occurrences as this, though not common, are still by no means the exception. In the Mount Kenia district, last year, a company of native soldiers were sitting around the night's campfire when a lion sprang upon them, seized a victim, and went away with the wretched man before his companions could recover from their surprise. While the terror-stricken camp was still excitedly discussing the incident, again a lion—whether the same one or another, I don't know—leaped in among them and dragged away a second victim. Needless to say that when I camped in the same spot later, my men kept up an unusually large fire throughout the night.

But, unless cornered, a lion will seldom attack a man in the daytime. If he does so, it is only under the most favorable conditions for a stalk—such conditions as were furnished in my own personal experience. It happened during the morning hours, when I was alone in a "blind," loosely constructed of twigs and leaves, a corner passed by herds of hartbeest, impala, zebra, and the like. The hours had gone slowly, and very little game had fallen to the photographic bag. To kill time, I wrote a few letters, meanwhile, of course, keeping a more or less sharp lookout to the windward quarter, the direction from which any animals might be expected to appear. Once, however, I happened to glance down wind, when, to my complete astonishment, I saw a pair of lions carefully and deliberately stalking me. I stood up to make sure I was not mistaken, and, seeing me move, the pair stopped. Thinking it a good chance to secure a photograph, I leaned forward to pick up the camera, and at that the two came on again. Things seemed to grow interesting. In fact, I lost the moment's thirst for photography, and snatched up the rifle. Wasting no time, I fired, and again the lions halted.

My shot had missed, the bullet going above their heads. Steadying myself, I fired again,

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THE ENTRANCE TO A SERIES OF LIONS' DENS

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NATIVES BUILDING THE THORN HUT FROM WHICH WE TOOK FLASH LIGHTS OF LIONS.

with exactly the same result. Something was wrong with the gun; I saw that as soon as I examined it, for the sight had been thrown up to 300 yards. But worse than this, I suddenly remembered I had no ammunition except the three or four shots remaining in the magazine. Three or, possibly, four shots, you understand, to manage a pair of lions still perfectly good and intact. Therefore, I took extreme care with the third shot, bowled over my first friend with that, and with the fourth shot knocked the danger out of the other beast.

But the first one still showed fight. He scrambled to his feet, stood hesitating for a while, and appeared to be getting ready to have another try at me. Naturally, with only one or two shots left, I held my fire. Then, to my infinite relief, the wounded creature turned and went slowly into the bush.

Now, against this instance of daring, here is another, exactly the reverse. Our men had been out gathering firewood when they saw two lions enter a papyrus swamp. Without loss of time, we went to the place and began beating up the almost dry channel of a stream. In half an hour's time, something was seen to move. It was presumably a lion, and as we were at close quarters we blazed away at it. A few moments later we shot again, when out rushed a lion cub, a little fellow of perhaps thirty-five or forty pounds. Instantly we surrounded it, whereupon its fury became something terrible to behold, a fierce rage that I have never before or since seen matched. Our plan was to capture it alive, and, while trying to tie its feet together, to our astonishment—and I may add confusion—we saw its parents watching us not more than a hundred and fifty yards away.

Of course, it never occurred to us they would not attack. There they stood, the male a splendid specimen with a long black mane; so we quickly drew lots for the first shot at him. I won the draw, and, while debating whether to fire at once or wait for the charge, I was amazed to see the pair turn tail together, and, utterly ignoring the cries of the captive cub, slink away into the swamp. It was cowardly. Indeed, I know of no other animal that would abandon its young under similar circumstances. Even a rabbit will fight to the point of death for its offspring; yet here was the pseudo King of Beasts, indifferent, craven, refusing to risk a hair. Later on, the same day, the pair returned in com-

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pany with a third, a female; they came a little nearer and once more retreated. A couple of hours later, the two lionesses returned, venturing within sixty or seventy yards, while their lord and master hovered in the distance. But for the third time all three abandoned the effort to recover the captive cub; and after slinking near during the night, they made off and were not seen again.

But, after all, what does this experience show? Very little, if anything—perhaps only that here were three lions that held discretion to be the better part of valor. In a measure this caution seems to extend to lions' dealings with other beasts, for it is only on occasion that they will attack a rhino, hippo, or giraffe. Zebra are their favorite prey, though they frequently attack buffalo—encounters from which they sometimes come off second best. The hartbeest, the most numerous of African game, is apparently, to their taste, the least desirable of all. As a rule, lions hunt at night, though daylight attacks are by no means rare. That they hunt in herds is probably true; at any rate they have been seen together in companies numbering twenty or more. Indeed, Lieutenant-Governor Jackson of the British East African Protectorate counted one herd of twenty-three near Machakos; and ten or twelve is not an uncommon number. To-day, however, they are rapidly decreasing, so that in twenty-five years they will be practically extinct in Africa save for the remotest parts.

There is good reason to believe this. In the first place, the lion's presence is a constant menace to both the inhabitants and their cattle, so that they are continually warring on him; then, again, he is hunted with vim and enthusiasm by almost every sportsman that sets foot in Africa. In many parts of the continent, lions have long been extinct. Already we see signs of this condition in many other quarters. In 1884, when I visited Algeria, the killing of lions was still not uncommon, and I recall hearing the British consul in Bona tell of a lion he had seen asleep in the middle of a dusty road. As the consul was armed only with a revolver, he saw fit to retreat, since the lion showed no disposition to retire from his daytime couch. Until then, lions had been a positive nuisance in the surrounding country; indeed, according to the picturesque account of Jules Gerard, each lion during its life of thirty-five years had slaughtered cattle and levied other tolls to the

ARRANGING THE CAMERAS IN PREPARATION FOR THE EXCITING NIGHT WORK.

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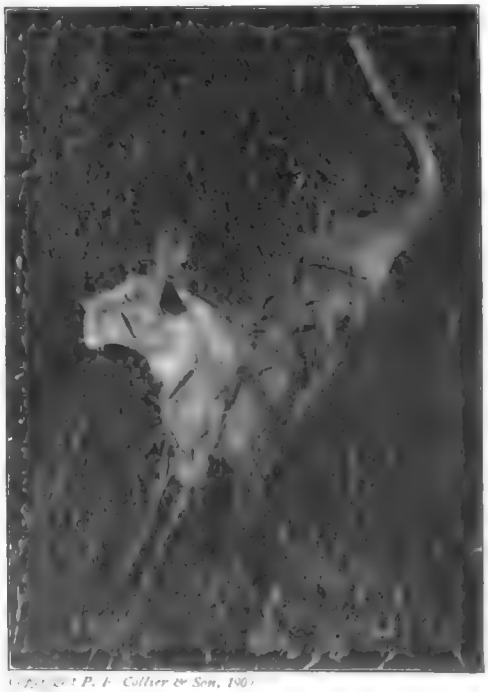
THE KING OF BEASTS AND MIGHTIEST OF HUNTERS ABOUT TO PLAY THE PART OF SCAVENGER. THIS FLASH LIGHT WAS TAKEN AT A DISTANCE OF TWELVE YARDS.

amount of $42,000. Whether the figure is correct or not, I am not prepared to say. It is true, at any rate, that they committed depredations on every hand, that the damage done by them was incredible. But, the limit of endurance having at last been passed, their activities in that district were abruptly reduced.



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A LIONESS COMING TO HER MEAL WATCHING TWO OTHER LIONS ON THE BANK ABOVE.

In South Africa, also, the King of Beasts, if we must call him so, is virtually extinct; and, judging from what has happened to him there, one can scarcely expect different results in the case of the East African Protectorate, where there are to-day perhaps more of these cats than elsewhere in the world.

Wherever flocks and herds begin to spread, there the lion is doomed. One may prefer to believe that he will retreat to the jungle and so elude pursuit. But there is almost as much nonsense in the popular idea of an African jungle as there is about the lion. In British East Africa most of the jungle is not a jungle at all. It is, instead, a series of parklike meadows, grassy, rolling ground edged by thin lines of wooded watercourses. In some places there is a *veldt* as wide and open as our own prairie land, an almost limitless sweep of country through which one might walk in slippers. Thorn bushes prevail as the standing vegetation, appearing mainly alone or in small clumps. In certain favored spots, to be sure, there are small clumps of real jungle, tangles that really are jungles in every sense of the word, yet not large enough to afford a refuge once the real work of extermination begins. For the true jungle—the jungle as the storybook depicts it for us—one must strike for some such country as the Congo.

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THE CREW OF THE LIMITED

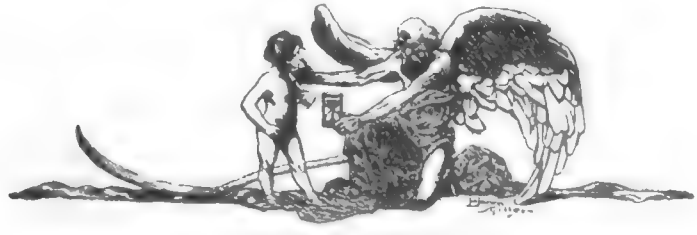
By NANCY BYRD TURNER

THE station twinkles its myriad eyes
Where thin rails dwindle and crawl from sight;
With clash and tumult and clear good-bys,
Throbbing and chafing, we fume for flight.
Winged with shadow and barbed with light,
Waiting the word like an arrow drawn—
Sharp and sure on the cloven night:
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

The lurching coaches are hard at heel,
Kicking a tune to the measured ties;
Slowing a space when the whining wheel
Answers the brake on a conquered rise.
Now like a ribbon the level lies—
Lean to the throttle and send her on!
(The first that fails is the first that dies)
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

Belching flame and rebellious steam,
Freight of treasure a king might prize;
Treacherous track and gaping stream,
Trusting hearts where the sleeper flies;
Pitted against the midnight skies
One man's brain and another's brawn—
(He that pledges is he that tries)
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!

Dangers and dark and enemies,
Slip a notch and the game is gone!
He that falters is he that dies—
Signed for a thousand miles by dawn!



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HOW CRONAN WENT TO ATHENS

By JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Author of "An Olympic Victor," "Out of Gloucester," "The Crested Sea," etc.

Illustrations by Corwin Knapp Linson

ONE afternoon, at an athletic meet on the Locust Street grounds in South Boston, a young amateur athlete named Cronan cleared forty-seven feet in a triple leap, which is two hops and a jump, or a hop, step, and jump, as you please. Now this is the old Greek jump of Olympic days, and the same at which, so the archives say, the great Phaylos, also particularly renowned in that he held the record in discus-throwing, once cleared thirty cubits. A cubit is eighteen to twenty-two inches, according to what eminent classicist is your authority. If you accept the twenty-two inch standard, then Phaylos must have been a wonder, for that would mean that he exceeded by five feet the modern world's record, made in Ireland, that land where jumpers grow on the very bushes.

Now that forty-seven-foot jump of Cronan's had been exactly equaled the year before this at Saint Louis, during a championship meet, but only by a man who had trained especially for it, whereas Cronan had hopped off his wagon one afternoon to do his jumping; and, besides, the ground in South Boston was not so fast as that at St. Louis.

One of the judges who held the tape on Cronan that day, an ex-American and Olympic champion himself, and then holder of the American triple leap record, said to the lad: "You are the best triple leaper in America—why don't you try for the Olympic team which is going to Athens next spring?"

"What—me! No, no——"

"Why not?"

"How about so and so?" naming the champion.

"You can trim him. He's a good broad jumper—the best in this country—but he's not in your class as a triple leaper. They will have to hold trials to pick a team for Athens next spring, and you can win out. Why don't you try for it?"

Cronan thought it over. He was then driving a team for a patent medicine concern. Part of his work was to carry cases containing twenty-four quart bottles—little packages weighing something like sixty pounds—up two, three, four flights of stairs! Half a dozen men before Cronan had passed up that job, but Cronan grew strong and husky on it.

He belonged to an athletic club whose headquarters were in a little building about the size of four cigar boxes, the same standing on a pier and under the shadow of an elevated trolley bridge, with a steam railroad on one hand, and an inlet of Boston harbor on the other. Of summer evenings the members used to swim from off the pier; and they needed to be good swimmers, for it was a swishing current there. In winter they went in mostly for boxing and wrestling; all properly conducted, with a referee, timekeeper, and little clouds of blue smoke floating delightfully under the light of the kerosene lamps.

With the encouragement of this constituency, Cronan went into training for the Olympic trials. He drove the team and hustled the sixty-pound cases all day, and at night after supper went out to a vacant lot near the railroad and did stunts; and while he performed, his club mates sat under the half light and said he was great—great.

By and by (winter was flown and spring had come), the sporting pages of the papers

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began to fill up with Olympic athletic gossip. From the New York end, where were the official headquarters of the athletic powers, no mention came of Cronan; but a photograph of his sturdy, well-muscled, youthful figure appeared in some of the Boston papers, with the prediction that when the trials came off he would win a place on the American team. That there would be trials had been promised by the head of the Amateur Athletic Union.

But the trials promised by the head of the A. A. U. never came off. Instead thereof, the Olympic Committee, so-called, of the Union went into executive session and made its selection. When the team was named, Cronan, the best triple leaper in America, was not of it. An inspection of the list showed only the names of men from colleges or powerful athletic organizations. Clubs of hard-working lads with their little clubhouses under the eaves of trolley bridges plainly had not been considered.

"If I had the money, I'd go anyway," said Cronan; and eventually he did go. He was the main support of five people at home, and it took a lot of managing, but he went. The night before he sailed, the little old clubhouse on the pier was packed to the doorsills. The windows had to be opened wide to let the smoke out. There were five good bouts, and Cronan sang, "Farewell, Farewell," and everybody thumped him on the back and said he was a wonder.

Cronan blithely took steerage passage with a few hundred others—Italians, Armenians, Greeks, and what not—all Mediterranean-bound on one of those floating hotels they call transatlantic steamers; and all went well except for two things: Being steerage, he got no chance to practice; and the food was hardly training food, nor was there enough of it. From out of his little fund he had to bribe one of the stewards to bring him more. The steward brought it, serving it to him in the stateroom of a second-class passenger who had taken a liking to the lad. After each meal the steward used to throw the dishes out of the air-port. Cronan, who had also driven a wagon at one time for a crockery concern, figured up one day that even allowing for a five-per-cent. discount to dealers, the steamship company must have lost $94.50 for the plates and cups and saucers which went overboard. The knives, forks, and spoons the steward could carry back in his coat pocket without being seen.

However, Cronan was enjoying himself. His ship stopped at the Azores, which (Cronan thought) were pretty small islands for so large an ocean. Being steerage, he was forbidden to go ashore, but he went, nevertheless—why shouldn't he, a free American citizen?—dropping into a boat alongside from the end of a rope, and paying a boatman about three thousand *reis*—which wasn't as much as it sounded—to land him. He filled his pockets with onions because he'd heard onions were good for your health when you'd been a long time at sea. He nearly ran his head off over the hills—the earth under his feet felt so good—and it cost him another couple of thousand *reis* to get back to the ship, which he boarded by way of the first-class gangway, just to see how it felt. He was held up by a braided ship's officer who recognized him, and Cronan thought he was surely going to be slapped into irons, only, happening to dig his hand in his pocket, he said: "Here, have a bite of an onion," whereat so many saloon passengers laughed that the terribly important official had to let him pass.

By and by—at Naples it was—they were all put ashore, and here Cronan ran into a wandering chum and also the team of the Amateur Athletic Union on its way to Greece. The team put up that night at a hotel where an orchestra played enlivening airs; but Cronan and his chum slept in a little shack down a side street, where the landlord was forever saying, "No spiggity English," and they had to draw pictures of what they wanted for breakfast. And the eggs came back hard boiled, which was not the right thing for a man in training. But they had to take them, for how could you draw soft-boiled eggs so they wouldn't look like hard-boiled?

They took deck passage down the Adriatic on the same steamer with the officially selected team, who were tucked away in saloon berths, as they should have been; but Cronan and his chum slept the two nights on top of the fore-hatch under a tarpaulin. During the first night the wind got under the tarpaulin, and—it was that cold—they had to get up and put on their shoes, and poke around deck in the dark to find their caps, which they had to wear to keep the tops of their heads from freezing. During the day, when they were not skirmishing among the Italian stewards for food, they were listening to the officially selected champion jumper

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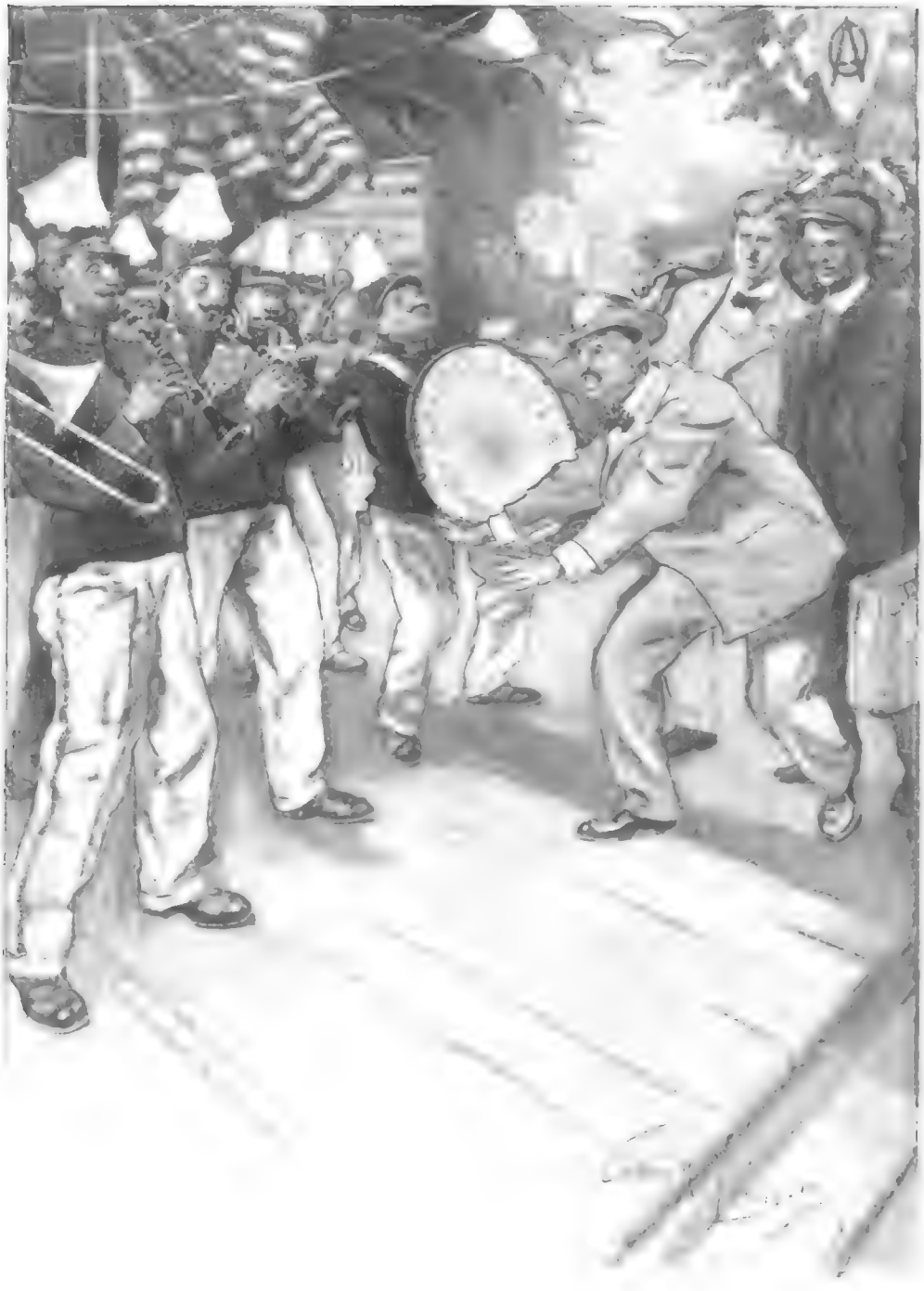

"SH-H-HSH—" HE SHOOED, AND THE "STAR-SPANGLED BANNER" WAS CHOKED OFF.

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tell what he was going to do in the triple leap when he got to Athens.

At Patras, where they were to disembark to take the train for Athens, Cronan did not see why they need wait for the team, which did not seem to know how to get its baggage ashore—or at least the manager of the team didn't seem to know. A meager-looking chap he was, the A. A. U. manager, whose hat set well to one side and whose cigar pointed toward one eyebrow, and who, when he didn't know what next to do—which was pretty much all the time—used to spread his fingers fan-wise on his hips and stare acutely into vacancy. "No use followin' his motions," said Cronan, and, yelling "Hi, there!" he took passage with a man in a corduroy coat and a blue and green rowboat, who nearly dropped overboard Cronan's fine, new suit case. "Judas Priest," groaned Cronan, "I had to jump forty-six feet, seven and a half inches, to win that suit case, and my fine new pair of spiked shoes in it, too."

The train was waiting. Cronan and his chum bought tickets and jumped aboard. Not until after they were well settled did they count their change. Judas Priest, but it cost money to travel! But then it was a fast train, and they were on their way to Athens.

Cronan had a little American flag, the last thing he bought before leaving home, and now, as the train was whirled off, he hung it out of the door of his compartment. People cheered it flying by. Cronan smiled happily. "And, say, but ain't this Greece a great place, though!" he kept saying to his chum.

Nearing Athens, Cronan, whose head had been stuck out of the window most of the time, saw a great American ensign in the station. Also a band was drawn up. "Gee!" said Cronan, and pushed his own little flag a bit farther out so these people, whoever they were, would be sure to see it. As the train came to a stop, the band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Cronan and his chum took off their hats as they stepped out of their compartment. They felt like crying.

A man with a Fedora hat was standing in front of the band. He spoke sharply to Cronan: "Where's the team?"

"On the way, I guess. But who're you?"

He glared at Cronan. "I'm the American Commissioner to the Olympic games. Why didn't they take this train?"

"Gee," said Cronan, "you're the A. A. U. man was going to give me a trial for the team and didn't. I don't know why they didn't take this train, but I guess that manager of yours is lost traveling."

The man with the Fedora turned wildly to the band—"Sh-h-" With both hands bearing down on the air—"Sh-h-h-" he shooed, and again "Sh-h-hsh-" at the band, and after a time the mounting air of the "Star-Spangled Banner" was choked off.

"Judas Priest," said Cronan, "but ain't that a sin, and him an American, too!"

In Athens Cronan boarded in the select house of a Scotch woman with a Greek upbringing, who had been recommended by the American consul; but Cronan soon decided that the consul didn't know much about an athlete's needs in training. Not that Cronan was finicky. At home he used to eat whatever his mother put on the table, and plenty of it. But here it was never put on the table. Instead, it was handed around on genteel little platters by a Greek servant named Aristotle, and without looking around Cronan could feel Aristo squirming behind him every time he took more than two spoonfuls of anything. Sometimes the landlady would appear at breakfast, and, standing in the door, call out: "Give the boys all the oranges they want," at the same time holding up one finger to the waiter. And nobody ever drew more than that one orange, and they were not juicy oranges, either.

Stopping there were some other athletes, notably Sherring, the Canadian, who later won the Marathon run; but Sherring was a wise one, who used to go downtown mornings and pick out fat steaks for himself, and himself take them to the kitchen to see that they were cooked, and cooked right. It was Sherring who instructed Cronan not to leave his jar of honey around so carelessly—they had to buy their own honey and other small things there. "Don't go leaving it on the sideboard till next breakfast time," advised Sherring, "unless, of course, you don't expect to use it any more. Aristo and the bunch—they'd lap up all the honey in Greece." So Cronan locked up his honey and other extras in the same drawer with his good pair of spiked shoes and the racing jersey with the American ensign on the breast, which he was saving for the competition. The extra climbing up and down stairs for his honey and other things at mealtime—he always forgot something—was good for his legs.

Cronan paid sixty-five francs a week, gold, for his board, as much as he made driving the team at home—"and lights and tea extra."

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After he got his first week's bill he cut out the tea and went to bed in the dark, but he missed the tea. At home, after a long day of wrestling with the patent medicine cases, his mother used to pour three or four hot bowls of tea into him; and his mother, you betcher, knew what was good. At Athenian rates, his mother's allowance of tea would have bankrupted him in no time. As it was, he had soon to consider seriously the matter of finance. Traveling cost so much more money than a fellow ever figured on. He already foresaw that after allowing for board to the end of his trip to Athens, there would be nothing left; and his chum wasn't much better off.

Cronan hated to do it, but he went to the Greek Committee, who, he knew, had appropriated from the government funds for the expenses of the American athletes—American it said, not A. A. U. athletes—and board and lodging thrown in while they were in Athens. Cronan thought the Committee might board him even as they were boarding all foreign athletes who cared to put up at their Greek quarters, so he strolled down to see about it.

The Committee was as pleasant as could be. "Surely, if your American Commissioner will endorse it."

"Wow," said Cronan, "but must I hold up the Fedora hat to get it?" Cronan knew him well by now—the well-upholstered man who had shooed the "Star-Spangled Banner" into silence—and he had his doubts; but he went to see him. He found the Commissioner smoking a cigar.

The American Commissioner and A. A. U. executive man rolled his cigar between his lips and looked Cronan over; then he held his cigar out at arm's length and with his little finger knocked the ashes off. It took two or three taps, bored little taps, to complete that job. Cronan watched him sympathetically. He himself had often tried to imitate swell club men, doing that same thing with his own five-cent Pippin, and he could see that the Commissioner had not got the hang of it yet. But he would get it some day.

Cronan put his question. The Commissioner laid his head to one side. "You?" he said. He narrowed his eyes and looked Cronan over again. "You? Where do you think you fit with the A. A. U.? Get to hell out of here."

And Cronan, who had carried the sixty-pound cases up the three long flights of stairs, strong as a bull and agile as a panther, Cronan, who could have taken the overfed neck between thumb and forefinger and gripped it till the other's eyes popped—but never thought of doing it—Cronan could only drop back in amazement. Were such men in charge of things? He was prepared for an argument; but nothing so brutally cold-blooded as this.

Cronan wandered through the streets of Athens. Come to think it over, where *did* he fit? What business had he coming all this way to jump?

He went down to the Stadium, leaned wearily back on a marble seat, and reviewed his trip. He *sure was* foolish. He took out a steamship circular and studied the sailings. Between lines he watched the foreign athletes practicing. There were hundreds of them. His own people were all out, but he was not invited to be with them. A score of nations were represented. A *score* of nations—a thousand competitors; and of them all he alone was without a rating. He stretched out on the seat, drew his cap over his face, and tried to forget it. Who was he, a friendless boy, that he should expect to win distinction in this far-away country?

He was lying there looking up at the blue sky of Greece when his chum came along. Cronan told of his interview with the Commissioner. "He's a lovely gentleman," commented his chum; "a fine leader for the youth of the land. He'll inspire them to fine deeds, won't he? But cheer up! You know what your mother used to say—'We never died a winter yet'—and you didn't, did you? You go ahead and jump. You can make good. And if you do, they've *got* to give you a passage back home. They can't do less than that if you make good. And if you don't—well, we can get a job on some ship or other—if it's no better than to wash dishes or stoke the fires."

So Cronan cheered up a little, but it was hard. The feeling of the Commissioner was bound to infect the team—not that most of them were not clean young fellows, as nice as they could be to him—most of them; three or four seemed to be afraid to be seen speaking to him when the Commissioner or the manager was around—to those three or four he had to get a fresh introduction every time he met them. They could not seem to recollect overnight his dollar and seventy-five cent sweater and his twenty-five cent steamer cap.

However, the day of the triple leap com-

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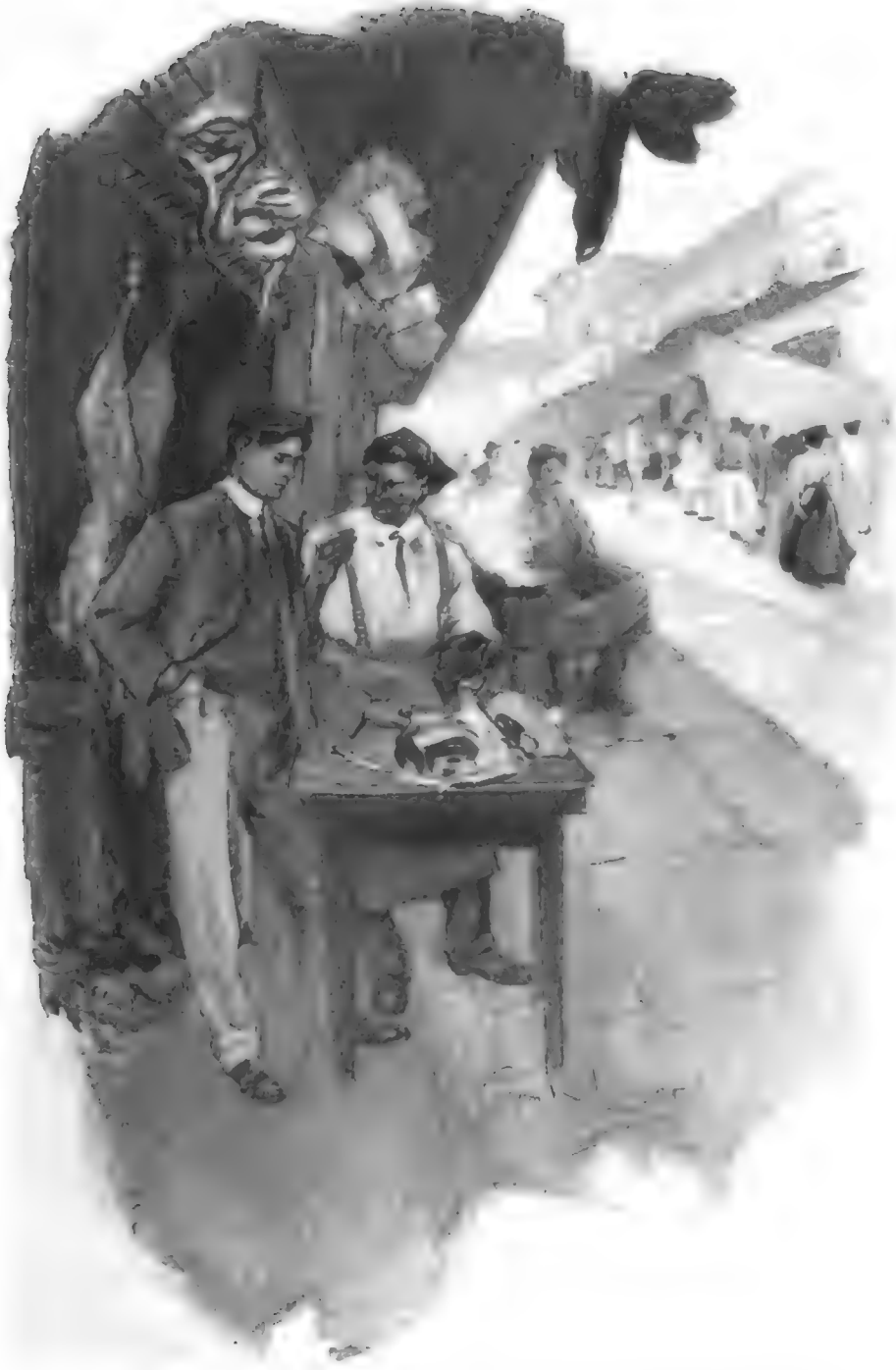

SHERRING WAS A WISE ONE, WHO USED TO GO DOWNTOWN MORNINGS AND PICK OUT FAT STEAKS FOR HIMSELF.

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petition arrived. Sixty were entered—French, Danes, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, English, Greeks, Poles, a Turk or two. Not all appeared; some were scared away by the appearance on the field of the two mighty men from Ireland: O'Connor, the greatest jumper in the history of athletics—a record of twenty-five feet for the broad jump—and Leahy, the world's greatest all-round jumper. Both these men had records of forty-nine feet for the triple leap. With these two men in, it was merely a question of which of the two would win the place.

The American manager, the Commissioner's friend and appointee, accused by foreign athletes of cheating in a previous event, and forbidden by the committee to handle the tape in this triple leap, had to stand to one side. "Now," said the Irishmen, "we'll get fair play, and"—turning to Cronan—"a good thing for you, too, if you're not one of his crowd." The charge and conviction seemed nothing to the American manager and to the Commissioner who shared the dishonor. They seemed to see in it no disgrace to the flag.

It was a forlorn Cronan who took the field that day. He had not had much of a luncheon at the boarding house, and, feeling that the American manager would make it disagreeable for him in the American dressing room, he had gone in to the Greek tent and there stripped for the competition. Good fellows, the Greek athletes—they made Cronan uproariously welcome; but when you are in a strange country it heartens you to be with your own people, especially when two score or more of the world's picked athletes are opposed to you, and sixty thousand people are waiting outside to see what good you are.

Cronan's name was called. Something of his native courage came back to him. He ran at the mark and did pretty well on his first try, but he could not seem to get going. Again he tried, now jumping with more coolness and certainty; but he was still back from the leaders, an undistinguished seventh or eighth. He would have to do at least a foot better to get into the finals. All this time the American manager was standing near the jumping boy and seemingly trying to look at him as if wondering where he had ever seen him before. He had encouraging words enough for the A. A. U. champion, but only stony stares for Cronan, and that did not help Cronan, who was not the kind of a lad to fatten on hate.

He went back for his last chance to qualify. He balked at the mark, but saved himself from fouling and returned to the start of his run, again wondering could he do it. While he was pulling himself together, at the beginning of his run, thirty yards from the take-off, the voice of his chum came floating to him from the side-lines. "What's the matter with you, Tom? Get into it. Are you going back to the bridge and say you couldn't make good? Come on now—one of those old-timers like you used to crack out on the Locust Street grounds. Come on there, Tommie. Come and get over to it—get over—get over! What do you think that flag's on your chest for? Now you're looking like the goods."

It was like a letter from home. With another hitch at his waistband, he tore at the mark. The last word he caught before hitting the take-off was his chum's long-drawn "Go through—go-o—throu-u-gh." And he went through. The audience gave a great cheer. He was in the finals.

Cronan finished third in that competition. On a chilly day, and with a loose cinder footing—the worst sort of ground for a triple leap—and jumping straight into the wind, he cleared forty-five feet. The great O'Connor beat him by fifteen inches; that other great Irish "lepper," Leahy, beat him but eleven inches. Cronan beat the rest of the field all the way from a few inches to seven feet. The A. A. U. champion also jumped. Cronan beat him decisively—three feet or more.

"I've got a bad foot," said the A. A. U. selection, and made a great pretence of limping.

"Your trouble is with both feet," said Cronan's chum—"They're cold."

"If I was right," said the champion, "I could win that jump."

"Win it? You never saw the hour you could clear forty-five feet under these conditions to-day. Your bad foot, eh? When nobody's looking there isn't much the matter with it. Give the kid half what's due him. You've been trained for months for this. Been in your little bunk every night at ten o'clock, come over saloon on a big steamer, stopped at hotels, been rubbed and dieted and coached and jollied to get a place to-day. And this boy has been beating his way for weeks—up at all hours on the way across, any old kind of grub and bed, half-starved right now—getting a frost where he ought to

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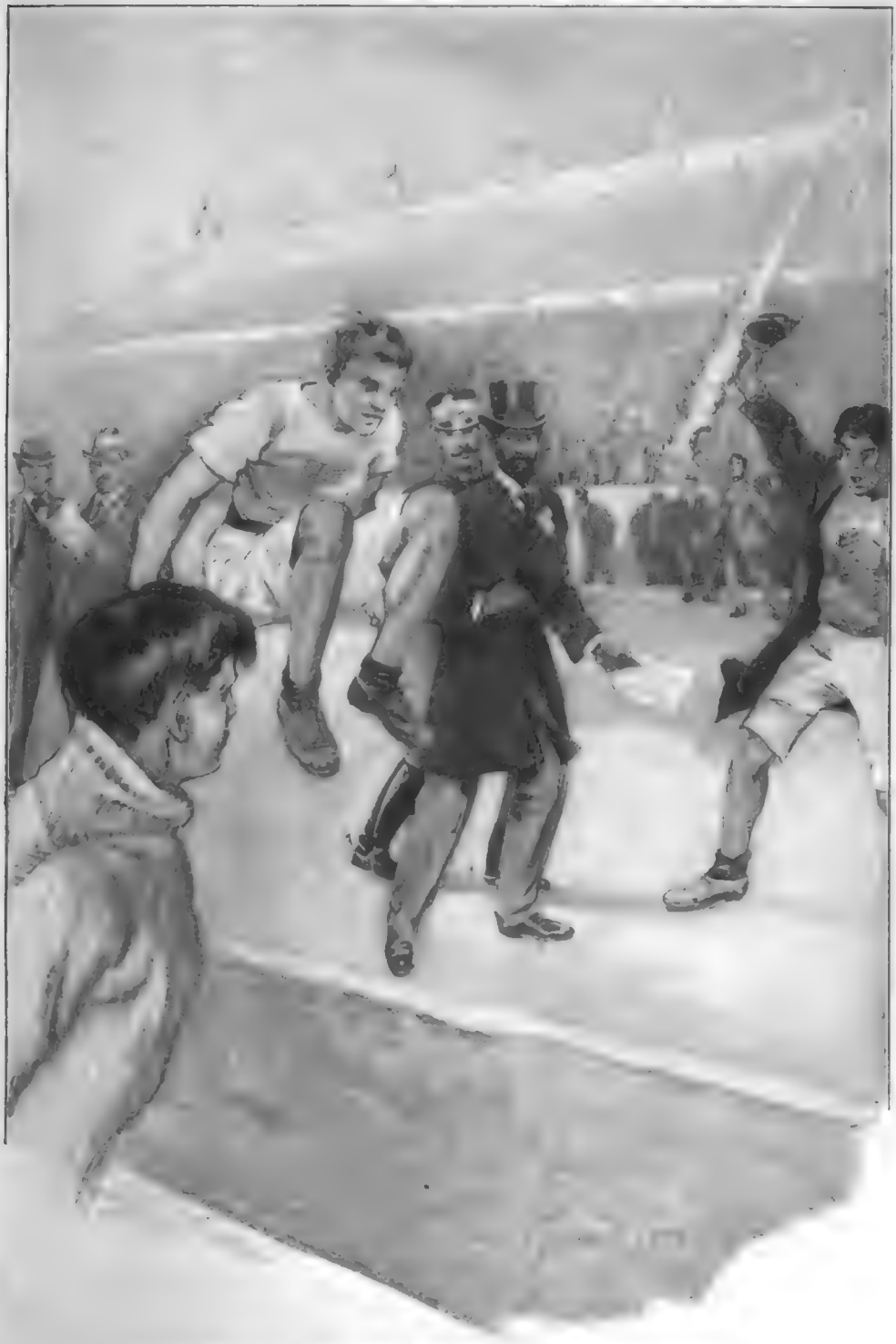

JUMPING STRAIGHT INTO THE WIND, HE CLEARED NINE FEET.

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have been cheered—and yet he's made good. You're a cheap piker," said Cronan's chum, "and your manager's another, and your honorable American Commissioner to the Olympic games is another. Look at that now——" Cronan was passing the worthy pair of officials and smiling cheerfully at them, but they were like graven images.

However, the audience, also a group of foreign athletes and Cronan's chum, cheered, and the great O'Connor said: "You're a game lad. I'd hate to meet you if you'd had the proper care," and the "star-spangled banner" went up on the third flagstaff for him, and Cronan was content.

Surely now they would take him back with the team—give him recognition. But did they? You will find Cronan's recognition in the book which the Commissioner wrote of the games, a modest little book wherein the Commissioner plays a shrinking part. It is only one hundred and eighty pages, with his name and full title on the outside of the front cover—American Commissioner to the Olympic Games—the same repeated on the title page inside, and referred to again occasionally (but not more than another dozen times) in the remaining pages. In that shrinking account of his great work in Athens you will find the Commissioner in only twelve full-page photographs; one with his friend the Prince, again with his friend the Prince, and yet once more adjacent to royalty. And protectingly in the middle of the winning American team (American, not A. A. U., so it is declared) not more than three or four other times. Also there are a few other groups wherein the Commissioner is photographed like any ordinary person—but not very many, and there is only one full-page photograph of the towboat which came down New York Bay to receive him. Incidentally, the towboat was welcoming the team, too, as you may see by the words "American Team" on the transparency beneath the Commissioner's name; but the Commissioner's name is in letters twice as high as the words "American Team." Behold a most modest man, the Commissioner!

After reading that masterpiece of a book, inlaid with mosaic explanations of how the A. A. U. manager—there are a few photographs in which the manager figures, but only six in his case—how the manager came to be accused of foul play (How ridiculous the protests of those foreign athletes were, anyway!) and further text setting forth that the victorious Irish jumpers were not so much, and why the A. A. U. champion did not jump farther, and also how good it was of the princes to lend the light of their royal countenances to the meeting—after reading a lot like that you might be curious to see what mention is made of that game lad, Cronan.

You will find him in two places; once in the summary of the account of the triple leap—just his name and the distance he cleared, and both in fine type. No other word of the lad's good work. Good space is devoted to explaining how the champion came to be beaten, but there is nothing of how Cronan came to win third place against all the world. The other mention of Cronan is where it says that he was not selected by the committee, that he journeyed to Athens at his own expense, from which you may infer that it is not really creditable to pay your own expenses to an athletic meet. Nothing about the gamest and purest amateur athlete in the whole outfit, the lad who exemplified the amateur athletic spirit at its best, the man who made the trip on money saved out of his wages—two dollars a day—and what club mates as poor as himself could spare; the boy who asked for no favors, no fine hotels, no saloon passage, no nursing along the way, no speech of adulation after he came home; the boy who was only eager to compete for his country and never mind what it cost himself; the boy who did what nineteen of the thirty-three athletes selected by the A. A. U. failed to do—win a place for his flag. That boy was not allowed to be present at a single one of the score of receptions, banquets, and picnics to which "all American athletes" were invited. The Commissioner handled the invitations, but never was one passed out to Tom Cronan. Nor in any of the official group photographs will you find Tom Cronan; neither was he invited to a place in any of them.

The Commissioner, after his arrival home, was wined and dined and toasted by club members of pretty much his own way of thinking, and his speeches were gems of self-repression—"Obnoxious outsiders who tried to butt in, unattached athletes without proper respect for the A. A. U.—he could say a whole lot—but on this most felicitious occasion, why be disagreeable? And as to the rumors of favoritism—r-r-r-r-m-m-m-m," and so on. A forbearing, generous spirit—the Commissioner.

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How Cronan got home the agents of the A. A. U. never inquired. And why should they? But he did get home after a while—he and his chum together; and the day after he landed in Boston he was back on the wagon toting the same old sixty-pound cases up the same old three flights of stairs. And that same night he floated down to the little clubhouse under the bridge—but first he took a good look around. The old red and green switch lights, the coal barges in the channel, the trolleys clanging by overhead—all were there. No classic Parthenon, no blue bay of Naples, nor great rock of Gibraltar, nor the little green Azores with their low-built, whitewashed houses set just above the sea—nothing of all that, but, Judas Priest, it was God's country!

And in the joy of being home again, back with the old crowd, he almost forgot the hardships, the hungry days, the cold nights, the sneers of the manager, the snobbishness, the brutality of the Commissioner. Now he could, and did, relate with unmixed humor the story of the trip. And some of it his hearers thought very comical, especially the having to draw pictures of what you wanted to eat for breakfast. But what tickled them most was the description of the band drawn up at the railway station in Athens, and, upon only Cronan and his chum's stepping out of the train, the Commissioner shooing the musicians into silence.

"He went 'sh-h-h-sh'" said Cronan, "and the piccolos stopped. He went 'sh-h-h-sh'—a noise like a fat locomotive blowing off steam—and the trombones collapsed. Again 'sh-h-h-sh'—like this—look!"—Cronan gave an imitation of a rather portly man bending forward and bearing down with two horizontal palms—"You'd think he was pressing down on a couple of pneumatic mattresses. That third 'sh-h-h-sh,' and the buglers beat it. But the big drum fellow—he was pretty fat and the drum out in front of his stomach—he was looking up at the sky and didn't see, and, of course, as long as he kept wallopin' the old drum he couldn't hear anything else. But by'n'by the Commissioner, he got the 'Star-Spangled Banner' all choked off, and then he folded up the flag and beat it too."

"But why," inquired one, when they had done laughing—"why, Tom, did he stop it at all?"

"Why?" interjected Tom's chum. "Why? you flat-footed gazippy! Because Tom wasn't an A. A. U. Tom was only just an American."

The foregoing may sound like fiction; but not so. Set it down as fact. Cronan's name is Cronan—Thomas F.; and at last reports he was still the best triple leaper in American amateur athletics, but not deriving fame or profit from it, for he is still loyal to the little club under the bridge, and little clubs under bridges do not get overmuch recognition in the inner national councils.

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TOO MUCH GOLD

By BYRON W. HOLT

Author of "Gold Supply and Prosperity," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Authorities dispute the relative importance of the many contributing causes of high prices. But all place increased gold production among the first. Mr. Holt, formerly editor of "Moody's Magazine," is recognized as one of our soundest economists; his views have great weight with both academic and practical thinkers. We consider it our duty to place his conclusions before you.

THE world has never before experienced such a universal uprising against high prices as exists to-day in the United States and other countries.

In this country the agitation against the high cost of living is so widespread and so violent that it has stirred Congress and our State Legislatures to inquire into the causes of, and possible remedies for, high prices. The high-cost-of-living problem is considered the gravest and most pressing that has confronted our lawmakers in many years. It is considered especially grave by the Republican statesmen who are responsible for our present tariff bill and, as many believe, for the scores of plundering trusts that take advantage of our helpless, tariff-bound position.

The boycott of meat and the crusade against high-priced food staples have extended to all sections of this country and exist, in a more or less highly organized form, in many cities and states. Mass meetings to protest against the high prices of meat and other foods are common, as are also anti-meat-eating clubs. Two million consumers are supposed to have signed the pledge and to have gone on strike against high-priced meat, milk, butter, and eggs.

Because of the high cost of living, the day nurseries of our cities are said to be overcrowded with children whose mothers have had to seek employment in order to help their husbands provide the necessaries of life.

Because of high prices and low actual wages, several million employees of railroads and of industrial corporations are now on strike, or threatening to go on strike, for higher money wages.

Because of high prices and the agitation against them, the Federal Government is preparing to bring suit against the Beef Trust. Numerous state and city officials are probing for meat and milk trust secrets, and are nosing around our hundreds of cold-storage warehouses, where enough antiquated beef, poultry, and eggs are said to be stored to feed our ninety millions of people for several months.

Because of high prices, fear and gloom rest over those in power at Washington, and courage and joy over the irresponsibles who think they see a political turn-over near at hand. The "insurgent" uprising against Cannonism and Aldrichism is largely the result of the excessive pressure of high prices upon slender incomes.

Because of high prices (so its members said), one of the largest bond houses in this country went into bankruptcy on February 1, and other bond houses have suffered heavy losses.

Because of rising prices, the dollar of 1896 now looks like sixty-two cents. At the butcher's store it looks like only forty-six cents, having lost more than half of its purchasing power in beef, pork, and mutton.

In view of all the facts, we are inclined to agree with the statement of Mr. William C. Brown, President of the New York Central Railroad, who, on January 12, said:

> The most portentous cloud discernible upon the political or economic horizon, at this time, is the steady, relentless increase in the price of everything that goes to make up the cost of living.

In the past thirteen years (July 1, 1896, to January 1, 1910), the cost of living has advanced more than 61 per cent. In the past eighteen months it has advanced 19½ per cent.; in the past year 11.2 per cent. and in the past four months 7.4 per cent.

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These startling statistics are from Bradstreet's for January 15, 1910. This commercial authority gives us once a month the average wholesale prices of ninety-six articles, or commodities, reduced to a percentage basis for comparison with other periods. These price figures have been quoted oftener in the past few months than has any other piece of literature. They are read with consternation by wage- and salary-earners, by railroad officials, by bond- and mortgage-holders, by politicians in power, by crowned heads, and by ministers of religion. They are full of portent for all these classes. To some they mean longer hours of work and shorter rations; to others, starvation or shame; to others, loss of income or profits; to still others, loss of power.

GIFFORD PINCHOT'S VIEWS

Ex-Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, in a speech in New York City, on December 27, 1909, well stated some of the evil effects of high prices when he said:

> The income of the average family in the United States is less than $600 a year. To increase the cost of living to such a family beyond the reasonable profits of legitimate business is wrong. It is not merely a question of a few cents more a day for the necessaries of life, or of a few cents less a day for wages. Far more is at stake—the health or sickness of little babies, the education or ignorance of children, virtue or vice in young daughters, honesty or criminality in young sons, the working power of breadwinners, the integrity of families, the provision for old age—in a word, the welfare and happiness, or the misery and degradation, of the plain people are involved in the cost of living.

I will not here attempt to state the viewpoints of the different classes of producers and consumers, and of debtors and creditors. All are affected favorably or unfavorably by the decreasing purchasing power of the dollar, the sovereign, the franc, and the mark. The condition of high and rapidly rising prices provides the most momentous problem with which the politicians and statesmen of civilization have ever had to deal. They are rapidly becoming aware of this fact.

The newspapers in all sections of the country are flooded with letters complaining bitterly of the high cost of living, and demanding a reason and a remedy for it. No editor is so humble that he cannot write long editorials explaining the fundamental causes of high prices and telling us all about them. None is so blind that he is not ready to attempt to lead others equally blind. Hundreds of different causes are suggested for high prices, the most of which are fantastical and illogical.

The one general and permanent cause—the one most nearly fundamental—to explain the universal, prolonged, and important rise in the price level is found in the depreciating value of gold.

Gold being the world's standard of value, it necessarily follows that, as the average prices of all commodities go up, gold goes down; or perhaps it would be better to say that, as gold depreciates, prices appreciate. It cannot be otherwise. If, ten years ago, an ounce of gold exchanged for an average unit of all other commodities, while to-day two ounces exchange for the same average unit, we know that, in relation to other commodities, gold has lost fifty per cent. of its value. Ordinarily, however, we say that prices have doubled. The two expressions mean the same thing. This fact was clearly stated by John Stuart Mill:

"The value of money is inversely as general prices—falling as they rise and rising as they fall."

This fundamental fact is recognized by political economists from Adam Smith to Professors Sumner, Hadley, Taussig, and Irving Fisher. This is the reason why, in the numerous symposia of to-day on the cause of high prices, most economists credit all, or the larger part, of the advance to gold depreciation resulting from the increased output of gold.

MORE GOLD MEANS HIGHER PRICES

In their daily transactions, most men either do not think of gold at all, or they think of it as having a fixed and stable value. It is easier for us to say that "the price of wheat has risen five cents a bushel" than to say that "as compared with wheat, the price of gold has declined five per cent." Yet the two statements mean the same fundamentally. If, then, we substitute for wheat a composite unit of all commodities, and find that the price of this unit has advanced sixty-one per cent. in thirteen years, we can state this same fact by saying that gold has depreciated thirty-nine per cent., approximately, during this period.

But what causes gold to depreciate—that is, prices to rise? The cause is the same in the case of gold as in that of any other commod-

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ity—relatively cheaper cost of production. This cheaper cost shows in an increased supply of gold, and results in making it necessary to give a greater quantity of gold to get the same quantities of other things. It is very difficult to determine the relative cost of producing an ounce of gold, a bushel of wheat, or a ton of steel. If, however, we see the output of gold increasing more rapidly than that of wheat or of steel, we may be certain that there are greater profits in producing gold than in producing wheat or steel; and that the output of gold will continue to increase more rapidly than the output of wheat or steel, until the exchange value of gold, in relation to wheat or steel, has declined sufficiently to equalize the profits and costs of production for these two commodities. There is, in fact, a constant economic contest between gold and other commodities, because of improved methods of production.

THE RACE BETWEEN COMMODITIES

To illustrate: Suppose that to-day a bushel of wheat, 100 pounds of steel, 23.22 grains of gold ($1), and a day's labor have the same value—that is, each is exactly worth any one of the others in exchange. Suppose that, because of improved machinery, implements, and methods of production, a day's labor will, in 1920, produce 25 per cent. more of wheat, 50 per cent. more of steel, and 100 per cent. more of gold than it now produces. In 1920, then, we should have 5 pecks of wheat, 150 pounds of steel, 46.44 grains of gold, and a day's labor exchanging equally for each other. But one of these commodities is the standard of value by which the others are measured. This one is gold. In 1920, then, 5 pecks of wheat would exchange for $2; that is, wheat would be $1.60 a bushel. Similarly, steel would then be $1.33⅓ per 100 pounds, and labor would be worth $2 a day. For reasons which we shall consider later, prices would not quite reach this level, and labor would probably receive not more than $1.30 or $1.40 a day.

Thus, we see that there is a perpetual race participated in by every commodity. Each is trying to reduce its cost of production faster than the others can reduce theirs. The one that wins will, temporarily at least, yield the greatest profits to its producers. As soon as the output of the winning commodity is increased sufficiently so that the demand for it is fully satisfied, its exchange value, or price, will fall so that the profit in producing it will be about the same as the average profit in producing other commodities. The price will not decline until the supply of this commodity increases relatively to the others. Increasing output and supply are, in fact, the visible signs that a commodity is being produced more cheaply, and that its exchange value may be expected to decline.

OUTPUT OF GOLD QUADRUPLED SINCE 1890

If, then, as compared with any particular commodity, the output of gold increases faster than does that of the other commodity, we are safe in concluding that the cost of producing gold is declining, relatively, and that the exchange ratio between these two commodities (price, expressed in gold units) will soon change so that a larger quantity of gold will exchange equally for the same amount of the other commodity.

The statement of this fact constitutes what is called the "quantity theory of money." In reality, as we have seen, it is a cost of production theory.

These are dry facts, but they are fundamental and necessary to an understanding of the gold-price question. In plain language, they mean that the cost of producing gold determines, or tends to determine, the exchange value of gold with other commodities, just as the cost of producing other commodities determines, in the long run, the exchange values of these commodities with each other. This being true, the value of gold will depreciate as the quantity increases, and this depreciation will be measured by the rise in the average level of prices.

It is not pretended that doubling the quantity of gold will exactly double prices, other things remaining unchanged. This statement, however, is probably more nearly true of gold than of any other commodity, because gold is imperishable and the demand for it is practically unlimited, while most other commodities are perishable and the demand for them is more or less limited by their prices. For example: doubling the quantity of wheat in the world would not halve its price, because at two-thirds of the present price it would become a substitute for corn and oats, and the demand would be more than doubled. However, doubling the quantities of all grains, or of all vegetables raised in any year, would undoubtedly depreciate their values much more than fifty per cent., because the

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demand for food and feed stuffs cannot, in one or two years, be greatly increased.

Assuming, then, that, other things being equal, doubling the quantity of gold will double prices, the two important questions to consider are: (1) how rapidly the quantity of gold is likely to increase; (2) what allowance should be made because "other things" will not remain unchanged.

There has been a remarkable increase in the world's output of gold in the past twenty years. Roughly, the output has more than doubled twice during that period. The following table gives the world's annual output and supply of gold and comparative price figures, by five-year periods, since 1850:

GOLD OUTPUT, SUPPLY AND PRICES

Year	World's Output	World's * Visible Supply	Prices † by Index Numbers
	Coinage Value	Coinage Value Dec. 31	
1850	$44,500,000	$1,606,400,000	89.2
1855	135,100,000	1,920,390,000	109.2
1860	127,000,000	2,235,480,000	100.0
1865	126,000,000	2,519,220,000	107.4
1870	123,000,000	2,827,690,000	119.0
1875	97,500,000	3,056,400,000	114.6
1880	106,436,800	3,300,890,000	104.9
1885	108,435,600	3,532,309,000	96.465
1890	118,848,700	3,778,350,000	90.191
1895	198,763,600	4,143,700,000	80.992
1900	254,576,300	4,906,700,000	95.295
1905	379,635,413	6,300,000,000	100.318
1906	405,060,249	6,620,000,000	104.464
1907	411,294,458	6,940,000,000	108.172
1908	443,434,527	7,290,000,000	100.624
1909	457,567,280	7,650,000,000	100.234
1910	(Jan. 1)		111.958

* In the "world's visible supply" the figures for 1905 and since are estimated.

† The index number of prices are from the Aldrich report until 1880; since then from Dun's, the numbers for 1908, 1909, and 1910 being Bradstreet's reduced to Dun's. In 1885 Dun's number was 3½ per cent. higher than that of the Aldrich report.

By these statistics we see that the output of gold is now ten times what it was in 1850 and nearly four times what it was in 1890. Also that the world's visible supply of gold is now nearly five times what it was in 1850 and twice what it was in 1890. More gold has been produced in the past ten years than was produced from the discovery of America; in 1492, to 1850.

Gold production is no longer mainly, or even largely, a placer mining proposition. It is to-day a business and commercial proposition as much as is the mining of coal or iron ore, or the production of corn or cotton. Because of improved and still rapidly improving metallurgical processes of extracting gold, making it profitable to work lower and lower grades of ores, and the practically inexhaustible supplies of such ores, the output depends mainly upon the number and size of the mills employed in gold production.

METHODS OF GOLD PRODUCTION

Up until about 1850, only placer or surface gold was mined. That is, free gold, deposited in the beds of streams, in sands, and in the crevices of rocks. Placer mining, mainly in new and remote regions, still furnishes a material, though not large, percentage of the world's output. Formerly, this alluvial gold was separated from the sands and gravels containing it by washing them in pans, cradles, rockers, and sluices. In 1852, the hydraulic method was first employed, in California. By this means a "giant" stream of water, turned against the side of a mountain, washes everything before it. The gold settles to the bottom of the tunnel or sluice, through which the gravel, sand, and water flow. In 1889 dredges, or excavators, were first used, in Australia. To-day, steam and electric dredges produce a considerable portion of the world's output.

The second important stage in the production of gold was that of amalgamation—that is, the extraction of gold by means of its affinity for mercury. This process, used very extensively until recently, was applicable to free-milling ores—that is, to ores that, when crushed (usually by "stamp" mills), yield up either "floating gold" or gold that will form an amalgamate with mercury.

The third stage of gold production, which began in 1887, is the one that is now responsible for something like two-thirds of the present output of gold. It marks the introduction of the "chlorination" and "cyaniding" processes, which are applied to "refractory" ores; that is, to ores that contain so much sulphur, arsenic, bismuth, lead, etc., that the gold in them will not amalgamate with mercury.

"Chlorination consists in combining gold with chlorine to obtain a soluble chloride of gold, from which it is then easy to extract the metal," says L. De Launay, in his recent book, "The World's Gold." Preliminary to this process, the ores are crushed and then roasted to drive out the iron, sulphur,

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arsenic, etc. This process, although largely employed in Colorado and Australia, has not, as yet, been as extensively used as has the cyaniding process; but with new and cheaper methods of producing chlorine, it may yet become even more important than cyaniding now is. The latter fails on auriferous ores that contain certain metals, like copper, which counteract the operation, and on acid or alkali ores. It is on these ores—very numerous—that the chlorination process is now mostly used.

MAKING LOW-GRADE ORES PAY.

Cyaniding "consists solely in employing the well-known solubility of gold in cyanide of potassium, and in then precipitating the gold by reduction or electrolysis," says De Launay. It was first applied in 1887. It is now used in all of the mines on the Rand and quite generally all over the world. Without this process, very few mines in the Rand would make a profit. With it, they produce $150,000,000 of gold a year at a total net profit of $64,000,000, or forty-three cents on the dollar.

The cyaniding and chlorination processes have worked a revolution in the production of gold in the past twenty years. The output, which before had been stationary or declining, for thirty years, has doubled each decade since. There is at least a fair prospect that the output will double again by 1920. The basis for this statement is found in the fact that the workable refractory or "sulphide" ores, as they are frequently called, are much more extensive (perhaps 100 or 1,000 times) than are the free-milling ores. In fact, there are literally mountains of these low-grade refractory ores—for nearly all are low-grade, containing from one dollar to five or twenty dollars per ton. The average per ton in the Transvaal or Rand mines was about seven dollars last year. It has been declining about fifty cents per ton for five years, showing that lower and lower grade ores are being profitably worked. Of course, the lower the grade, the greater the quantity of ore available. In the Homestake mine in this country, ore producing less than two dollars to the ton is being worked and is yielding big profits. The supply of very low-grade ore is, in fact, practically inexhaustible.

In view of these facts, it does not require a prophet to foretell an increase in the output of gold, even if no important new methods of production are found in the next decade. And it is reasonably certain that the rate of increase in the next decade will be as great as it was in the last; and that by 1920 or 1925 the output will reach $1,000,000,000 a year.

Now it will have to be considered what allowance should be made because "other things" will not remain unchanged.

From the fact that prices declined from 1870 to 1895, during which time the world's monetary gold increased over forty per cent., and from the further fact that prices advanced about forty per cent. from 1895 to 1910, while the gold supply increased over eighty per cent., we may safely infer that "other things" have not always remained the same.

Both because of business expansion and of the general use of gold throughout the world, the quantity of goods for which gold is exchanged is, apparently, increasing at an average rate of about 2½ per cent. a year. This being true, the world's stock of gold would have to increase 2½ per cent. a year to keep prices stable. As the average increase from 1870 to 1895 was only about 1½ per cent., it is not surprising that prices declined 32 per cent. during this period. As the increase in the world's gold supply has averaged about five per cent. since 1895, it is not surprising that prices have advanced about 40 per cent. since then. A similar, and even greater, advance may be expected in the next ten or twenty years.

PRICES RISE YEARS AFTER GOLD INCREASES

It may be noted that gold supply and prices do not always increase simultaneously. Apparently, the price advances follow several years after the gold increases. Thus, while the gold output was increasing rapidly from 1890 to 1896, prices continued to decline until July, 1896, when they reached the lowest level ever recorded. Since then they have, as previously noted, increased 61 per cent. It is probable, however, that the annual increment to the world's stock of gold was not, until 1892 or 1893, equal to the increased demand for gold. For similar reasons we should expect to see prices continue to advance for several years after the gold increment should decline so that it would barely equal the increased demand for gold. The effects of an increasing supply of gold upon prices follow behind, as the seasons of the year follow behind the sun's declination changes. If it were not for the sea-

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sons' inertia, the hottest day of the year would be June 21 and the coldest December 21.

ON A SINKING PLATFORM

The above facts indicate that the gold standard is not a stable standard of value and that, as Professor Irving Fisher says, the world is doing business on a sinking platform. Not only because the platform is sinking but because some parts of it are sinking faster than others, the entire financial and industrial world is disturbed as never before.

The great problems that demand solution grow out of the facts that prices will continue to rise; that wages and salaries will rise only about half as fast as prices; that interest rates will average abnormally high; that the cost of operating railroads and street railways will advance rapidly, while rates and fares will advance slowly, if at all; that the prices of high-grade bonds and preferred stocks will decline; that the great debtors—the rich—will gain, while the great creditors—those of moderate means—will lose heavily; that real property—farms, mines, etc.—will increase rapidly in value; that the landlords of the earth will absorb a larger share of the world's goods; that business will be conducted largely on a speculative basis; that wealth will concentrate more and more rapidly in the hands of relatively few; that, in short, discontent and anarchy will increase unless the wise men of the earth can solve these problems, and stop the injustice of gold depreciation and the evils connected therewith. Only a few of the more important of these problems can be considered here, and these but briefly.

Whatever the cause, it is a fact that wages and salaries neither fall as fast as do prices, when prices are falling, nor rise as fast as do prices, when prices are rising. In fact, the general tendency of money, or nominal, wages, in this country at least, appears to be upward, though, of course, less progress is made when prices are declining than when they are advancing. It is true that nominal wages did fall from 1872 to 1877, from 1884 to 1886, and again from 1892 to 1896, during which periods prices fell rapidly. It is also true that, notwithstanding the fact that prices declined 23 per cent. from 1872 to 1890, money wages were nearly 1 per cent. higher in 1890 than they were in 1872; and further that the purchasing power of a day's wages in 1890 was 29 per cent. greater than in 1872.

Since 1896, prices have risen about 60 per cent., while money wages have risen only about twenty per cent. As has been said, prices go up on the elevator, while wages climb the stairs. Not many will to-day claim that wage- and salary-earners are as well off as they were ten or twelve years ago. The purchasing power of their wages and salaries is unmistakably less now than in 1897. To this fact is mainly due the general discontent. It is probably true that the wage earners in the old countries are even greater victims of high prices than are those here, for their wages have hardly risen at all, while the cost of living is rising about as rapidly for them as it is for us.

WHY WAGES RISE SLOWLY

Habit and custom undoubtedly have much more to do in fixing wages and salaries than they do in making prices. The supply of a commodity will decline quickly if there is not a fair profit in its production. The supply of labor does not so quickly adjust itself to changing conditions. Except for immigration and emigration, the number of mouths to be fed would remain constant or would increase slowly, almost regardless of the cost of living. When business expands more quickly in the United States than in other countries, immigrants come over, more than a million a year, as they did in the years from 1905 to 1907, and as they are now doing. When business suddenly falls off here, as it did in 1908, these immigrants return to Europe, where the cost of living is cheaper. These facts help to explain why wages in this country do not rise as rapidly as prices.

One of the strangest results of the increasing gold supply is high interest rates. Most men, and even most editors and financial writers, have assumed that more money means cheaper money. It does; but not lower rates of interest. Interest is what is paid for the use of capital. It is measured by money, but is not really paid in money any more than are real wages. Interest, therefore, shows the same tendency to advance, when gold is depreciating, as do prices or wages.

There are two reasons why interest rates should be high when gold is depreciating. 1. Because, when prices are rising, there are great opportunities to make money, speculatively, by purchasing and holding real property. This fact leads enterprising men not only to borrow all they can at low rates of in-

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terest, but to bid for money until rates become very high. 2. To offset the shrinkage in the principal of a debt. Thus, if prices are advancing five per cent. a year, the purchasing power of a dollar is shrinking about five per cent. A man who loaned $1,000 at four per cent. would, at the end of the year, get back $1,040. When, however, he came to spend this $1,040, he would find that it would purchase less than the $1,000 loaned at the beginning of the year. When translated into capital—what was really loaned—he would have received back less than he loaned. That is, instead of receiving interest, he would really have paid the borrower a small premium for holding his capital. The loaner should in fairness not only receive back his principal unimpaired, but should receive something for the use of it. He should, in fact, receive a rate of interest that would yield him at least three per cent., after making good the loss to the principal because of the shrinkage in its purchasing power.

In actual practice, there is a compromise, and interest rates, after compensating for the loss to the principal, are lower, when prices are rising, than when they are stable. There is, however, as Professor Irving Fisher has shown by statistics covering long periods, a pronounced tendency for interest rates to equalize the changing value of the principal of a debt. The interest rate does not necessarily rise promptly after prices begin to rise. Like wages, it begins to rise later and rises more slowly than do prices. Interest rates also fluctuate more widely when prices are rising rapidly than when they are stable.

But I will not attempt here to discuss at length the many social, political, and economic effects likely to result from gold depreciation. Wild speculation, especially in lands, grain, cotton, and stocks, with wide fluctuations and a liberal supply of panics and depressions, will ensue. Industry will be greatly disturbed by this speculation, and by labor troubles resulting from the demands of labor for higher nominal wages. Prosperity will be in evidence on the surface, but adversity, leading to discontent, despondency, and desperation, will be the lot of the masses. Suicide and crime will increase. Radicalism, of both the good and the bad varieties, will be preached to, and received by, the people. Property rights will be disturbed and insecure. Governments themselves will, in some instances, be overwhelmed by an avalanche of dissatisfaction, radicalism, strikes, riots, rebellions, and wars.

That some of these evils could be averted by the concerted action of the great nations of the earth is probable. That they will act together intelligently in the near future is not certain. As yet, but a comparative few, even of the world's economists or statesmen, understand the cause of rising prices or see the consequent dangers. They are not likely to find a remedy for a disease until they are aware of its existence and nature.

IS A MULTIPLE STANDARD THE REMEDY?

The one step that could be taken by any single nation, state, or corporation, and one that would do something to alleviate conditions, would be to encourage the making of all contracts—whether for wages, salaries, annuities, policies, rents, rates, fees, etc., or bond or mortgage obligations—payable in a multiple standard rather than in a single (gold) standard of value. For instance, if a salary of $2,000 a year is made payable in a multiple standard, composed of the prices of one hundred commodities, and if, as happened in 1909, prices should rise an average of eleven per cent. in a year, the salary would be increased to $2,220 for the next year.

In this way the purchasing power of wages, salaries, rates, incomes, etc., could be kept stable, and the inequalities and injustices of the gold standard would be largely overcome. Gold would, of course, continue to be the medium of exchange and the money of final redemption. It would not, however, be the standard of value for deferred payments. This plan cannot, for obvious reasons, be worked successfully by one firm or one corporation. It should be widely adopted if it is to be successful. A firm that would, in this way, advance the wages of its employees twice as fast as its competitor would be likely to suffer. If, however, the wages of all in a country were paid in this way, the purchasing power of the country would go up as fast as would gold prices, and no one would suffer, except perhaps, slightly, in competition with foreign industries.

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A SUCCESSFUL WIFE

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT: At fifteen, Esther Carey faces the necessity of supporting herself and a family of five. She becomes a stenographer in a New York office, enduring hardship with an unflinching, undemonstrative courage, and at twenty-five she has her own office as a law stenographer, with two assistants. One of her principal employers, in the same building, is Will Falsworth, for whose shallow-natured wife Esther has worked. Falsworth, bitterly discontented, begs Esther to go away with him, but she persistently refuses. Meantime, Senator Bellars, also in the same building, has dictated to her an angry letter summoning home from Paris his nephew, Stephen Kirkland. Kirkland comes—a man of distinguished manner and brilliant genius, but with a record of ineffectiveness and dissipation. He goes to work in his uncle's office, and Esther Carey helps him in his fight against the powerful attacks of temptation to drink, once actually walking in silence with him all the way from Wall Street far into Central Park. At last Will Falsworth, for whom she cares, wins her consent to go West with him. When the appointed day comes, however, she does not meet him; he rushes, furious and desperate, to her office, but finds her unyielding.

CHAPTER XIII

MY nerves gave way after this, and about the fifteenth of August I took a vacation. I went to a place called Mohawk in the Catskill Mountains and took Tommy with me. He had been going to work for a week only; he was awfully tall and thin. My windows faced the lake and the hills and the sky, and there wasn't a sound but the birds and the water. Tommy used to row me out in the evening in the moonlight. I liked Tommy best of all in the family.

The office had nothing but my Bracketsville address. I told Fanny I didn't want a soul to know where I was, so I wouldn't be bothered to death with work. But after a few days a book came for me from New York, from Mr. Kirkland. It was "Richard Feverel." I read it sitting there in the piny woods, leaning against a tree. Some books came for Tommy, too, and we had plenty to keep busy with. Everything about Mohawk Lake for me is connected with Mr. Falsworth and Tommy. I went up with that trouble, and I tried to leave it there. I carried it around with me on the lake and in the woods. It was like a big parcel that one can't possibly carry much further and yet which one doesn't want to lose. I don't know where I laid it down, after all.

When we came home from Mohawk Lake, Tommy's face was round and fat, and he looked fine, and started right in to work. I brought back a picture of Lake Mohawk and pinned it on my wall. It was a small photograph of the hotel, with the lake and the mountains black around it. It looked deep and quiet and awfully remote. It was my idea of a real wilderness.

That fall, Mr. Kirkland came out to Bracketsville and boarded at the "Huntley." Everybody liked him there. Mrs. Huntley said it was as good as having a king in the house, to see him bow and hear him say, "Oh, I *beg* your pardon."

We went up and down on the trains together, and he called every Sunday afternoon and sat in the parlor with Fanny and me and the boys, reading the papers or playing checkers with Tommy. By and by, our house got all perfumed through by his black cigarettes, and our parlor carpet had burned spots where he had dropped them lighted, and there were always lots of ashes when the girl swept. Fanny would put the ash-trays everywhere for him, but he never noticed them—just knocked his cigarette on the chair or anywhere, and let the ashes fall.

Fanny thought he was stupid and silly. She didn't like him to call her by the queer names he did—"Salome," "Beatrice," and "Guinevere." She was always cross when he was around, but Tom and he grew better friends every day.

Tom didn't get strong, so I made him give up his place and stay out home and loaf. But nothing seemed to do him any good. He just got weaker and thinner, and hung around, and only took interest when Mr. Kirkland came to call and talked to him and treated him as though he were a man.

He made me take Tom to a doctor, and when we came back and Tommy went upstairs to lie down, Mr. Kirkland called. He

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asked me what the doctor had said about Tom, and when I told him he looked down at me very kindly and said:

"Well, what will you do?"

"Just keep him right here."

I never liked his face so much. It seemed so good. "Will you do me a favor, Miss Carey?"

"What is it?"

"Make believe it's *you* who are walking from Wall Street to Central Park, and *lean on me.* . . . Let me help you, will you?"

I told him I thought we could get along all right, and that Tommy liked him better than anybody, and would always be glad to see him.

CHAPTER XIV

It was a long winter. It seemed as though the storms would never let up and that spring would never come. Tommy grew weaker every day. I went in to business regularly, and Fanny as well. The girl we had gave him all the care he needed, and he was crazy about the books and things that Mr. Kirkland brought him. Mr. Kirkland came every evening and when Tommy was able we sat upstairs with him. Toward spring I only went to town the days Tommy was easier. After the first of April he didn't pretend to sit up any more, and then one morning came when I got out of bed early with such a feeling of *hurry—hurry* on me. I dressed and went in to my brother's room. It was only eight o'clock, but he had got hold of the girl and made her fix him up and was sitting up in bed. Well, he looked splendid. His hair was brushed back, and his eyes were quite bright.

"Say, Sis, you can go into town to-day all right," he called out. "I'm feeling great. I guess I'll be up this week sure, if the weather keeps along."

It *was* warmer, and he had the windows open. One tree near the house was covered with apple blossoms.

I hadn't been in to town for a week, and the girls needed me dreadfully. Things were every which way at the office, and they were telephoning me until I was nearly crazy, so I thought, since he was lots better, I would run in for an hour. When I came to say good-by to him he was looking fine still. He was only sixteen and young for his age. He had on a little flannel jacket that I had made him, and he looked like a girl, with his pink cheeks and his smooth hair.

"Mr. Kirk's staying up to-day," Tommy said. "He is coming to show me how to draw a picture." He had given Tom a box of colors. It seemed that perhaps after all Tom might really take a pull for the better and get well. All the way to town I felt *the hurry.* I couldn't get through fast enough in the office! There was a mountain of work and directions to give, and I saw if I didn't come back to business soon there would be trouble. But I ate a bit of lunch and *hurried* for home at four o'clock.

Senator Bellars passed me in the hall. I expected he would bow, but he didn't. I was surprised, but I was *hurrying* so fast that I didn't have time to notice or mind then. The ferryboat waited in her slip so long I got wild. The train was late, and I could have screamed. At the station I took a hack and made Mr. Beam *hurry—hurry.* When I got to the house there was no sign of anybody, but the girl met me on the stairs.

"Oh, Miss Esther, *hurry, hurry,*" she said, and I ran up.

Mr. Kirkland was sitting on Tommy's bed. He had the boy in his arms. I went around to the other side, and we held him together.

I whispered across: "Where's the doctor?"

"Driven out into the back country for a confinement case. He's been here and gone." Then he said aloud: "We don't need anybody, do we, old man?"

Tommy hadn't been able to speak very well for a long time. His voice had been hoarse for months, and it was because he had spoken out so well that morning and seemed so strong that I had taken courage for him.

"Hold me up," he said to Mr. Kirkland. "That's all. Hold—me—high—up."

Mr. Kirkland's arms and mine met behind him. Tommy said: "Mr. Kirk's all right; he's—all—right." And he smiled.

We two held him there like that until evening. I don't know who came in or who went out. There may have been twenty people; I don't remember any of them. I couldn't see. I only felt the thin little body that lay against me like a feather stirred by the breeze. At the foot of the bed was his paint-box and his sheet of paper. He said something I didn't hear, but Mr. Kirkland understood.

"He wants me to tell him about the siege of Carthage. I don't believe I can!" Then he was ashamed of his weakness, I guess, for he began; and while he was talking, that

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"YOU DON'T MEAN TO MARRY THAT STUPID OLD BORE, DO YOU?"

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feather weight against our arms stopped its little, slight stirring, just as if the air that gave it life had died down. We laid Tommy back on his pillows, like he had gone to sleep. Then I went out of the room to wait for Fanny and to see to things. The next day I took away the picture that Tommy had wanted to paint. Mr. Kirkland told me what it was meant to be, that it was to be a surprise for me, a picture of Mohawk Lake . . . Tommy said: "Sis was crazy about it up at Mohawk." On the water-color paper there was only a patch of green and a dark spot for the trees. I put it away upstairs.

CHAPTER XV

About a week after Tommy died, Mr. Kirkland was sitting on our porch, and all of a sudden he leaned forward in his chair and said to me:

"Well, what are you going to do about it, Esther?"

I asked him what he meant.

He said: "*What are you going to do with me?*"

I think I must have said, "There isn't anything for me to do, is there?" for he exclaimed: "Well, then, the whole thing is to go to pot, is it?" And he stared at me like a lion, then laughed in his old way. "I suppose you have heard some lively stories about me?"

I said I *had* heard a few!

"You don't know half the truth, my dear girl, but I shall tell it to you," and, smiling and frowning together, and smoking like a chimney, right then and there he told me his life. "Until last year," he said, "I hadn't been to sleep sober for a century. There isn't a pleasure I envied that I didn't take; but since I came out here this fall I haven't touched a drop of liquor or looked at a woman or a game of cards. Do you know why?"

I said that I did not.

"By Jove," he cried, "I don't believe you do! Modest, unselfish creature that you are, I don't believe you dream what your power is. Why, it's *for you*, my dear girl - *for your sake*. There's not a woman I have ever seen that could keep me sober for a week. But I've kept straight for eight months, so that I could ask you—I mean so that I could tell you—I ask nothing—nothing—but I tell you—" He looked at me quietly for a few moments and smoked. Then he sat for a long time, his cigarette between his fingers.

As we sat there together, I thought of his future and of what he could make out of his life if he only would give his clever mind a chance, and why, I can't tell, but then and there I knew I could help him.

If anybody had asked me at the second if this was all, I should have answered "Yes."

I thought then it was all.

It would have been hard for me to believe that a new feeling could find place and take root in a heart that beat faster whenever I remembered Will.

But now I know that under all was something that spoke just for Stephen Kirkland alone. And that it began the very first day I saw him sitting in his uncle's office, when he had come home to fight temptation and make his way. It was there then—deeper, bigger than I knew.

He said to me slowly, watching my expression:

"You look like the Madonna of the Consolation; you look as though you understood. Esther, you look as though you were going to—" He held out his hand to me, and I gave him mine. "Esther—Esther," he whispered, "*do you mean that you will see me through?*"

It was hard for me to speak. But I told him that I would if he needed me.

I didn't say anything about this to a soul. Fanny didn't like Mr. Kirkland. Nothing changed in any way; he just came and sat and talked and talked, and sent books and candy. He was writing what he called a "prose drama," and he used to read it to me, smoking and waving his long brown hands. Fanny saw her callers in the dining-room. We could hear them giggle. One night Mr. Kirkland said to me: "That sound is like the trickling of a fountain in a silver basin," and I said: "It sounds just too silly for any use to me. I should think Fan would have more sense." And he answered:

"My dear girl, you wouldn't spoil a perfect creation, would you? Fanny is perfection."

I tried to take up sewing because he stayed so late; I was stupid at it, for I didn't even know how to hem, but he didn't want me to sew steadily, anyhow. He said he required my "undivided attention." "Sit with your hands folded and look divine, Esther." So I had to sit idle in the mahogany rocker and let him talk or read.

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My business went along all right. Mr. Falsworth had moved his offices from the building and had gone out West, and Minnie went to Europe. Senator Bellars went to Washington, and the summer after Tommy died things just drifted along.

CHAPTER XVI

A MONTH or two later, Senator Bellars came out to Bracketsville and called on me, and when I went down I found him standing like a giant in the middle of the parlor. He nodded at me as he used to when I came up to his office after he had sent for me.

"I have heard some extraordinary news, Miss Carey," he blurted out, and he stood there like a master; but my fright must have impressed him, for he went on less rudely:

"My miserable nephew tells me that he has had the audacity to ask you to marry him. How much truth is there in this unwarrantable nonsense?"

I replied that we *were* engaged, and he gave a little short laugh.

"Superb—superb! Engaged on nothing a year, and to his stenographer! My dear Miss Carey, of course you know that this thing is impossible! I have taken him out of the gutter from family pride. Now, if he marries you, I'll drop him back to-morrow. My nephew has a brilliant career before him. I expect him to go very far, but he won't succeed if he drags himself down by a mistaken marriage. Let's be practical and frank. I am going to dispense with all affectation with you, Miss Carey"—and he tried to smile, and as he did so I saw where Mr. Kirkland got his smile from. "Now just what does all this mean?"

As I didn't answer, he exclaimed: "I respect you. I am sure that you are a fine girl, but you are not the wife for my nephew."

"Mr. Kirkland seems to think I am."

Senator Bellars threw his head back: "Great Heavens!" he cried. "Stephen thinks so! Do you know his habits?"

"Yes. Mr. Kirkland has told me."

"Superb—superb!" he cried again. "He has confessed at your knees."

He was getting too angry to speak. "You mean to tell me, Miss Carey, that you know the dissolute life my nephew has led, and that you will marry him in spite of it?"

"Yes, sir. But I never thought you would like the match."

"Like the match!" he fairly snorted. "Delicious! Why, my dear Miss Carey, there is no *match* about it. If you have an ounce of real affection for Stephen, you must break it off."

But I told him that I was afraid I couldn't do anything.

He simply glared at me. He was an awfully proud man.

Then he said sharply: "Ridiculous! Stephen must marry a woman of his class, a woman with money, and I count on you to help him."

I waited a minute and then said: "I will if he wants me to. Will you ask him?"

"No." Senator Bellars shook his head at me half a dozen times. "It's between you and me to pull him out of this. I leave the *modus operandi* entirely to you."

I once more begged him to ask Mr. Kirkland himself, but he said his nephew was a lunatic, and that he wouldn't let him open his mouth to him on any subject concerning his vices or his fancies. He put his hand out to me and tried to be kind. "Come," he said, "tell me you will look at this matter reasonably."

I felt perfectly dreadfully. But I only said I thought we'd get along.

Senator Bellars glared at me, his bushy hair all rumpled; it seemed as though he couldn't give up hope yet; as though he thought he might still beat me out.

"You don't know what you are bargaining for. Wait until you see him drunk; wait until he comes home after a three days' spree. Wait! Wait!"

Just here I looked up and saw in the glass how perfectly awful I looked, and how pale I was, and I said to Mr. Kirkland's uncle that I didn't wish to hear anything more against his nephew.

He didn't reply to this, but warned me that I was planning destruction for two lives right there in that room. Then he bade me good-by, and caught up his hat and coat that were in a heap on the chair.

"I won't see Stephen again from this day—mark you, not if he comes begging on his knees. I shall remake my will before twenty-four hours are over, and I hold you now," he said, breathing hard, "*responsible for Stephen Kirkland;* you have undertaken his life."

When he had gone down the path and out of the gate like a runaway engine, Fanny came in from the dining-room where she had been listening. She had heard every word; her cheeks were as red as fire.

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I JUST DREW STEPHEN'S HEAD DOWN ON MY SHOULDER AS THOUGH HE WERE A CHILD.

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"Esther Carey," she cried, "do you mean to say that you are engaged to Mr. Kirkland?"

I was trembling so that I fell into a rocker. "Yes, I am," I told her, "and I guess you know it now all right, don't you?"

"You don't mean to marry that stupid old bore, do you? After all his uncle said? You must be crazy. Why, he'll disgrace us, the first thing you know. You'll have him to support, and drunk at that."

She began to cry. "I never thought you would do such a thing, Esther. You flirted with a married man until I was scared to death, and now you are going to marry a *drunkard*. I thought you had more sense."

I told her to be quiet and go upstairs; that as long as we stayed under the same roof I wouldn't hear a word from her about my life or about Mr. Kirkland. She shut up, but we were both mad, and she went out to eat supper with some friends, and I had mine alone.

CHAPTER XVII

Mr. Kirkland came in about nine o'clock. I didn't know how he would meet me, whether his uncle had talked to him and he had come to realize what a poor match I really was. He had several little parcels in his hands, and held them out to me, smiling.

"Where's Fanny?"

I told him she was out for supper.

"Here are some caramels for her, and some marshmallows for me, and here are some cigarettes and some matches!" We went into the parlor. He looked tired out, but bright, and for a long time we talked about general things. Then he said: "My dear girl, now let's see what fate can do to us. . . . We have the world before us."

I understood right then and there that his uncle had turned him out, and I was on the point of asking him, "Which way will you turn?" but I didn't. I waited. He had crowds of rich and influential friends—his uncle's and his own. He sat and ate the whole box of marshmallows; then he began smoking, and asked: "Have you copied out the first act of my drama, Esther? Get it, and I'll read it to you."

He read it beautifully, gesturing with his hands, and smoking hard between the scenes.

"I shall finish this at the Huntley," he said, when he was done. "I'm going to work fourteen hours a day."

Then he threw up his arms and exclaimed: "Free—free! Why, it seems too good to be true! I am much obliged to you, my dear Esther, for opening my prison doors."

"How do you like the play?" he asked, like a child—all eagerness. And I told him that I thought it was "perfectly fine."

"I rather think your beautiful sister doesn't like me, Esther," he said later.

I told him that Fanny was silly and only used to the Bracketsville people, and she couldn't appreciate an unusual man such as he was.

"Nonsense, my dear girl! I'm just like the rest, only a little more ridiculous! And the wonder in my mind is what in Heaven's name you see in me."

He came over to where I was sitting, and took my sewing out of my hands. He drew a chair up and sat down by my side.

"Months ago I told you I had brought some work out for you to do, my dear. Well, I didn't leave it that day, but it's here now"—and as he said this he seemed to put the work in my hands with his hands. . . "Do you want to undertake it? Do you *want* to undertake it?"

I just drew Stephen's head down on my shoulder as though he were a child, and I said:

"You know I'm used to work, and I am not afraid of yours."

CHAPTER XVIII

Fanny got engaged about this time to a young fellow in town. Charlie thought a lot of his family, who were De Groots, and he had helped to lay out Bracketsville.

Mr. Kirkland was working awfully hard. He shut himself up in his little room at Mrs. Huntley's, and wrote; the boarders could hear him walking up and down at night and reading out loud, and the entire house smelled of his black cigarettes. Mrs. Huntley admired him and thought he was a genius.

One night after the holidays, Charlie De Groot and Fanny seemed to be having trouble, and I could hear them talking excitedly in the drawing-room. Charlie went early, and I was in bed when Fanny came to my room. She was awfully excited.

"Esther, you are so cold and stiff and hard that I never know how to take you." She sat down at the foot of my bed. "But I've got to speak out now. *Can't* you crawl out of marrying Stephen Kirkland?"

I didn't want to speak sharply to her. I

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just said: "Don't let's discuss these things, Fanny; let's each of us go her own way."

"Goodness, Esther, I wouldn't care if we could do that! But *Charlie won't marry me*, if you go and throw yourself away on Mr. Kirkland."

At this I sat straight up in bed. I didn't dare say a single word. I tried to remember that she was younger, and that neither of us had had any mother; and Fanny began to cry.

"If Charlie De Groot's marrying you depends upon what other people do and are," I said to her, "why, he isn't worth his salt, that's all."

"Why, Charlie's perfectly fine," she cried; "he's the best family in Bracketsville, and nobody ever said a word against him. And just think what kind of a man Mr. Kirkland is! He'll go back to drinking as soon as you're married. Charlie says they always do. His uncle's mad at him, and he's lazy, and who is going to support you all? Esther, *won't* you get out of it before it is too late?"

I said I didn't want to get out of it. And then she got angry. "That's not all, Esther Carey." She looked a little scared. "*He's perfectly dreadful*. He's just as *fast* as he can be," and she dropped her voice to a whisper. "Charlie says that he is living with a woman now in New York on Thirty-eighth Street."

I got up out of bed and went out of the room while she was speaking to me, and shut the door behind me.

Fanny had to go in to work early the next day. She didn't come near my door. I packed up my things, gave the girl her wages for a month ahead, left my room in order and empty, and went out of the house where we had all lived for fourteen years or more. I intended to let Fanny run her life as she liked. I knew the old story that Charlie De Groot had heard, and that it was all done away with and past.

Mr. Kirkland was on my train, and he was in fine spirits. He had a big bundle of his manuscript with him. He was going to see a publisher, he told me, and seemed as happy as a boy.

"Just wait until you see the announcement of my book, and the press notices, Esther."

I didn't say anything until it was time to leave him at Cortlandt Street. Then I told him I had my trunk and bags checked and was going to find a boarding-house room. I knew of a good one in Tompkins Square. He understood what had happened without a word from me, and looked awfully serious for a minute, and then he laughed.

He took me by the arm, and we walked slowly over to Broadway, and he told me it was no use going on like this, that we had better get married right then and there.

I thought he was right.

I went over to my office and told the girls that I wouldn't be in that day, and Mr. Kirkland went to get the license and to fix things as well as he could. I met him in the vestry of old Trinity Church at three o'clock. We were married there. He had one of his friends with him, Mr. Oliver Sinclair; he was tall and pale, with dark eyes and a dark mustache. He seemed very fond of Mr. Kirkland, and he was lovely to me. I thought the church was lovely, and the three o'clock bells rang just as we were married. We went up-town in a car to Tompkins Square to choose our rooms, and then Mr. Kirkland wouldn't hear of anything but our going over to the ferry to see Fanny.

"It wouldn't do to desert her." He put it that way. He said she was "a beautiful little goose." Fanny generally went home on the half-past five ferry, and we were on it ourselves, waiting in the rear. Mr. Kirkland was awfully nice to her. He called her "little sister." I told her to look after the house and to get Lil De Groot to come and stay a couple of weeks with her, and we would see what we would do in a little while; we parted friends. Mr. Kirkland was as gay as could be, and she melted a little, and at the train she kissed me.

CHAPTER XIX

Mr. Kirkland seemed to have a great deal of pride that I had not known about, so I never went to work again after I was married. I used to miss my work perfectly dreadfully, because I wasn't accustomed to anything but regular, constant employment. Mr. Kirkland had some money in the bank, and we lived on that. I shared with Fanny the expenses of the little boys until they should be able to take care of themselves. During the past years I had saved up quite a little—I had lived so plainly.

We had two big rooms in Tompkins Square. Mr. Kirkland wrote in one, and I sat in the other and read and looked out of the window. I did his typewriting.

Mr. Sinclair came in a great deal in the

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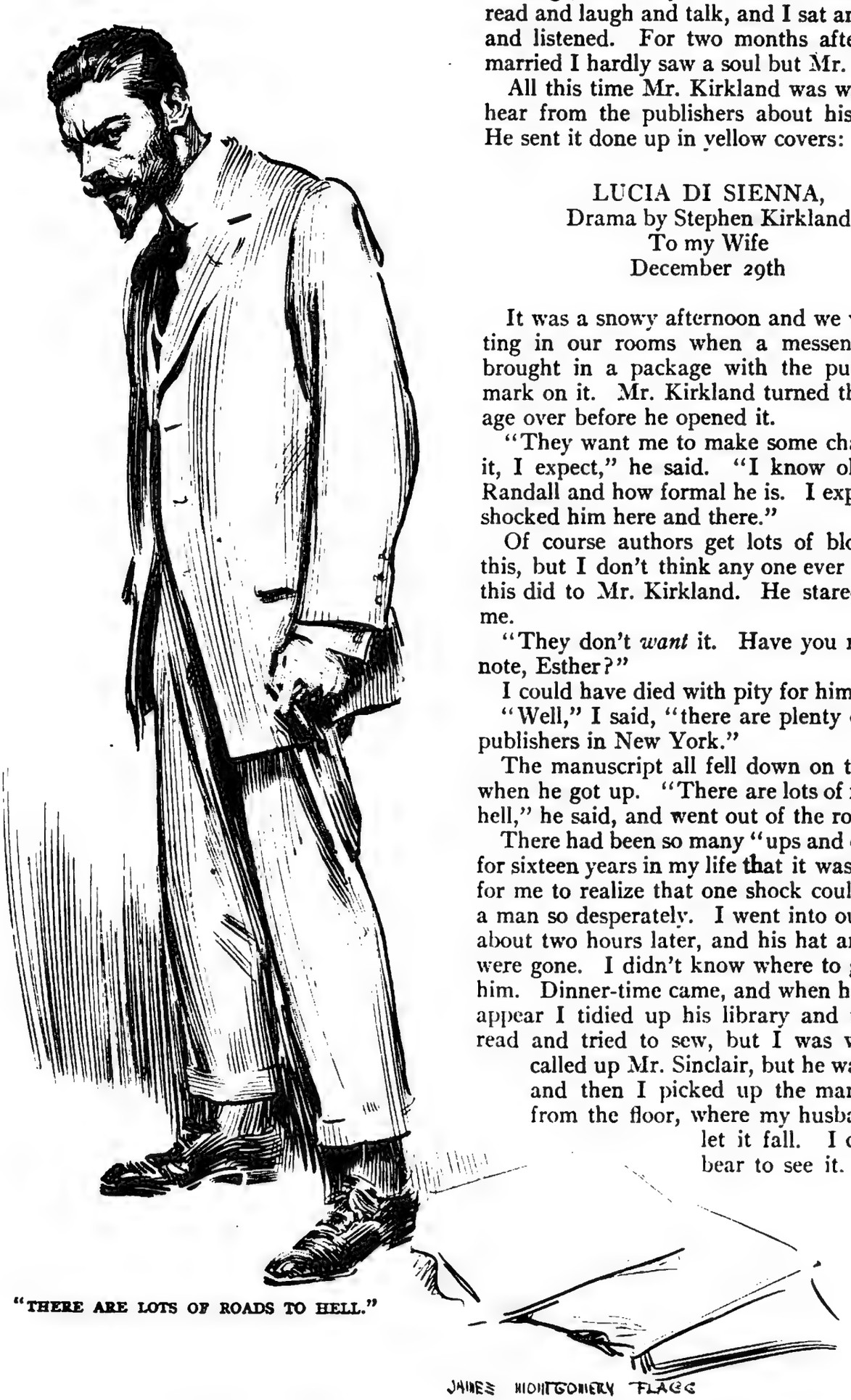

"THERE ARE LOTS OF ROADS TO HELL."

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

evenings, and they two used to smoke and read and laugh and talk, and I sat and sewed and listened. For two months after I was married I hardly saw a soul but Mr. Sinclair.

All this time Mr. Kirkland was waiting to hear from the publishers about his drama. He sent it done up in yellow covers:

LUCIA DI SIENNA,
Drama by Stephen Kirkland
To my Wife
December 29th

It was a snowy afternoon and we were sitting in our rooms when a messenger boy brought in a package with the publisher's mark on it. Mr. Kirkland turned the package over before he opened it.

"They want me to make some changes in it, I expect," he said. "I know old Peter Randall and how formal he is. I expect I've shocked him here and there."

Of course authors get lots of blows like this, but I don't think any one ever came as this did to Mr. Kirkland. He stared up at me.

"They don't *want* it. Have you read the note, Esther?"

I could have died with pity for him.

"Well," I said, "there are plenty of other publishers in New York."

The manuscript all fell down on the floor when he got up. "There are lots of roads to hell," he said, and went out of the room.

There had been so many "ups and downs" for sixteen years in my life that it wasn't easy for me to realize that one shock could affect a man so desperately. I went into our room about two hours later, and his hat and cane were gone. I didn't know where to go after him. Dinner-time came, and when he didn't appear I tidied up his library and tried to read and tried to sew, but I was wild. I called up Mr. Sinclair, but he wasn't in; and then I picked up the manuscript from the floor, where my husband had let it fall. I couldn't bear to see it. "Bad

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luck" wrote itself all over the title page, and I hated it.

At one o'clock that night I made up my mind to speak to the boarding-house keeper, when I heard Mr. Kirkland come. He staggered to the chair by his table and sat down.

"Get me a cigarette."

I gave him one, and he ordered—"Light it"—and I obeyed him. "Sit down," he said, "and listen to the man born out of his time . . . to the prophet without honor. . . "

I sat down on the sofa, and he began to talk. He asked for some water and drank a pitcherful. He talked for an hour, and fell asleep beside the table. I took off his shoes and stockings—they were soaking wet. I got him nearly undressed sitting there in the chair, made him as comfortable as I could, and wrapped him up in a quilt; then I went into the other room. I dreaded to see him when he woke up, and I was afraid he would dread to see me. About nine o'clock he came into the bedroom. He looked perfectly awful and spoke to me as if I were a stranger.

"Can you without too much trouble get me a cup of coffee—strong, black coffee?"

I had been up and dressed for a long time, and he got into bed. He stayed in bed all day, drinking black coffee and smoking, reading the papers and a new book. At five o'clock he came into the library. He had taken a bath and had the barber in to shave him and cut his hair.

"Esther," he said, "I want to read you a chapter in this book on finance. Gives you a very good idea of the art of money-making. It is immensely interesting."

I was lying down on the sofa when he came in, and I got up and took my sewing.

"Don't work. Sit with your hands folded and listen. I want to feel that I have your undivided attention."

I think I must have slept a little while he read. He didn't notice it, though. When he had finished his chapter, it had cleared up finely outside and he went out to take a walk. He didn't want me to go with him. He said he was going to meet Sinclair and bring him back to dinner.

I didn't say a word to my husband, and he didn't refer to last night, and he didn't ask to see the manuscript ever again. I put it down in my trunk—the one I had packed so hastily when I came from Bracketsville on my wedding day. That night as we were sitting in the library, Mr. Sinclair asked:

"What do you hear from your drama, Kirk?"

And my husband answered: "It had a short and happy history, my dear chap—early taken home!"

Mr. Sinclair laughed and said: "You mean then it has been accepted?"

"I mean that God loved it too well. It died young."

He understood and changed the conversation. They began to talk about the finance book.

CHAPTER XX

From that time on Mr. Kirkland thought of nothing but money. I don't know how it was or what kind of change of mind came over him, but the same imagination he had put into his drama he put into the office work which he did with Ellis & Ellis. Mr. Sinclair saw a great deal of my husband, and all Mr. Kirkland's spare time, which wasn't much, he spent with his friend, talking about the "Science of Finance," and the "Beauty of Accurate Computation."

Mr. Sinclair was always very nice to me. Just the same, from the the first I did not like his influence over my husband. He was gentle and patient, and fond of Mr. Kirkland, but still I didn't like him.

Fanny broke off her engagement about now, and we invited her to spend a month with us. She was prettier than ever, and my husband enjoyed having her there, and laughed and joked with her a great deal. Mr. Kirkland called her "Sunshine" and "Loveliness" and "Clytie" and other book-names, but now she only laughed. One day when Fanny had gone to work my husband said:

"I want you both to come down and see my offices. Esther, you stop for your sister after lunch, then come over to Nassau Street and see how I toil over the harmonious accounts."

I was very much pleased. It was the first time he had suggested my going downtown. I thought perhaps we would meet Mr. Ellis, and I put on my best dress and new gloves. I met Fanny at two o'clock, and went in and asked for my husband. He had a fine little office all to himself, and he was there with his own stenographer. He shook hands with Fanny and said to her:

"So you fetched the primroses to Nassau Street, did you, Sweetness? I thought the spring had come."

She did look springlike, for she had a

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HE WOULD SIT AND TALK AND LAUGH WITH THEM ON THE PIAZZA.

new hat with primroses, and a new coat, and she was so, so pretty.

He didn't speak to me once. He showed us all over the building and laughed and talked with Fanny, and Mr. Ellis had us come into his room, too, and when it was time to go my husband got his hat and coat and started uptown with us—that is, with Fanny. He didn't appear to notice that I had come. I waited behind and let them walk on together, and when they got to Broadway Mr. Sinclair came out of the drugstore and saw us and walked along a little ways with me. Then we took the car home. Before he left me at the door, Mr. Sinclair said to me:

"I wonder if you are as perfect as you seem, Mrs. Kirkland." And I answered that I was just what I seemed, anyway, but it wasn't perfect; and I felt sure he began to talk this way because he had something he wanted to tell me. I stood still in the street and looked at him.

"I am taking for granted, then, that you *are* perfect! and in this case I can speak freely. Don't keep that pretty sister of yours here with you. None of us should play with dangerous emotions, and all of the feelings that a girl of Miss Carey's age has *are* dangerous . . ."

He looked very serious.

"It isn't fair to—it isn't fair to her. You are not angry with me, are you?"

And I told him not at all.

CHAPTER XXI

THAT night my husband took Fanny to the theatre.

The next day I went to Trenton to see the little boys, who were in school there, leaving a line on my husband's table to say that I had gone for over Sunday.

It was Friday when I left Tompkins Square, and on the following Monday I got a telegram saying that he would be out, too, unless I had started home.

I got a letter from Bracketsville from Fanny. She was mad and scared. She said of course she couldn't stay in New York alone with Mr. Kirkland, and that she had gone out home, and that she thought I must be crazy to go off like that without telling a soul.

I saw the little boys every day, and we had soda water and peanuts and went to a show. They were awfully pleased and were glad to see me. It made me think of Lake Mohawk and Tommy, although neither of them was a bit like Tommy.

Wednesday, as I was walking down Main

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Street, I met my husband coming along toward me. He had a spring overcoat on his arm. He looked tired and hot. When he saw me his face cleared up a little.

"What in heaven's name are you doing in this hole, Esther, and what does it mean?"

I laughed. "It doesn't mean anything. I just wanted to see the boys."

He looked at me very hard, but he believed me, and then he laughed, too, and said: "You mustn't ever go away again from *this boy!* He needs you more than the others do," and he took me home.

The following day we went back to New York. My husband gave the boys each five dollars, and he was devoted to me all the way home. Mr. Sinclair called when we had finished dinner, and when we said "how d'you do" to each other, he sort of laughed as though he understood what I had been doing. Later, my husband told me that Fanny had gone home on Sunday.

"Do you know your running off like that put us in a ridiculous position? It wasn't like you in the very least. Whatever put it into your head?"

I didn't answer this, but when we went into our room that evening he took the subject up again.

"Since your sister has gone back to Bracketsville, let her stay there. My dear girl, I don't want to hurt your feelings, but, frankly, Fanny bores me. She is as empty mentally as a beautiful shell." He was standing in front of our mantel in his velvet jacket, smoking his long, black cigarettes and smiling. "Physical beauty is often compelled to pay a price."

I knew that he meant every word he said. He was the most truthful person I ever met. He didn't know what a lie was or what acting was. He felt all he said every time, and he always acted exactly as he felt, no matter what it might be to other persons. He may have been to blame in many things, but he never was anything but real. I told him that I thought Fanny was very pretty, and I was sorry that she was to be alone out there.

"Then let her board," he said indifferently. "Lots of girls board. The first thing you know, she will be engaged again. A girl like your sister will have half a dozen affairs, and ten to one she will die an old maid."

Then he went on talking to me through the smoke of his cigarette about woman's failings and woman's charms and about the kind of woman a man likes, and his experiences seemed to have been very wide. I couldn't but think so.

He looked well and handsome these days, and I took great pains to keep his linen nice and clean, looking over his clothes every day before he put them on, as otherwise he would just have worn anything that came to hand. I couldn't but wonder, as he talked, why he had chosen me. And just as I was thinking this, he said:

"Let us say a traveler passes by two gardens: one on the Ægean Sea with its palaces and its fountains and its oriental seduction. It has the effect, of course, and ten to one he squanders there more than he should. Then he comes to another—an English garden, with its generous trees, its rose hedge, its comfort and its cheer, and finds a seat under a spreading tree. He would like to sit there in his old age and sun his old heart!" He came over to me and put his hand on my hair. "I think I have lifted the latch *into the right garden*, Esther, and I am glad that I had the common sense to find the gate."

CHAPTER XXII

Fanny had been out home about a week when my husband came in at midnight. I heard a cab drive up. I was in bed, for he often stayed late in the office helping Mr. Ellis. I saw two gentlemen get out of the cab. My husband was one, and Mr. Sinclair helped him up the steps. I let them in myself. We got him upstairs, and when we were in the library I told Mr. Sinclair that I didn't want him to wait, that I could do all right without him.

"I think I will, though," he answered. "Kirk is violent sometimes." This time was much worse than before. He talked terribly. I couldn't have gotten along without Mr. Sinclair. He put my husband to bed and gave him some medicine. He seemed to know just what to do. I couldn't but feel that he must have seen Mr. Kirkland this way before many times, though I didn't ask him any questions. He hadn't taken a drop himself—that was evident—but he was pale and worried. It was after two o'clock when he went away.

It went on like this week after week, but his mind was so strong that he stood it perfectly wonderfully, and with a day or two of rest he would be able to go back to work.

I never said anything: I never knew what to say! He must have known all the things

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I could say by heart. We never referred to it. In the daytimes I used to think of advice to give him and things to suggest, but when he came in and wasn't himself, of course I couldn't speak then; and the days after, I was too busy amusing him and reading to him and keeping up his spirits. Then after a while I decided that I would never, never say anything. I guess few women realize what such a decision costs. It is so easy for the most stupid of us to talk.

I argued to myself like this: "Now he *can't* help it—or else he *can!* If he can help it, he will: he is a talented man, and he will help himself somehow; and if he *can't* help it, why, what's the use? It is bad enough for him as it is." So I waited and waited, and I write this so that women like me, in my position, will have a chance to watch how silence worked in my case.

CHAPTER XXIII

It was terribly hot that summer, and we went up to Paul Smith's for vacation. I thought the open air would be fine for my husband, but the pool and billiard room kept him indoors all day and all night, and I sat on the piazza and waited for him most of the summer. I grew to hate that resort—the smell of the bar—the clicking of the balls—the sound of the music in the ball-room, when I used to be sitting up in the hot bedroom with the mosquitoes buzzing and buzzing, waiting for my husband, wanting to cry,—which I never would let myself do, of course.

There were pretty girls there that summer, and married women as well. I was distant and shy, and kept to myself, but when Mr. Kirkland was *all right*, he would put on his white flannels and sit and talk and laugh with them on the piazza. There was one perfectly beautiful girl from Washington, a Miss Pagee, and she was simply crazy about him. I watched them laugh and carry on, and he sent down to New York and got up some books for her, and by that time I had decided that it was certainly all my fault things went as they did between us two, and that I wasn't the proper wife for him, and, as his uncle had said, I had "spoiled his life." Honestly, I guess I should have done something desperate right up there at Paul Smith's if it hadn't been for what happened then. . . .

CHAPTER XXIV

There were times when I could hardly bear to look at her, it hurt me so. She was awfully stylish, and I had never seen such a pretty girl. Her aunt and she had the table next to ours in the dining-room, and he used to talk to her across our table about Paris and Vienna, and they laughed a great deal. In her ears she wore diamonds that looked like two big drops of clear water, and when she laughed she was sparkling. I often didn't know which way to turn and look at table, because I sat between them and they talked across me, and I was in the way. Things used to get small and fade away, the noise of the plates and the waitresses passing and calling out, and Miss Pagee's soft, affected laugh.

After dinner my husband would row Miss Pagee out, late, in the moonlight, and, up on the piazza where I sat in the rocking-chair, I could see the boat with two dark specks in it, drifting around in the light.

One night when I was sitting there alone, Mr. Sinclair, who was in the woods for a few days, came up on the porch and joined me.

"Where's Kirk?"

I pointed out to the lake.

"Do you mean he has drowned himself?"

He laughed, and I answered; "Oh, no, he has gone out with Miss Pagee."

Mr. Sinclair kept me company. He said it was "fiendishly hot in town," and that we were "lucky dogs to be up here in this Eden." When my husband and Miss Pagee rowed back and landed, we could see them coming up together from the boathouse, and he had her long, white coat over his arm. It dragged like a dead thing—like a drowned woman, and it had an awful look about it to me. She was walking alongside of him—in white, too. They made a summery picture. She went indoors without stopping, and my husband and Mr. Sinclair sat chatting till he said he had a lot of business to talk over with Mr. Sinclair and asked him to come into the smoking-room.

The Next Instalment of **"A Successful Wife"** will appear in the May Number.

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The Wonders of the Modern Orchestra

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

Author of "The Music of To-morrow," "Edward MacDowell," "Aspects of Modern Opera," etc.

A conjurer's wand which can summon up visions celestial or demoniac, a magic brush which can paint a sunrise or a tempest, a multiple voice which can narrate an epic or proclaim a tragedy, and can sway the heart with its eloquence: What are its materials? How did it come to be what it is?

THE modern orchestra is the most wonderful instrument in existence. The statement is made deliberately. Is it not incredible that a few prosaic contrivances of wood, catgut, horsehair, and metal may be so combined and manipulated that they will suggest to the hearer, with marvelous vividness and beauty, the dim and flowing liquidness of a river's depths, a sunrise over mountain tops, the murmurous stillness of a forest, the prismatic sublimity of a rainbow? And these wonders may be accomplished, let it be remembered, by means that are wholly *instrumental*—that do not depend for their graphic force upon the eloquence or beauty of the musical thought, upon harmony, melody, or rhythm in themselves.

Transfer the "Rheingold" prelude—that miraculous tonal picture of aquatic depths—to the hammers and wires of a piano, and its pictorial magic, its triumphant vividness, will have disappeared; play the "Siegfried" forest-music on the most responsive of keyboards, and its peculiar witchery, its power of evocation, will have escaped. These effects are essentially orchestral—their beauty and suggestiveness depend upon their instrumental voicing; and it would have been as impossible for Haydn, the father of the symphony as we know it, to achieve them a century and a quarter ago, as it would have been impossible for Copernicus to reproduce on a photographic plate the "canals" of Mars or the radiant surfaces of the moon. Haydn lacked the necessary materials; he lacked the art which has learned, painfully and slowly, how to manipulate an orchestra for purposes of sheer effects of sound. His orchestra, regarded purely as a vehicle of expression, is, in comparison with the orchestra of Wagner or Strauss or Debussy, as meager and colorless as the square piano of our excellent grandmothers is beside the superbly sonorous "grand" of to-day.

The modern orchestra, like the Gaul of our troubled youth, may be divided into three parts, with a subsidiary part—which is perhaps a Celtic way of saying that it comprises four main groups, or families. These are called by musicians the "strings," the "wood," the "brass," and the "battery"—which, being interpreted, mean, respectively, the instruments played with a bow—the violins, violas, violoncellos, and double-basses; the wood-wind instruments—flutes, oboes, English horn, clarinets, and bassoons; the instruments of brass—horns, trumpets, trombones, and tubas; and, finally, the less important "battery," or instruments of percussion—the various kinds of drums, the cymbals, triangle, gongs, etc. The harp, as befits its seraphic and supermundane character, transcends these utilitarian classifications.

In a typical orchestra of to-day—say, the Boston Symphony Orchestra—these instruments are represented as follows: Of the strings there are thirty violins, ten violas, ten violoncellos, and eight double-basses; of the wood-wind there are four flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets and one bass clarinet, three bassoons and one contra-bassoon; among the "brass" are eight horns, four trumpets, three trombones, and one bass tuba; while the "battery" includes two kettledrummers and four players for the other percussive accessories; and there is, of course, the indispensable harpist. That is to say, the modern composer has at his command an instrument of a hundred tongues, more or less, ranging in capacity of dynamic expression from a *pianissimo* sigh

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of the violins to the thunderous *fortissimo* of the full orchestra.

In the matter of details, he has at the disposal of his imagination an almost infinite variety of individual tone effects, of orchestral "color." The violins will serve him for almost every kind of utterance, from the gravest and most poignant sorrow to the most exuberant gayety, from threatening ferocity to ethereal delicacy and sweetness. With them Wagner paints the mystical descent of angels in the "Lohengrin" prelude; the desolation of the heartsick and wounded Tristan, pining for his Isolde; the sinister and detestable glee of the Nibelung dwarf, Mime. The violas (and the viola is, roughly speaking, only a violin of larger size and deeper compass) will yield him a tone-color more somber and poignant, richer and more mournful, than that of the violins—it is a solo viola that is chosen by Berlioz to impersonate the rôle of the brooding and Byronic hero of his symphony, "Harold in Italy." For amorous or elegiacal utterance the 'cellos are supremely fitted, while the double-basses, the foundation of the orchestra, can paint for Beethoven the rumbling of thunder in the storm-scene in the "Pastoral" Symphony, or they can caper with heavy and grotesque humor in the Scherzo of his Fifth Symphony.

There is the flute, with its cool and limpid sweetness; the oboe, traditionally pastoral, or of penetrating melancholy; the somberly

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

THEODORE SPIERING, VIOLIN SOLOIST OF INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION; NOW CONCERT MASTER OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

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Photograph by Addowes, New York.

F. GEIB, THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY'S EXPONENT OF THE TUBA.

Photograph by Addowes, New York.

X. REITER, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. THE MOST CELEBRATED FRENCH-HORN PLAYER IN AMERICA.

pathetic English horn (an oboe of deeper compass), which, in Wagner's "Tristan," is heard in the dolorous piping of the shepherd whose tones recall to the dying lover the sorrows of the past, but which can also pipe the sprightlier lay of the shepherd in the first act of "Tannhäuser." There is the clarinet, an instrument of wonderfully varied powers of expression—it is, as Mr. William James Henderson once aptly called it, "the dramatic soprano of the orchestra." "Its voice," Berlioz declares, in his classic treatise on instrumentation, "is that of heroic love"; yet "there is nothing so virginal, so pure, as the tint imparted to certain melodies by the tone of a clarinet"; and he speaks, too, of its capacity for "coldly threatening" effects.

In the bassoon, the bass of the wood-wind, the composer has an instrument of dark tone-quality, capable, among other effects, of lugubrious or grotesquely comic speech. When Meyerbeer, in the scene of the resurrection of the nuns in his "Robert le Diable," as Berlioz points out, wished to find "a pale, cold, cadaverous sound," he obtained it from certain notes in the bassoon. In rapid passages, the effect of its lumbering and ponderous speech is sometimes extremely funny.

Of the brass instruments, there is the French horn, preëminent in the orchestra for the rich and golden beauty of its tone—the most romantic of instruments, yet capable of vigorous and forceful utterance. Opera goers will remember the entrancing effect of King Mark's retreating hunting horns in the second act of "Tristan und Isolde," and the delightfully vigorous and buoyant effect which the horn gives to Siegfried's typical motives in Wagner's forest drama. Or the horn can sound veiled and mysterious, as in the unforgettable passage accompanying the scene in "Götterdämmerung" where Siegfried drinks the magic potion which causes him to forget Brünnhilde. As for the trumpet, it can be brilliantly militant or heroic—in the magnificently impressive opening of Richard Strauss's tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," it is used with wonderful effect to suggest the spectacle of the rising sun as witnessed by Zarathustra upon the mountain tops. The trombone, admittedly the king of orchestral instruments, speaks with a

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voice that can be both majestic and ominous, nobly exalted or supremely terrifying. The bass tuba is the bass of the brass instruments. It is picturesquely used by Wagner in "Siegfried" to paint the formidable aspect of the dragon Fafner.

It is apparent, then, that the modern composer for orchestra is provided with a palette of instrumental colors that ranges, through indescribable gradations, from the tender and dulcet tints supplied by the flutes and harps to the somber or gorgeous hues of 'cellos, trumpets, and trombones. To change the figure, he employs a multiform instrument whose capacity for beautiful, suggestive, vivid, and moving effects is almost inconceivable; and it will be apparent, also, that these effects are *sui generis*, that they are wholly independent of the quality or value of the musical ideas which they embody. If you want the effect of your trombone passage to be noble and majestic, it is far better, of course, to give the instruments a truly noble and majestic phrase to play. But the striking and notable fact is that your trombones, if they are written for with a knowledge of their nature and capacity, will inevitably sound noble and majestic, even if the musical phrase given to them be hopelessly platitudinous and uninspired in itself.

It is interesting to reflect that this marvelous apparatus, the full modern orchestra, is the product of little more than three centuries of development and experimentation.

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

LEO SCHULZ, 'CELLO VIRTUOSO. FIRST 'CELLIST OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

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Jacopo Peri, in his music for "Euridice," the first opera to be performed in public (produced at Florence, October 6, 1600), wrote for an orchestra comprising one harpsichord, one "chitarrone" (a kind of large guitar), one viol, one "theorbo," or large lute, and three flutes—and Peri was by no means the first composer to write for an orchestra. Claudio Monteverde, who flourished in Italy during the latter half of the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth century, employed in his opera "Orfeo," produced in 1608, the following curious orchestra: two harpsichords, ten tenor viols, three viole da gamba, two bass viols, one double harp, two large guitars, two violins, two organs of wood, one regal (a small portable organ), four trombones, two cornets, three trumpets, one flute, and one clarion (a shrill-toned trumpet). A century later we find Handel employing most of the instruments that are found in the orchestra of to-day, though not combining them according to modern usage; but the real father of our modern orchestra was that amiable and historically significant personage, Franz Josef Haydn (1732–1809).

Haydn's first symphony, composed in 1759, was written for first and second violins, violas, basses, two oboes, and two horns. Twenty-nine years later we find Mozart in his "Jupiter" Symphony employing, besides the usual strings, one flute, two oboes, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, and kettledrums. In his opera "Don Giovanni,"

Photograph by Brand.

HENRY LEON LEROY, NEW YORK SYMPHONY SOCIETY. THE CLARINET, "THE DRAMATIC SOPRANO OF THE ORCHESTRA."

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Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

IRVING COHN, NEW YORK SYMPHONY SOCIETY. THE SOMBERLY PATHETIC ENGLISH HORN.

Mozart makes thrilling use of the trombones, in the scene which brings upon the stage the avenging apparition of the murdered *Commendatore;* but it was left for Beethoven, in his Fifth Symphony (composed in 1808), to demonstrate the value of the trombones in symphonic music. This symphony is written for two flutes, one piccolo, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, a contra-bassoon, two horns, two trumpets, three trombones, kettledrums, and the usual strings.

We are, in this work, composed a century ago, measurably close to the orchestra of to-day. Even so colossal an orchestra as that demanded by Richard Strauss in his opera "Salome," though it requires a greater aggregation of instruments than Beethoven thought he needed, calls for comparatively few *kinds* of instruments unused by the great symphonist. These few are an English horn, a Heckelphone (a baritone oboe), certain varieties of clarinet, a bass tuba, harps, certain percussion instruments—as the tam-tam, or Chinese gong, and a celesta (a keyboard instrument producing a feeble but deliciously sweet and silvery tone).

It was not until the French romanticist, Hector Berlioz—a kind of musical Byron—conceived, in the first half of the last century, the idea of developing the picturesquely expressive character of individual instruments, and of the orchestra as a whole, that

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the typically modern manner of writing for the orchestra became finally established. When Haydn, in his oratorio, "The Creation," produced five years before Berlioz was born, strove to suggest, by means of orchestral tone-painting, "chaos," "the transition from winter to spring," "dawn," "the thick mist with which winter begins," lightning and thunder, the roaring of animals, singing of birds, and buzzing of insects, he demonstrated a lively, if elementary, sense of the pictorial capacity of the orchestra. But it was the poetic and imaginative Berlioz who, with his marvelously sympathetic understanding of the expressive resources of orchestral instruments, established the foundations of modern scoring. Not only did he add new instruments to the orchestral body, but he had, as has been said, an unprecedentedly keen sense of their pictorial and emotional capabilities. He wrote for them with such a true and penetrating intuition of their unsuspected capacities of expression, applying to the task such an imaginative order of creative art, that he made of them virtually new instruments, and left as a legacy to his successors—to such masters of instrumentation as Liszt and Wagner, Tschaikowsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff, Strauss and Debussy—the wonderfully pliant, wonderfully eloquent orchestra of to-day.

He taught composers that a horn or a clarinet, a 'cello or a trombone, was not merely a voice whereby a theme was to be announced or a harmonic part sustained, but an infinitely potent medium of dramatic, pictorial, or poetic utterance—a color-filled brush with which to paint, an actor through whom a tragedy might be declaimed, a poet who might utter moods and inspirations unexpressible through words.

To enumerate a thousandth part of the wonders that have been achieved in this new and quite separate art would require encyclopædic amplitude of space. Enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate the nature of the materials by the use of which the modern orchestral writer is enabled to build up his purely instrumental effects—such effects as that in which Wagner (one must necessarily revert to him as the most perfect exemplar of the art) suggests, by means of

Photograph by Eddowes, New York.

M. FALCONE, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY. THE TROMBONE, KING OF ORCHESTRAL INSTRUMENTS.

Photograph by Fischl, New York.

RICHARD KOHL, BASS CLARINET (ON LEFT), NEW YORK SYMPHONY SOCIETY. INVENTOR OF THE CONTRA-BASS CLARINET (ON RIGHT).

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Photograph by Brand.

GEORGE BARRÈRE, NEW YORK SYMPHONY SOCIETY; ONE OF THE MOST DISTINGUISHED FLUTISTS IN THE COUNTRY.

the foundational solidity of double-basses and the liquid and flowing tones of horns, the moving waters of the "Rheingold" prelude; or, by the gentle murmuring of strings and the lyric piping of flutes and clarinets, the articulate stillness of a bird-haunted forest; or, by the prismatic shimmering of harps and the ethereal tones of violins, the luminous splendor of a rainbow.

As a final example of supreme vividness achieved by the use of a purely orchestral effect, one may instance that terrible moment at the close of Strauss' "Salome," where Herod beholds with horror the spectacle of his insensate stepdaughter fondling the severed head of John.

"She is monstrous!" cries the Tetrarch; and as the slaves, at his command, extinguish the torches, and a black cloud conceals the moon, the situation is illustrated in the orchestra by what is probably the strangest and most hauntingly graphic instrumental effect ever conceived: it is an uncannily dissonant chord, sounded *pianissimo*, and with ghastly mystery, by the veiled and lugubrious tones of trombones, horns, 'cellos, a double-bass, and an organ, combined with the menacing reverberations of a Chinese gong, under unearthly and long-drawn trills of the wood-wind. It is not beautiful; it is not noble; yet it is the achievement of a master of instrumental delineation; and it would have been impossible of accomplishment a century ago.

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THE PLAGIARIST

By LOUISE VEILLER

Illustrations by Frederick Dorr Steele

THE library in Leroy Ogden's home was exactly like a stage setting. In fact, the room was modeled after the second act of Ogden's very latest success, "The Wicked Mr. Faulkner." The only thing lacking, in what would otherwise have been a perfect reproduction, was the arrangements of the lights. Instead of the room's being flooded with the calcium's glare, the heavy crimson curtains were drawn aside and the cold, sparkling, winter sun was allowed to pour in. There were blotches of the golden light on the crimson carpet. And there was one great splash that fell across the carved table, after slanting off the massive, red-shaded lamp that was placed amid the books and flowers. Through the stained window that looked down on the table streamed a bar of sunshine that dissolved itself in green and orange and lavender lights. It daubed rainbow tints in Marion Ogden's gown and flung above her head a gaudy, dancing circle that was not altogether unbecoming.

The patch of amethyst that stained her cheek and her large, capable white hands especially appealed to Margaret Maverick, who was sitting opposite her. The actress watched the effect. She made a little mental note of it and wished that Ogden would hurry in so she might draw his attention to it.

The playwright's daughter shifted her position. The amethyst on her cheek melted into a pale green and spread across her nose.

Margaret Maverick shuddered. She closed tightly those wonderful gray eyes of hers, and sunk her finely molded chin deeper into her costly sables. After a moment she

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opened her eyes and breathed a little thankful prayer for her own beauty, contrasting with it Miss Ogden's tall, rather angular figure and irregular features.

Marion Ogden went on reading rapidly. Her eyes seemed to gallop up and down the columns of the newspaper in her hand. Her breath came rapidly, and the color mounted in her sallow cheeks.

"She has glorious hair," Miss Maverick went on, communing with herself, "black as a raven's wing and thick as a rope, but she does not know how to dress it. And she has beautiful eyes, but she does not know how to use them."

Marion put down the paper. "What do you think of it?" she asked.

Miss Maverick raised her brows and shrugged her shoulders. "What do *you* think?"

"It is an outrage, but it is exactly what we should have expected. Father never yet has written a successful play without some one's coming forward and claiming it. You remember when he put on 'May Day'? That woman from Chicago said it was hers. And the papers published the deadly parallel columns, just as they are doing to-day. And father's enemies said they were convinced it was all true—because 'May Day' was all poetry, and father had no poetry in his soul."

"I remember," said Miss Maverick. "Didn't I play Mary? It was said everywhere that Leroy Ogden had stolen the plot. How I did love the part of Mary! If I remember correctly, the critics admitted that the climax in the second act was his. And what a climax it was!—throbbing, pulsing, human——"

"But *they* called it claptrap," interrupted Marion passionately. "Then came 'The Message,' and they said he had 'borrowed' the main idea from an old Italian play. Then 'Stirring Times,' and they said it was taken from the French. Oh, I could go on through the entire list. There is not a man nor a woman who has ever submitted a play to my father that has not claimed to find bits of it in each of his new productions."

"It is a splendid advertisement," commented Miss Maverick.

"It's disgraceful. Father is a great man, but what I am still prouder of—he is an honest man. He is a good man."

A cynical little smile crept around the actress's mouth. "Well, they all admit he is a great stage manager," she said. "They can't get away from that. Let us be thankful for it."

Miss Maverick was in luck. Leroy Ogden had come into the room just in time to hear the leading lady say: "—a great stage manager. They can't get away from that." With him came Harcourt—the leading man. Ogden's face was glowing and his eyes were bright.

"So they can't get away from the fact that I am a great stage manager?" His tone was joyful. His daughter looked at him with beaming eyes.

"I am glad that you are not worried," she said, "but I wish you would take Mr. Harcourt's advice and fight back."

"I'll have to, my dear," said Ogden, smiling into her eyes. "I have been served with papers—not five minutes ago. Kate Chester Stoney has brought an action against me. She prays that the court shall proclaim her the author of 'The Wicked Mr. Faulkner,' and I be made to pay her damages to the tune of a hundred thousand dollars."

Marion gasped, and threw her arms about her father. There was a light shining in her eyes like the light that comes into a mother's face as she kisses her boy when he leaves her for the first time—a look of fear, or protecting, overwhelming love.

"Gad!" said Harcourt, moving toward the leading lady. "She is beautiful when she looks that way."

"Do you think he stole 'Faulkner'?" whispered Miss Maverick.

Harcourt shrugged his shoulders.

For one long moment Ogden stood looking back into the eyes of his daughter. He saw the wondrous light in her face, and the instinct of the tinker of plays, the mummer, triumphed over the instinct of the father. For him it was a "situation." He was enjoying it to the full.

Marion spoke first. "What are you going to do, father?"

"I have made an appointment for you to see my lawyer."

"Mr. Underhill?"

"No."

"The Stoney woman has corraled him," interrupted Harcourt. "Underhill—theatrical lawyer—naturally Mrs. Stoney, as a full-fledged, accredited playwright, felt that she must engage him."

Ogden smiled at the leading man. His flippant manner pleased him. To accuse Ogden of plagiarism was an act so oft repeated that it had ceased to interest. But to

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wish to prove it in court! That was ridiculous! Harcourt seemed to gather what was going on in the playwright's mind.

"Gad!" said he. "If 'Faulkner' were my play—that is, if it had been mine the day we began rehearsing—I couldn't recognize it now. A play is made over hundreds of times between the first rehearsal and the last."

"But it is the situations," volunteered Miss Maverick.

No one paid any attention. Marion had moved over to the table and was taking from the drawer a much-bethumbed copy-book. "Look," she said. "There it is—all in my own handwriting. Father dictated every word to me. We even talked over situations together, and once or twice—" She stopped in sudden confusion. Ogden flung back his head. He took the orator's pose.

"And once or twice—and many more times—my daughter made suggestions that I was proud and happy to accept."

He moved to Marion's side. Father and daughter stood shoulder to shoulder, like comrades in a fight. Then the girl put her hand out and passed it lightly, tenderly, caressingly over his.

"To what attorney am I to go?" she asked.

"Harcourt tells me that Alton Smith, of Smith, Smith & Campbell, is the man for me. A fighter to the backbone. A man who will make the Stoney woman eat her words."

"And such a reputation for honor, father——"

"That is why we want him. Our cause is an honorable one."

That beautiful light spread over Marion's face once again—the light of the pride she felt in the greatness and goodness of her father.

"But he should see you——"

"I have not the time to go to him. I have made an appointment for him to see you at two o'clock. You know as much about the play as I do. I told him how we always work together——"

"You mean, father, tnat I work for you."

"Well, it is one o'clock now," said Harcourt. He got up and took his cane preparatory to going. Margaret Maverick rose, and, holding out her hand appealingly to Ogden, said in her sweetest, most liquid tones: "If I can be of any assistance——"

"You can," said the playwright, instantly. "If this is ever fought out in court you will have to be a witness. You go with Marion to see Smith."

Hardships; the terrible struggle for the barest existence; days when there was no food, and cold nights when there was no sleep; days when hopes ran high, and days of bitter disappointments; nights that were filled with wild dreams, and nights that were black with grim realities—it was the memory of these times that riveted that wonderful love between Ogden and his daughter. It was a love that surpassed the usual love of child and parent, a love such as can exist only between two who have worked, struggled, hoped, prayed, and realized together.

Ogden began his theatrical life as a stage doorkeeper. It was in a Western town. His beloved wife had died some two years previous. Marion was hardly six years old. A wave of terrible financial depression had swept over the entire country, and Ogden, who was clerking in a notion store, lost his "job." He could not get another. He tried, tried hard, for the sake of his only child—that wonderful child, who was the be-all, the end-all of his existence! She was just beginning to go to school. She was so bright, so quick to see, he thought. And she looked up to him so. He was such a wonderful man to her. The admiration that shone in her trusting baby eyes as he read the "Story Book" was elixir of life to him.

One night, when he returned, weary in body and soul, after a fruitless search for employment, Mrs. MacFarlane, his "landlady," met him at the door.

"Come in, Mr. Ogden," she said, and she led the way to the kitchen.

Everything went black before Ogden, but he managed to follow her.

"Don't be afraid," said his landlady, "I am not going to evict you. I think I've got a job for you. Peter Mulligan, who rooms at my cousin's, Bridget O'Rourke, is a scene-shifter at the Empire Theatre, and he says they want a stage doorkeeper. You'd better go to-morrow and apply for the place."

Ogden went, applied, and got it, and this was the beginning.

Never did a business or a profession better suit a man than did the theatre Leroy Ogden. He seemed to fit right into it. The atmosphere of the stage was the breath of heaven to his nostrils. And the people were not to him real and for the most part commonplace human creatures, but the glorified beings of

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the stage—dukes and lords, kings and princesses; men who wrought and achieved great things, who made history; women who loved and suffered and dared, who wore fine clothes and gorgeous jewels and swayed the multitudes.

From the door he was advanced to the "property" room; and then his innate talent for stage managing began to assert itself. He developed wonderful powers of observation, once his attention was turned in that direction. He learned to simulate the sigh-

OGDEN WAS TURNED AWAY FROM ONE STAGE DOOR AFTER ANOTHER.

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ing of the wind, the rustle of the breeze, the terror of the storm, the glory of the day. But his powers were constructive, rather than creative. Given the framework and the material, he could upbuild a complete and harmonious whole—but he must have the framework on which to begin.

Oh, the never-to-be-forgotten night when for the first time he tasted public applause! He was like a man intoxicated. He stood in the wings and with two blocks of wood imitated the gallop of an approaching horse. It was the first time that the illusion had been produced, and the audience let itself loose. That night the stage manager shook hands with him, the house manager came behind the scenes to have a look at him, and the "heavy man" asked him to take a drink.

Two years later he was assistant stage manager. Life held only three things for him—his child, the theatre, and public applause.

To gain the last he resorted to all sorts of expedients. He went through the streets looking for startling things. He rose at unusual hours to listen to the stillness of the night and to see the mysterious light-effects. He went out into the country. He spent hours at the beach. He studied nature—though only from the standpoint of the theatre. Now and then in some vague, mysterious way the conclusion was forced upon him that he was sadly lacking in what he termed "book learning." But he soon chased that thought away. Knowledge in no form appealed to him.

Then there came that day—the turning point in his career. The management of the theatre accepted a play from a well-known newspaper man of his town. The stage manager called it "rot" and refused to stage it. Ogden was put in his place.

He made the wooden things of the play live. He gave them something to do besides speaking beautiful lines. And with the right of being supreme on the stage and with these wonderful stage people subject to his will, a new desire was born in him, the desire that the public should know. His name was put down on the program as "co-author."

For a short time Ogden reigned on the stage of this Western theatre. Business, though, was not good—and frequently the ghost did not walk. Finally the crash came. The actors refused to go on unless their back salary was forthcoming—and the theatre was closed.

"Marion," said Ogden to his daughter, now a girl of sixteen, "we are going to New York—that is the place for us."

They went. At first they lived in an actors' boarding-house, where the more prosperous class of players lived. But as Ogden was turned away from one stage door after another, they went gradually down until they finally came to the actors' tenement.

If it had not been for Marion, Heaven only knows what would have become of Ogden. She was his strength. He clung to her as a child clings to the skirts of its mother. He brought her all his troubles and she showed him how to bear them. She bore them for him.

At last, after weary, dreary months, during which Ogden eked out a miserable existence by "suping" at the theatres, the tide changed. Fortune smiled. The manager of the theatre of that Western town opened a New York house, and Ogden became stage manager. Everything was smooth sailing after that. Success followed success, and almost before they knew it Ogden was cited as the American Sardou. He had an international reputation as a stage manager, and in time he came to enjoy no mean fame as a playwright.

With each succeeding success, while Marion's love and admiration for her father increased, a distaste for the theatre that had its bitter origin in the dark days, in her intense sympathy with her father, deepened in her. She hated its unreality. But the theatre never satiated Ogden. He loved it more madly every day. Daily he craved more and more for the tokens of public approval. They were meat and drink to him.

His success, which was undeniable and which he was confident would prove lasting, changed him completely. Instead of being modest he became overbearing. Instead of being shy he became daring. The only thing that remained unchanged in him was his love for his daughter.

The waiting-room of Smith, Smith & Campbell's office was crowded when Marion and Margaret arrived. A boy took their cards, and presently returned, requesting them to follow him. He led them across the corridor, then through a succession of rooms, where only the click of typewriters was heard and where the pale, stoop-shouldered clerks did not even raise their eyes from the heavy volumes they were poring over. When he

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"YOU ARE A THIEF!" SHE CRIED.

came to the third room the boy stood aside to let the two women pass in, and closed the door behind them.

Alton Smith sat at a big desk that was heaped with books and papers in a most confused disarray. At the sound of their entrance he put the heavy, opened volume he held in his hand face downward on the desk, and rose awkwardly from his big swinging chair, which was tipped back as far as it could go.

"Miss Ogden?" he inquired.

"I am Miss Ogden," said Marion. "This is my friend Miss Maverick."

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"How-de-do," said Smith. He motioned them to be seated, and turned at once toward Marion.

Miss Maverick flushed with vexation. This was the only time, in all her experience, when a man had been introduced to her and had not paid her even the small compliment of a first interested look.

"I have read the papers," said Smith, addressing himself directly to Marion. "And from them I suppose I can get a fairly good idea of the lady's cause for action. She submitted her manuscript to your father?"

"Yes."

"How long ago?"

"Fully two years."

"And he returned it?"

"He most certainly did."

"He read it?"

"We are inclined to believe he did. He does not remember now. It is a long time ago, and my father is so very busy. I am almost sure—he must have—he is so kind."

That wonderful light that always shone in Marion's face when she was speaking of her father beamed in her eyes then. Alton Smith saw it. His little sharp blue eyes, watching shrewdly from behind gold-rimmed glasses, which sat squarely upon his inquisitive nose, seemed to catch fire from the spark in hers.

It was only a momentary flash, though. It died almost before it was born.

"Did you read this manuscript?" he went on.

"No," said Marion simply, "I never read the plays that are submitted to my father. He would not allow me to. They are intended for him and him alone."

"But you help him write his plays?" He smiled kindly upon her—a smile that hardly ruffled his straight lips, and only just peeped out from the corners of his eyes. He was interested.

"No, no," said Marion, "that is father's way of putting it. I merely do the writing—the mechanical part of it. He dictates his plays to me."

"You take them down in shorthand?"

"No, I can't even do that. I write them in longhand. You see it is this way," she went on: "Father lives every one of his characters when he is writing a play—he is unconscious of every one about him, of everything but his work. He usually paces the room—and as he speaks the lines, I put them down."

Smith was listening interestedly. There was a delightful quality in Marion's voice.

"I am a very insignificant part of his work," she continued humbly. "Anybody else could do as well, I suppose, only that strangers annoy him, whereas I soothe him." She looked straight at Smith with a little wistful smile. "Father's nerves are sensitive," she went on. "He is a genius, you know." Again that look came into her eyes. Again Smith's eyes flashed—only this time the flash lasted for a fraction of an instant longer.

"You have the original manuscript?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Marion.

"I should like to see it," he said.

"Might I ask," interrupted Miss Maverick in her clearest, iciest tones, "whether Mr. Smith has seen 'The Wicked Mr. Faulkner'?"

Smith turned abruptly. He had forgotten that Miss Maverick was in the room.

"No," he answered, "I have not. I rarely go to the theatre."

"Well, then, if I may be permitted to suggest," went on Margaret, still very cold and haughty, "I think Mr. Smith should see the play. There is such a vast difference between the production and the original manuscript."

"There is?" questioned the attorney. "You have seen them both?"

There was mischief in Margaret's laughter. She was her warm, irresistible, fascinating self again. She held the center of the stage.

"I'm Faulkner's second wife," she said.

Smith looked his bewilderment.

"Miss Maverick is leading lady in father's play," Miss Ogden explained.

"Oh," said the attorney.

Margaret flushed, and then she froze. The attorney was looking at her as though she were a curiosity. Smith stood up.

"I certainly must see the original play—that is, your manuscript," he said, "and the play at the theatre. I shall also have to see your father——"

"Naturally," answered Marion. "If you could dine with us and then go to the theatre afterward——"

"Very well," said Smith.

"To-night?"

"To-night."

He touched a button. The boy who had ushered them in entered the room.

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"Bring in the next, George," Smith bade him.

"Good-by," he said to Marion and Margaret, and he took up again the volume he had been reading when they entered.

"Faulkner" had been running for four months. The public had long forgotten all about the Stoney *vs.* Ogden suit. Crowded court calendars and the tremendous amount of business on hand for plaintiff's and defendant's respective attorneys were responsible for the indefinite postponing of the action. Depositions had been taken on both sides, but these "fishing expeditions," as attorneys are wont to term them, had brought only one undisputable fact to light—that Mrs. Stoney and Leroy Ogden had started out with the same dominant idea, intending to prove the selfsame thing. Mrs. Stoney had shown all of her cards and played all the "tricks" in the first act—filling out the remaining two with reams of weak dialogue, weaker situations, and still weaker climaxes. Ogden, on the contrary, had worked up to the theme. His play was cumulative. His dialogue was crisp, curt. His climaxes were strong. From a literary standpoint Mrs. Stoney's play was far above Ogden's. There was not the shadow of a doubt that the lady had rare taste, a fine imagination, and a splendid command of language. But she was absolutely lacking in dramatic instinct, and had no practical knowledge whatsoever of the theatre.

It seemed strange that two such different brains as Ogden's and Mrs. Stoney's should have hit upon the same theme for a play. Smith discussed that point with Marion, but she cited and proved so many instances of the same thing, showing him cases of simultaneous publications where not only the central thought, but the development of the thought, were identical, that he came to regard what had struck him as a peculiar phenomenon as merely a commonplace coincidence.

Smith had never paid much attention to women. He was essentially a man's lawyer; his few women clients were all widows whose estates he was settling. Outside of office hours he had even less to do with women. His curt speech and the way he clipped his words repelled them. He did not know women, and they did not know him.

That is why Smith had often wondered how he ever first began to become acquainted with Marion. That night—the first night—while he was on the way to Ogden's home, it suddenly occurred to him that the playwright's daughter would also be present at dinner. But, remembering her face as it had lighted when she spoke of her father, he found, to his surprise, that the idea of meeting her again was not disagreeable. He was more surprised to find that the realization proved even pleasanter than the anticipation. His friendship with Marion dated from that night.

Marion knew he loved her even before he knew it himself. She had a little religion all her own, about true love begetting love. "I love him," she would whisper to herself when she was alone and in the dark. "I love him. He is so strong, so true, so brave, so real. He *will* love me."

Clear knowledge of his love for her came suddenly to Smith. He had been dining at her home. Dinner was over and Ogden was starting for the theatre. Marion helped him on with his coat, bade him muffle his throat, handed him his hat and gloves.

"I hope it is an appreciative audience," she said earnestly, and she kissed him good-by.

When he had gone she turned to Alton Smith. The glorified expression that was always on her face when she was with her father lingered still in her eyes. Their glances met.

He held out his arms.

"I want you, I need you, too. I love you," he said.

Without murmur, without protest, she let him fold her in his arms.

It was Smith's extravagant praise of her, his high and often expressed opinion of her mental capabilities that first made Marion feel that she must do something to prove herself really worthy of him and his high regard.

But what was she to do? And then, born of inspiration, the answer came—her play. The idea of it leaped full grown into her mind and would not be denied. It gripped her, and shook her with the swift, deadly doubt of her powers that all creators know in the instant when they realize that their work is greater than they are. In fear and trembling she prepared the scenario as she had so often seen her father do. But as she began to write, and the characters began to live and move of themselves and speak for themselves, she grew braver, bolder, and, lo and

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behold, the play wrote itself, as it were, and almost before she realized what she had done, it was finished.

Then again she was seized with a great fear. The intrinsic value of her play? Was it good? Was it bad? Her opinion wavered.

"I will show it to father," she thought. "He will be so proud of me. But supposing it was not good and he should laugh?"

She decided to send it anonymously to him.

The morning she saw it lying on the desk, after her father had sorted his mail, she turned cold with apprehension and excitement. Her father tore the wrapper.

"Ah, a play," he said, and got up and took it with him to his study.

Two days later, when Marion went into this room to call her father, she found him in his great armchair, with his feet on his desk, so engrossed in *her* play that he did not hear her come in. She tiptoed out of the room. Her heart was beating madly.

A week later Ogden called his daughter to him.

"Marion," he said, "we are going to write a new play—a wonderful new play. We must put it on before this season is over. Shall we work?"

He tweaked her ear. He looked into her eyes. His were shining with a new light. He kissed her.

"Can you put love aside for a while," he said, "while we work? Alton Smith will be proud of us. It will be the greatest success we have ever had. Do you think you can do it?"

"Yes, father," said Marion. Her mind was working like lightning. "He is going to help me. It is my play," she thought.

"Well, I'll tell you our plot."

And he unfolded the tale of her own play. His eyes smiled straight into hers.

"Great, isn't it?" he said. "Think it over. We will get to work in the morning."

"Sly father," thought Marion. "I couldn't fool him. He knows it's mine. How theatrical he is, though. I wager because I sent it to him anonymously he will keep it up to the end. But how kind! He is going to help me."

That night at dinner Ogden said to Smith:

"Alton, I am going to steal Marion from you for a little while. We are going to begin work to-morrow on a play. Great plot! Alton, I am sadly afraid you are going to be known as Marion Ogden's husband."

Marion was like one in a dream for the next three weeks. In the mornings she and her father worked together; in the afternoons he shut himself into his room, seeing no one, not even herself, with orders that he must on no account be disturbed. This was as he had always done before; and she knew that at these times he worked out the scenes that later he and she would go over together. He made a number of changes in the play. Here and there he added a sentence, and here and there he took out a sentence. Occasionally he altered the action somewhat. Every change he made was for the better. He intensified the situations and made the dialogue stronger.

When their work was over, he said to her:

"Marion, this play is a secret, our secret. We mustn't let the newspapers get hold of it. We will keep the plot, everything about it, a secret."

"Certainly," answered Marion.

"It is to be a surprise for the public," Ogden went on.

"Yes," said Marion, "and for Alton."

At last the rehearsals began. Every night Ogden came home nervous, excited, and enthusiastic.

"Great! Great!" he would say.

Love, excitement, and the joy of a coming crown of success had been making a difference in Marion. On the night before the initial production of the play, Alton Smith had been looking at her intently while she was telling him, with shining eyes, about the gown she was to wear on the following evening.

"Marion," he said, "upon my word, I am marrying a beauty."

These words made all the vanity that was in her woman's soul bubble over. And, her heart brimming with joy in his love of her and with pride in his pride of her, she told him about the play.

"Don't let father know that I told you," were her parting words to Smith that night. "Dear father, he wants to have it a surprise."

The next evening, Marion, all dressed, stood before the glass and surveyed herself critically. "Alton told me I was pretty," she said to the bright image that was smiling back at her. "Pretty, pretty. Nobody ever told me that before."

"Hannah," she said to the maid who was kneeling to arrange her satin train, "how do I look?"

"Beautiful, Miss Marion."

"Truly, Hannah?"

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"KISS ME GOOD NIGHT, MARION. I HAVE NEVER GONE TO MY REST WITHOUT YOUR KISS."

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"Truly, miss—I never saw you look so handsome before. It must be that dress."

Marion went and stood once more before the mirror. She gazed intently at herself for one long minute.

"It is not the dress, Hannah, it is not the dress; it is because I am happy."

The smile still lingered in her eyes when she went downstairs to meet Alton Smith.

"Are you still of the opinion that I am pretty?" she asked, turning, with a coquetry new to her, to display her gown.

"Pretty! You are beautiful!"

"Beautiful," she echoed. "Beautiful, and to-night I'll be famous."

On the way to the theatre Marion chattered incessantly.

"I know exactly how it is going to be," she told her fiancé. "I know father so well—he loves surprises—theatrical surprises. He will not say a word—till the last minute, and then when the audience calls 'Author! Author,' as it always does on a first night—why, he will come to my box and get me and lead me out. His last words to me before he left for the theatre to-night were, 'Look your best, Marion, look your prettiest—to-night is our night of nights.'"

The orchestra was just beginning to "tune up" when they reached the theatre. The house was already crowded. Marion took her seat well to the fore of the box, and little nods and smiles of recognition were sent her from all over the house.

Her father came to her just before the curtain was rung up.

"Everything will go splendidly," he told her. "I have never seen Maverick more beautiful."

"Are you sure she is letter perfect?"

"Perfectly sure. You need not worry. The words have inspired her. Wait! You will see the critics will all say that in her case, at least, reading is not a forgotten art."

The last tones of the orchestra died away.

"Go, father," she bade him, "they are going to ring up."

After the first act, Smith turned to her with a radiant face.

"Marion, I never imagined," he began, but she would not let him go on.

"Wait," she whispered.

Her father came in just for a moment before the second act.

"Satisfied?" he called to her.

"Satisfied," she echoed.

After the second act, Smith silently pressed her hand.

"Why, you are cold, Marion," he cried.

"I am getting nervous," she whispered.

Her father did little more than look into her box.

"Well?" he said.

Marion only closed her eyes.

At last the third act was over. The play was finished. The audience went wild. Men stood in the aisles and hurrahed. Women tore the flowers from their gowns and flung them on the stage. Then the cry went up: "Author! Author!"

Marion felt herself pale. Her heart began to beat wildly. She turned to her fiancé with a proud, though tremulous, smile and steadied her hand for a moment in his.

"Author! Author! Author!" came the cry from all over the house.

"How do I look?" she asked in a little, frightened voice.

She prepared to rise from her seat.

"I must be ready," she went on. "Father will be here for me——"

The audience burst into a wild exultant "Bravo!" that pierced the air like a single loud staccato note. All eyes were turned to the stage. Marion looked, and saw her father standing before the curtain, his head erect, a smile on his face, his hand uplifted and outstretched. Silence fell.

"I thank you," said Ogden, "for myself and my company. I thank you."

There was more cheering and more clapping, and then the audience, satisfied with itself and with everybody, filed out.

"I must be alone with my father," said Marion tensely to Smith; "please go."

He took her hand. It was icy cold. All the color had died out of her face. The brilliancy had faded from her eyes. There were deep lines on either side of her mouth.

"Do you still want me?" she asked faintly.

"Want you! More than ever." He looked in terror at her for a moment—at the pallor that was deepening in her cheek, at the lines that were drawing down her mouth.

"Please go," she pleaded.

"Not till you tell me when you will marry me."

She heard her father's steps approaching. She heard him call out, "Good night, everybody."

"When?" questioned Smith. "When?"

"To-morrow," she answered, and shoved him from the box.

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Cold and pale, she waited for her father. He saw the change in her at once. Alarm blanched his cheek.

"You are ill, my child!" he cried.

She shook her head. She could not speak. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. Then suddenly the color rushed back to her face, her eyes flashed:

"You are a thief!" she cried, her voice harsh with passion. "You are a thief! That was my play—I wrote it, and you have stolen it from me!"

Their electric cab was waiting for them at the door of the theatre. Without a word the father followed his daughter into it and took his seat beside her. The silence was oppressive. Marion's temples were throbbing. Ogden's brain was heavy; he could not think. He only knew that this silence was maddening and that he had to speak.

"Splendid house, wasn't it?" His voice sounded hollow, and after it died away the stillness seemed still more awful.

He put out his hand and passed it caressingly over his daughter's. She shuddered and drew hers away.

When they reached the house he followed his daughter up the stairs and into her room.

"Marion," he began. "I did not know. I had no idea it was yours. Do you think I would have stolen from you—robbed my own child? You know I would not," he went on. "You know I live only for you. I want success only for your sake. I want money only for you—all the play earns shall be yours. Come, is that not fair?"

She sat with her eyes closed, her head thrown against the high back of her chair.

"Marion, child," he cried, "can't you speak to me?"

"It was mine—I wrote it!" she repeated, her voice strained to hoarseness. "And you stole it—stole it!" She covered her eyes with her hands, but in an instant sprang to her feet and faced him.

"They were right—all those horrible people!" she cried stormily. "You stole all those other plays, as well as mine! Not one of them was yours. Oh, father, father, and I was so proud!"

The light of the sudden truth blinded her; she dropped back into the chair, broken, shaken with sobs, hiding her face from him.

"My dear," he said gently, tenderly, "you are excited, overwrought—you do not realize what you say. To me you may say anything—we can stand even injustice from those we love."

The pathos of his own words moved him, the intensity of the situation was growing on him.

"Think it over," he went on. "The night brings counsel—to-morrow it will be as if this had never happened."

But she did not move nor open her eyes. The picture was perfect. The dramatist's instinct was alive, alert, reveling.

"Good night," he said. "Kiss me good night, Marion. I have never gone to my rest without your kiss."

"I can't," she said.

He stepped from the room and entered his own. There was a strange expression on his face. His eyes were bright; he looked as a man inspired might look. He was living a "situation."

In his room he moved about for a few moments, took off his coat, and sat down at his desk, scribbled a few words, crumpled the paper and smoothed it out, and took his revolver from a drawer. He fingered it carefully.

"A little blood," he muttered, "a flesh wound will be effective and not much trouble. She'll be remorseful, penitent, her anger forgotten in loving anxiety." His face softened to sincere tenderness. "Poor girl—dear little girl! If I'd had an idea—I wish to heaven——"

The light glinted along the barrel of the raised revolver. There was a cry, sudden and startling, from the doorway:

"My God, sir! What are you going to do?"

Ogden started violently; there followed instantly a sharp report, a blue and acrid cloud of smoke. The weapon dropped to the floor with a clatter. Ogden pressed both hands to his side and looked up angrily at the valet bending over him. It had all happened in a heart-beat; the smoke was still eddying above their heads. A blank horror overspread the anger on Ogden's face. He slumped over sideways in the chair.

"Jenkins—you fool! See—what—you've done!" he gasped.

When Marion got to his room the valet was picking up the crumpled bit of paper.

"He's dead, miss," he said, as he handed her the sheet.

She read his last message.

"You did not kiss me good night," were the words he had written.

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THE STRAYING OF CLARENCE MOWE

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Illustrations by Martin Justice

MY interest in the case of Clarence Mowe is wholly psychological. I am devoting some space to him in my forthcoming work on "The Psychology of Atavism." I never had any desire to exploit him for the edification of the vulgar. But my wife, who has been stirred with a longing for a certain sable cloak, a garment somewhat beyond my humble means, has insisted that I write out his story in intelligible, unspeculative English (the terms are hers) and sell it to a magazine. The proceeds are to be devoted to the acquisition of the sable cloak.

Certainly Clarence Mowe inherited nothing of his absent-mindedness from his mother, who is a normal, capable woman. His proneness to mental hiatus comes wholly from the paternal side. His grandfather, Silas Mowe, achieved the distinction of forgetting the battle of Gettysburg while it was waging about him. The old gentleman had a hobby for botany. Just before the Confederates began their great charge, he noticed, somewhat back from that part of the Union trenches where he was stationed, some peculiar pale yellow flowers. He slipped off to examine these, and continued to study them, entirely oblivious of the terrible drama being enacted about him, until the fight had been won. The flowers were, I believe, the rare and fragile *Amaryllis Atamasco*.

Clarence's father carried on the family trait. He was undoubtedly one of the most absent-minded men in the world. There is a tale that at a certain dinner party he absently stirred his soup with his eyeglasses and attempted to perch the soup spoon on the bridge of his nose. This appears to approach the realm of the mythical. There is authentic record, however, that on at least two occasions before his marriage, when he inhabited lodgings, he left in the morning for his studio (he was a teacher of singing) attired only in his nightgown and the straight plug hat he affected, and on one of these matutinal perambulations he was arrested.

When Clarence was four years old, his father went to bed one night apparently in perfect health. In the morning, when his wife called him, he did not respond. A physician was summoned and made vain efforts to arouse him. The pulse was rather feeble, but otherwise he appeared like a normal man asleep. He died during the day without awakening. The physician pronounced it heart failure, though he admitted he was puzzled. I am of the opinion, however, that the man simply forgot to wake up. Professor James and certain German psychologists disagree with me.

Mrs. Mowe remained a widow, in moderate circumstances, for sixteen years, when she married Shandy Randall, a black-bearded, Jovian person who had retired from business. This settled the good lady's future; but Clarence, who, from his nature, was unlikely to be a great money earner, was still an uncertain liability. He was being put through college (where he scratched along without distinction, apparently neglecting most of his required courses to attend lectures in sociology) by his father's aunt, an elderly maiden lady by the name of Tabitha Pennyfeather. He was the apple of the old woman's eye; but she broke with Mrs. Mowe in a rage at the news of the second marriage.

It was a situation that called for diplomacy, for the great-aunt represented the talisman Money and Clarence's comfort in life. In this emergency Mrs. Mowe proposed to leave Clarence as a sort of truce offering with the maiden aunt during the summer, while the newly married pair enjoyed a modest honeymoon tour in Europe; and her plan was, upon their return, to marry Clarence to Irene Randall, for the new husband was a widower with a dark, fine-looking daughter of nineteen. Irene was selected as a capable person to

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conduct Clarence through life and to see that he went abroad properly clothed. Mrs. Randall knew that Clarence's wife would be sacred to the fractious old great-aunt and hoped through her to bring Randall into the dame's good graces.

Randall, who regarded Clarence with amused tolerance, did not oppose the match. "The boy will either be a fool or a genius," he said to his daughter in his conversational roar. "The first makes the best of husbands, the second a rotten one. I guess you can take a chance."

One could no more argue with Randall than with a pile driver or a steam roller. His daughter never attempted to—she simply dodged. On this occasion she gave a vague reply. Clarence certainly amused her.

Clarence went down to the pier to see the newly wedded pair off on their honeymoon. Irene, who was to visit some friends in England, sailed with them. "Well, boy, don't fall in the sewer," boomed Randall's basso as he said good-by, for that was the quality of his humor. Clarence's mother, at the last, kissed him amid a sudden gust of maternal tears, and gave him some admonition about changing his underwear. "And don't forget to buy some flowers for your aunt," she said. Irene laughingly asked him to be sure to write to her, and he promised to do so.

I picture him standing there at the pier-head long after the vessel had vanished downstream and the "bon voyage" throng had departed, staring out into the river with his mild blue eyes, and thinking comfortably of Irene. He made a slim figure of a youth, with sandy hair that always straggled, no matter how recently it had been trimmed. He had a small leather suit case with him, but the bulk of his personal effects had already been sent by express to his aunt's home in the Bronx. The old lady had only recently moved into this house, from Staten Island, for she was a nomadic person, accustomed to change her residence from one borough of the city to another about once every second year. Clarence had never been in her new house, but in his pocket he had a slip of paper on which were written her street address and the name of the car he must take to get there.

After an interval he noticed some men fishing from the pier, and he watched them for some time, hoping in vain to see them catch something. And then he strolled down to the Aquarium in Battery Park and remained standing in front of a tank, staring at some huge fish that swam about with their mouths gaping in silent and wonderful mirth, until an attendant tapped him on the arm and said: "Hey, young feller, didn't you hear me yellin'? This ain't no all-night show. Beat it."

From there he wandered up to Wall Street, for he delighted to dream in a crowd, and he must have sat on the Sub-Treasury steps for an hour or more watching the clerks stream toward the traction lines and ferries. And when Trinity clock struck six he suddenly thought of his aunt; so he picked up his suit case and hurried down to the Staten Island ferry, fearful lest he be late to dinner, for punctuality at meals was regarded by the old lady as a sacred duty.

Of course he found the house closed and boarded up, and then he realized that he had been going in the wrong direction; he took out the slip with his aunt's new address and stared at it for a time, smiling over his mistake. But it was growing late, and hunger assailed him sharply. This brought up a poignant memory of a restaurant on Broadway, in the theatre district, where Randall had taken him some months previously and he had enjoyed some poached eggs on anchovy toast. He considered it was now too late to dine with his aunt.

Hurrying back to Manhattan, he miraculously found the refectory and loitered through a very pleasant meal. And then he went instinctively "home", to the apartment house his mother had just abandoned on the upper West Side, and he failed to sense his error until after he had been talking for some time at the entrance with the janitress (she was a gossipy person who successfully pumped him of all the details of his mother's wedding). So it was considerably past nine o'clock by the time he took a strap in a Bronx-bound subway train.

His prescribed route necessitated a change to a surface line, and this he effected successfully. There is no reason to doubt that he boarded the right car. And as he paid his fare he consulted his address slip and asked the conductor where he ought to get off to reach 1317 Clay Avenue.

"Clay Avenyer? Clay Avenyer?" repeated the conductor in a musing tone. "I dunno's I ever heard of Clay Avenyer. You see, there's a lot of little, insignificant streets round here. I'll ask Bill."

Bill (the motorman) unfortunately could shed no light on the location of Clay Avenue,

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but a rotund and red-faced passenger on Clarence's right, who was stolidly puffing vile fumes from a bull-dog pipe, unexpectedly growled some advice. "Clay Av'noo, young feller, lays over there to the east'ard," he said, with a wave of his pipe.

At this the little man who sat on Clarence's left, who wore a shabby frock coat with a white flower pinned on the lapel and had a general air of having attended a cheap wedding, began to snicker feebly. "Clay lays up the ridge to the west," he chirped. "But 'taint much of a street. Mostly niggers lives there." He subsided in a sharp cackle of laughter.

"Gr-rrr!" growled the big man, and glared at him for an instant, after which he resumed his process of fumigation.

On the seat in front of Clarence (it was an open car) a man and his wife got into a heated altercation as to the proper place to get off to reach 1317 Clay Avenue. The man maintained that Clarence should have left the car half a mile back, but the woman, who had a determined chin, asserted in a dictatorial scream that Clarence should alight "just beyond the gas house," and she soon reduced her husband to a sulky silence. Others in the car took up the controversy with avidity, including a youth who compared Clay Avenue to the North Pole and humorously addressed Clarence as "Dr. Cook." Through all the babble of discussion, the little man on Clarence's left kept up his inane snicker and reiterated as a sort of refrain: "Mostly niggers lives there."

The consensus of opinion appeared to be that Clay Avenue was an indeterminate street somewhere in the mysterious West, like Denver and Seattle. The resolute woman held this view, and she soon silenced all the other views as to the location of No. 1317 and triumphantly bade the conductor put Clarence off just beyond the gas house. This was eventually done, and the young man, a trifle bewildered by the chorus of advice shouted after him, started westward up a rise of ground.

It was an uninhabited section, the bleakness of which was merely emphasized by the unpaved streets cut through jagged rock or bounding swampy morasses. A few gas lamps made yellow smears in the darkness here and there, but the place was innocent of street signs. He walked for several blocks before he came upon a pedestrian, who proved to be intoxicated, and insisted, in response to his inquiries, that Clay Avenue was in Louisville, Kentucky, and offered to prove it by thrashing his interrogator.

Then, down one of the intersecting thoroughfares, Clarence spied two shadowy figures in the darkness. As he hurried up to them, they proved to be two lovers moving slowly in a sort of ambulatory embrace. He asked the man if that was Clay Avenue. "I don't know, do you, dearie?" replied the man, in a dreamy voice.

"No. What does it matter?" answered the girl, with a low laugh. The man laughed too, and suddenly, with a shamelessness that sent Clarence on his way violently blushing, he swung the young woman into his arms and kissed her.

Eventually a sober and scornful citizen informed him that he was on Clay Avenue but had come about a mile beyond No. 1317. So the youth started back at a brisk pace, refusing the man's advice to return to the trolley line, for now that he had found the elusive avenue he determined to stick to it until he came to his aunt's house. This he might have done had not a certain politician in the previous year sold a section of useless swamp land intersected by Clay Avenue to the Borough for a public park. The park (which was in a transition stage, being part swamp and part ash dump) obliterated Clay Avenue for a space.

Clarence failed to observe anything wrong until he was in the middle of this waste. And then he perceived that Clay Avenue had vanished. He took his bearings and determined to proceed in a straight line until the exasperating street began again. But he soon found himself in a bog. He floundered out, with some difficulty, and stood staring about the unprepossessing country. Far to the east he could see some houses, the only sign of human life. And then, not far off, the cheerful lights of a trolley car came into view, and, as he watched, a man alighted and walked briskly along a street, heading west.

Clarence found a path leading toward this person's line of march and soon intercepted him and made his inquiry. The stranger, who was a plump little elderly gentleman in a high hat and frock coat, replied courteously:

"I live near Clay Avenue, and if you will accompany me, I shall be glad to show you."

As they went along, Clarence explained that he was making a visit and had considerably overshot his destination, owing to the ignorance of the car conductor.

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"Aha!" cried the little gentleman warmly. "Another case that confirms my observations. It is a peculiar fact, sir, that conductors in this Borough, as well as in the Borough of Brooklyn, are absolutely deficient in the sense of locality. They are apparently incapable of learning the streets of the territory they traverse. And, moreover, the majority of Bronx conductors live in Brooklyn, while the greater part of the Brooklyn conductors have their homes in the Bronx. This incongruity is explained, I believe, by the fact that the conductor is by nature an adventurer. He makes a poor husband, and, as a class, is as irregular in his domestic concerns as a sailor. The motorman is much more conventional in this regard.

"I recently sent out two thousand return postals to conductors in Brooklyn and the Bronx bearing the simple query, 'Why are you a conductor?' Out of 396 answers received, 365 were wholly irrelevant or blasphemous, indicating that the majority of the men had no clear ideas about their own occupation. Seventeen wrote the colloquial words 'Booze' or 'Rum' on their cards, fourteen simply inscribed them 'Hard luck,' and only two cards came back with the rough but significant legend 'Wife and kids.' Does this interest you?"

"Immensely," responded Clarence. "I have attended many of the lectures on sociological subjects at the University."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman. "I am to give some lectures there in the autumn. However, to resume: the conductor in Manhattan is of an entirely different caliber. He has rather an excess of mental and physical energy, in which our Bronx and Brooklyn conductors are deficient. He is often, moreover, a natural ruler of men. This is due to the fact that his ranks are constantly recruited from the janitor class. The janitor is king of a little realm. He not only rules his tenants with an iron hand, but he grows accustomed to boss such recalcitrant characters as icemen, house painters, carpenters, and the like. Now, many of these janitors weary of their static existence, the wanderlust gets them, and they seek adventure by becoming street car conductors. They are firm, capable, domineering men. In addition to these, one finds among the Manhattan conductors a large percentage of men who would formerly have been soldiers of fortune, men-at-arms, jacks of the road, cutpurses, burglars, or poets, but who, under the rigorous discipline of our civilization, have adopted the comparatively innocuous occupation of street car conductors. These men take an artistic delight in impounding fares, and indeed some have confessed to me that by this device they regularly double or triple their wages. To what extent the pay-as-you-enter cars, which lessen the opportunities for looting fares, will eliminate these men from the platforms, will be an interesting point of study. If they are driven out, the personnel of the Manhattan conductor must deteriorate mentally and physically.

"Take him by and large, he ranks among the most vigorous of our citizens," summed up the gentleman. "So that in case of a war with any foreign power I should write to Colonel Roosevelt, giving him reasons why he should form a regiment of rangers from Manhattan car conductors rather than from the cowboy, whom the advances of civilization have reduced to a mere comic opera figure, and the society youth, who, as a physical type, has rapidly degenerated since the pressure of competition among our great universities has compelled them to hire their athletes from among the more robust laboring classes."

In this interesting strain the elderly gentleman continued to some further length, as they walked on, until suddenly he exclaimed: "Bless me, I've come three blocks past my house and we are walking away from Clay Avenue! By the way, what number did you wish to go to?"

"I had quite forgotten my aunt," said Clarence. "Dear me, it must be quite late." As he spoke, a distant church bell tolled midnight.

They had stopped beneath a lamp post. Clarence began fumbling in his pockets. "I have the address written here on a slip of paper," he said. His fingers searched one pocket after another. Then he turned them inside out, and an expression of dismay slowly overspread his face.

"I'm afraid I've lost it," he said.

"Dear me. Can't you remember the number?" asked the gentleman.

"No," said Clarence, dubiously. "I'm afraid not. I have a poor memory for numbers. I was always a trifle absent-minded."

"Well, well! How unfortunate!" exclaimed the elderly gentleman. "It's odd. My daughter declares that I am occasionally affected with absent-mindedness, though personally I have never noticed it. Now, under the circumstances, you must come home with

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me. No refusals. We have ample room, and it will be no inconvenience whatever."

Clarence protested mildly, but the elderly gentleman easily overbore him. "You will probably find the number or remember it in the morning," he said.

So they turned back. Clarence noticed that a drizzle of rain had apparently been falling for some little time, for the sidewalks were wet; but his companion had evidently not observed it, for, though he carried an umbrella, he made no attempt to raise it. "I find that the average motorman," he continued, "in spite of a tendency toward foul and blasphemous language, is a much better type morally than the conductor. This I attribute to the refining influence of machinery. Men who have to do with any sort of machinery become habituated to regularity. Their occupation breeds in them a sort of mathematical probity and rectitude. Thus the ethical standards obtaining among electrical engineers are much higher than among lawyers; the mining engineer is more to be trusted than the stockbroker."

So he continued until he reached the end house of a row of three which they had passed a few minutes before. Here he paused and began fumbling in his pockets.

"I find I have forgotten my latchkey," said the gentleman after a minute, in an easy, conversational tone, "and I do not wish to arouse my daughter by ringing. If we go around to the rear, I can help you over the fence, and you may climb the trellis and get in the library window. I hate to trouble you."

"Not at all," said Clarence, laughing.

"You will find both a bolt and a lock on the front door," said the other, and went stumbling ahead of Clarence, through a stony wilderness, to the rear of the house. "Here we are. Be careful of the garden."

Mounting the fence with the assistance of the gentleman's shoulder, Clarence jumped into the back yard and picked his way through the flowers. He climbed the trellis without trouble and started to raise the window, whereupon all about him began a clamor of bells that woke the echoes of the night.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the gentleman, from behind the fence, "I forgot the burglar alarm."

Lights flashed suddenly in the two neighboring houses and in another larger house fronting on the near-by avenue, and somewhere above Clarence's head a window was opened and a clear, feminine voice called: "Who's there?"

"It's father, dear," cried the gentleman. "Go back to bed."

"The front door is unlocked," said the other voice again. And, as the window closed, Clarence caught a delicious lilt of light laughter.

The elderly gentleman met him in the hallway with apologies. "I observe that it has been raining," he said. "We had best partake of a nip of whisky before retiring."

He led the way back to the library, a room with its four walls lined with bookshelves and a great table desk between the windows, littered with papers and manuscripts. Then he vanished for a few minutes and reappeared with a decanter and glasses. Clarence was too polite to refuse the refreshment, though whisky was alien to his lips; but he could not help gasping over the taste of it and setting his glass down hastily, for his host had got the vinegar cruet by mistake. The gentleman, however, drank his own liquor off with gusto, as if it were the choicest distillation in the world.

"In the outlying boroughs of Richmond and Queens," he said, "the conductors exhibit the widest variety of race and creed. A few of the older men are indigenous to the soil, but it is a mystery where the rest come from and what they have been. I am of the belief that the man in the iron mask, the crew of the Flying Dutchman, Charley Ross, and the shadow of Peter Schlemihl, not to mention the lost tribes of Israel, may be found among the conductors in these boroughs."

So he continued for a period until he happened to glance at his watch, whereupon he stopped abruptly. "My daughter forbids me late hours," he said, with a smile. "I must leave you. You may go to your room at any time. Good night."

He left the room hastily. As the gentleman had not shown Clarence his bedchamber, the youth was left in a dilemma. His natural timidity forbade him to call out after his host, so he stood in the center of the room for a time, thinking the situation over, and then his eyes lighted on a leather couch with a sort of steamer rug at its foot. So, removing his outer garments, he lay down upon the couch, pulled the rug over him, and was soon asleep. . . .

He was awakened by the sound of light laughter. It was full day. A tall, slim girl with raven black hair and merry eyes the color of larkspur stood in the doorway.

"Are you a burglar, or a guest, or did you just step in to take a nap?" she asked.

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Clarence started to rise politely, and then, remembering that he was half undressed, hastily sat down again on the couch and pulled his rug closely about him.

on the right. We have breakfast in half an hour, Mr.——"

"Mowe," said Clarence, somewhat recovering his composure. "Clarence Mowe."

HIS HOST HAD GOT THE VINEGAR CRUET BY MISTAKE.

"I—I—why—you see"——he stammered.

"You will find the bathroom at the head of the stairs," she said, her eyes sparkling in a smile, "and you may also use the guest room

"Mr. Mowe," repeated the girl, and stuck her nose up slightly at him and vanished, laughing.

Clarence went upstairs and bathed. Then

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he discovered that he had left his suit case and his trousers in the library, but these some one had thoughtfully brought up to the pretty little blue and white guest room. So he dressed hastily and went downstairs.

He found the merry young woman presiding at a coffee urn at the dainty, white breakfast table.

"Father should be down by now, but he is always late for meals," she said. "Evangeline," she added to the negro servant, "do summon father."

The elderly gentleman was soon discovered hard at work in the library, and he confessed as he entered that he had forgotten all about breakfast.

"You see, I found Mr. Mowe," said the young woman.

"Mr. Mowe?" said the gentleman, adjusting his glasses and looking at Clarence courteously but without a trace of recognition. "Ah, yes. I am glad to meet any friend of yours, Gertrude."

He shook hands heartily, while the young woman stared in amazement.

"I thought father had brought you in, Mr. Mowe," she exclaimed.

"Last night"—began Clarence.

"Of course, of course," broke in the older man. "It had escaped me for the moment. This young gentleman was kind enough to climb over the back fence, my dear."

They sat down to breakfast thereupon, and Clarence recounted, much to the amusement of the young woman, his adventurous search for his aunt. He found that he not only could not remember the number, but that even the name of the avenue on which his aunt lived now eluded him; and this the elderly gentleman could not recall, either.

"I truly believe," cried the young woman gleefully, "that you are just as absent-minded as father." Thereafter, during the meal, she kept glancing from one to the other of them, occasionally laughing deliciously, at which her father mildly reproved her.

Clarence learned that the elderly gentleman was Professor Judson Sementer, retired, an authority on sociology and ethics. He was gathering material for a book to be entitled "Sociological and Psychological Observations among the Conductors of the Five Boroughs of New York City." Clarence was able to display an intelligent interest in this work, and after breakfast the professor offered to retain the young man as an assistant in his labors. The remuneration was small, it is true, but it seemed a competence to Clarence, who had never earned any money. Until he could reëstablish himself with his family, Clarence was to live with the professor.

The young man found his new life extremely interesting. His task was, figuratively speaking, to strip the uniform off the street car conductor, to probe the secret springs of his being, to study his language, his mode of life, to ascertain his relations to God and the universe and his fellow-men. In the course of his investigations Clarence was compelled to become a conductor himself on several different car lines. Fortunately, it was never necessary to his studies that he should spend more than a week on any one line, for he was generally discharged after a few days on account of his inability to remember to ring up the fares. On one occasion he was arrested for this neglect, and it was with some difficulty that Professor Sementer secured his release. At another time he got into trouble by blocking traffic on a crowded thoroughfare, having forgotten to give the go-ahead signal because he was engaged in a heated argument with one of the passengers, an elderly maiden lady, on the influence of women's suffrage upon home life.

There was but one thorn in his happiness. This was John Brunt, a dark-eyed, square-chinned, positive young man, employed in some capacity in a bank, who called upon Gertrude regularly every Thursday evening at 8:20 o'clock precisely, and sometimes took her out to concerts or the theatre on other evenings.

When this young man was introduced to Clarence, he immediately said: "In reference to your aunt, why not look her up in the directory?"

"She has only recently moved in. She's not in the directory," replied Clarence, somewhat uneasy under the young business man's stare of supercilious assurance.

"Advertise then," said Brunt.

"My great-aunt has a violent antipathy to newspapers. She never permits one in the house," said Clarence.

Mr. Brunt shrugged his shoulders with an air of skeptical contempt. "If I was looking for an aunt I'd find her, all right," he declared.

"Mr. Mowe has written to his mother abroad for the address, and should hear in a few days," interrupted Gertrude.

"He may hear," said Brunt, balancing himself judicially on his toes and putting the

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tips of his fingers together, "and, on the other hand, he may not." The youth took a pride in this pose and the cryptic expression, both of which he had borrowed from the vice-president of the bank. With this he dismissed the elusive aunt.

Clarence had indeed written to his mother, in care of Randall's bankers in London. But he directed the letter to Mrs. Mowe, instead of Mrs. Randall, and, as the bankers had never heard of such a person, the communication failed. A month later he decided to write again, but by this time he had lost the name and address of the bankers.

Clarence was somewhat downcast at this, but he had unbounded faith in the resourcefulness of his mother, and he reflected that she would probably be able to ferret him out on her return. So he continued placidly to enjoy his new existence. Of this Gertrude became more and more the absorbing center. He had never known any one before who squeezed joy out of every minute, who was so full of dash and vigor and mirth. And withal he considered her the most efficient person in the world, for she ran that household like a piece of well-oiled machinery, a feat that was no mean one considering the obstacles which the constant forgetfulness of her father and Clarence put in her way. So Clarence grew gradually to detest Thursday evening and the sight of the brisk and capable John Brunt.

Thus things drifted on until the autumn, when two events happened. First, Professor Sementer secured for Clarence a minor assistantship at the University, whereby he could continue his studies and receive a small salary besides; and John Brunt ceased to come to the house on Thursday evenings. Clarence puzzled over his disappearance for a while, and then he began to suspect that his

"ARE YOU A BURGLAR, OR A GUEST, OR DID YOU JUST STEP IN TO TAKE A NAP?"

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rival had asked Gertrude to marry him and had been refused, and thereafter his days passed in a state of nervous happiness.

One Sunday morning Clarence sat in his window overlooking the back yard, which was Gertrude's garden. The girl, who was dressed in white, knelt beside a bed of blue gentians which she had succeeded in domesticating. She had placed one of them in her black hair. Sometimes, when she turned her head, he caught a glimpse of her face, and he could see that the flowers held no deeper blue than her eyes. She was singing:

> "Oh, my luve's like a red, red rose
> That's newly sprung in June."

A poignant longing for her seized the lad. He felt faint with the sweetness of her. And the next thing he knew he was standing in the garden staring at her and nervously rumpling his straggly hair with his fingers.

"Well, Clarence?" she said, rising.

"I had something to tell you," he said, "but"——

"But you have forgotten it," she suggested, resting her face against the blooms she had plucked for her father's study table. Her eyes laughed at him, and then grew suddenly serious. "My poor flowers," she said. "This is nearly the last of them."

"I have not forgotten it, Gertrude," said Clarence. "It is the one thing I can never forget. I know I have very little, and I am not very wise, and you are wonderful and splendid, but I love you. It is a poor flower I have to offer you, but nothing can make it fade."

He dared not look at her while he was speaking, but now he raised his glance to hers, and it seemed that all the sweetness in the world was distilled in her eyes.

"Oh, Clarence! Clarence!" she cried, holding out her hands. "You are simple and good like my father. I have loved you for a long time."

So they became engaged, and Professor Sementer was greatly pleased, for Clarence had quite won his heart. "Don't worry about the money, my boy," he said. "I have enough for the three of us, and Gertrude's happiness is all I care for. I would not have her wed for money, anyway."

They were married quietly when the autumn waned. The ceremony was originally scheduled to take place at eight o'clock one November evening, but as Professor Sementer had started off on one of his investigations that morning and failed to return until midnight, having completely forgotten the great occasion, the affair was postponed until the next morning. Gertrude kept the key of the front door that night, so that neither of her charges could escape her. Also she took care of the wedding ring. A few of the family friends witnessed the ceremony the next morning. The wedded pair went for a short honeymoon trip in the South.

It was while they were off enjoying their young happiness that misfortune came. Professor Sementer's modest competence, on which he had retired to prosecute his great work, was mostly invested in railroad bonds. These matured in a lump just before the wedding and, pending re-investment, the old gentleman placed the money with a certain trust company which the president of the University had assured him was as sound as the Bank of England. The president got his information from a Great Financier who was his benefactor and friend. Now it happened that the Great Financier had a short time before gobbled up the trust company and had loaned its funds enormously to certain economic ventures he had in hand. These ventures mysteriously failed, so far as the trust company was concerned. And five days after Clarence's marriage the trust company closed its doors.

The professor was forced to greet the bridal pair with these sad tidings on their return. He told his pitiful tale briefly, stating that they would be compelled to leave the pleasant little house and take a small flat. And Gertrude would have to give up her flower garden. As for Clarence, he decided that he would relinquish his enjoyable work at the University and take up some mercantile pursuit, for which he was eminently unfitted, in order to bring in more money. They talked things over for a long time, and then the professor said he must get to his work. "Something else happened while you were away," he said. "A very pleasant old lady in the neighborhood died, but I have forgotten her name."

So they left him at his worktable, where he sat staring before him and idly fingering his papers. Thus his daughter found him when it was time for the next meal. She noticed how old and white he was, and that there were tears in his eyes. "I was thinking of your flower garden, my dear," he said. And they cried a little together.

All too soon came the last Sunday they were to spend in the little house. Sunday

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"CLARENCE RECOUNTED, MUCH TO THE AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG WOMAN, HIS ADVENTUROUS SEARCH FOR HIS AUNT."

morning was always their happiest time; they did not go to church, but the professor read something out of Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Voltaire, or the Bible, or Don Quixote, or Mr. Chesterton, or Mr. Wells, and Gertrude played selections from Beethoven, or Chopin, or Mozart, and sang old songs in English or Italian. But on this morning the two men were very sad. So Gertrude pretended to be in high spirits. She got the old coat Clarence had worn when he first came to them, and said she would have to mend it, because they must all wear old clothes now. And she laughed merrily over a hole in one of the pockets and wondered if there was any use sewing it up, now that Clarence had nothing to lose out of it. Laughing, she slipped her fingers in under the lining and drew out a slip of paper. On it was written:

"Miss Tabitha Pennyfeather, 1317 Clay Avenue."

"Why, that was the old lady that died while you were away," said the professor. "She lived just around the corner. She was very good to the poor."

"That was my aunt," said Clarence. "I had quite forgotten about her."

It was decided that Clarence should go immediately to Mrs. Pennyfeather's house, where he could undoubtedly get word of his mother. Gertrude said that if he did not come back within a reasonable time she would assume he had found his mother there and would join him. "You know she is my mother now, too," said the girl. "And I never needed a mother so much as to-day."

Clarence found his mother and Randall at the house. The good woman received him with a sound embrace and inquired solicitously if he had donned his winter underwear. Of course he was made to relate all his adventures, and he dwelt at great length on the kindness of Professor Sementer and his daughter and pointed out their house from the rear windows, but through some freak of memory he failed to mention his marriage. After a time his mother spoke of his great-aunt's death.

"She left all her money to you, my dear," said Mrs. Randall proudly.

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"MY POOR FLOWERS," SHE SAID. "THIS IS NEARLY THE LAST OF THEM."

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"Couple of hundred thou. You're in luck, my boy," boomed Randall's bass.

Then there fell an unaccountable silence among them, during which Clarence recalled contritely that he had forgotten to buy flowers for his aunt, as his mother had admonished him, on the day she sailed. Partly to cover his own uneasiness, he asked suddenly: "Where's Irene?"

"Were you much attached to Irene, dear?" inquired his mother uneasily.

"Yes, mother," he replied.

"I had hoped that you and Irene would be able to settle down together," said Mrs. Randall, in some embarrassment. "But there was an odd provision attached to your aunt's will. She left you her money on condition that you did not marry Irene. It seems hard, dear, but we can't blame the poor soul now."

"It is hard, mother," he agreed, still thinking about the forgotten flowers.

"You must bear up cheerfully, dear," she said. And he replied, "I'll try, mother."

"And anyway," continued his mother, "Irene fell in love with an American student in England and married him in September, so you see it's all for the best."

"I suppose so, mother," said Clarence.

"Psychology chap. Knows all about the human coco," said Randall.

"There was something else important I had to tell you, mother, but it has escaped me for the minute," said Clarence, rising with a look of perplexity.

Randall laughed, and then the doorbell rang and Mrs. Randall asked Clarence to open it. When he left the room she said: "If Miss Sementer is the handsome, capable looking girl I have noticed in her back yard, I wish she would fall in love with Clarence. He needs a wife like that."

"Don't set your heart on it, my dear," said Randall. "I guess the boy ain't much of a lady-killer."

His wife sighed and turned to greet the girl that Clarence ushered into the room.

"This is Miss Sementer, mother," said Clarence. "She has been very kind to me. Gertrude, there's something I've forgotten to tell mother. Can you think of it?"

"Was it something about a wedding?" asked Gertrude, with one of her merry smiles.

"Oh, yes. How stupid of me. Miss Sementer has become my wife, mother," said Clarence.

He looked tenderly at Gertrude, but the girl fixed her glance upon Mrs. Randall. The elder woman bent her eyes keenly upon Gertrude's, and what she read there showed that the girl was sweet and good. So she held out her arms.

"Mother!" cried the girl, with a little sob.

"Come into the next room, Clarence," roared Randall, abruptly. "I want to talk to you."

Clarence and Gertrude and the professor still keep the little house. But a wonderful little butterfly child with eyes the color of larkspur plays among the flowers in the garden.

. . .

I have pieced this narrative together with the aid of Gertrude and Irene. For I am the psychology chap who knows all about the human coco.

A SONG

By SUSAN DYER

THIS, this was thy love to me,—
A bird's song breaking clear and lone
From the heart of a leafless tree;
A lighted doorway, open thrown
At a desperate midnight plea;
A wildflower found in a waste of stone;
My name soft-called in a land unknown;
A rainbow in the spindrift, blown
From a crest of the whelming sea!

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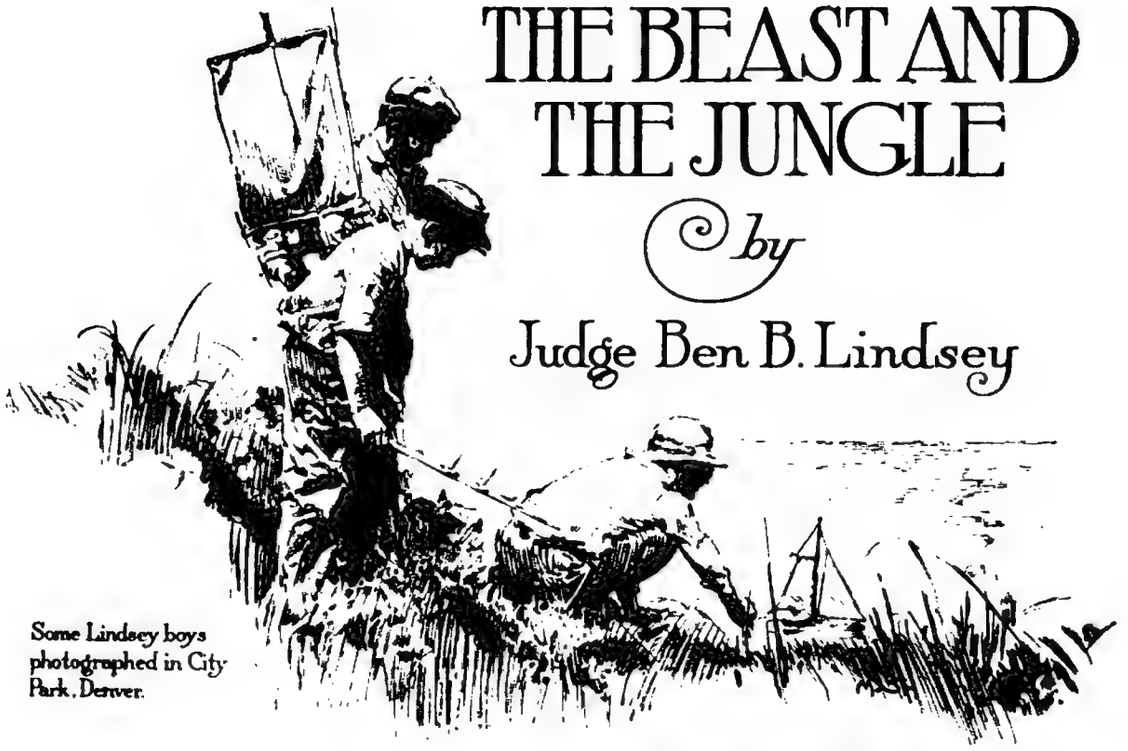
THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by

Judge Ben B. Lindsey



Some Lindsey boys photographed in City Park, Denver.

CHAPTER XV

THE BEAST AND THE GOVERNORSHIP

THE investigation of the franchise vote had had one hopeful issue: it proved that the corporation ballot-box stuffers were afraid of the teeth of our new registration law. Behind every vote that we counted there was a voter—although it was evident that at least a thousand of these had been "qualified" by fraud. The Supreme Court writ arrived in time to prevent us from investigating the fraud; and, by one of those suspicious strokes of luck that seem to happen only to the corporations, our very proof that the votes were not "phony" by wholesale only redounded in the public mind to the greater profit of the Beast! The Denver *Republican* celebrated the fact that the election had been probably "the cleanest held in Denver since it became a city." And it claimed the credit for itself and the Republican party.

Said this official voice of the Beast, sweetly disguised: "It required an enormous amount of work to bring about this condition. It is a thing with which parties and courts grappled for years; it became necessary even to invoke the legislature and the Supreme Court to wrest from corrupters of the ballot the fruits of illegal victory."

Do not let your smile be cynical. "Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue." There is still hope so long as the animal must wear its sheep's skin—so long as it recognizes that if the people knew it in its true stripes they would promptly cut its throat. I have that hope yet; and I had it very strongly in the campaign of exposure in which we were engaged throughout these years. It seemed to me only necessary for the people to "see the cat" in order to set them on it; and I continued, with all the power of my lungs, to "bawl out" the corporations and recite the list of their crimes.

The corporations replied through the Board of County Commissioners by refusing to pay an outside judge for helping me in my court and by disallowing bills incurred in the work of the court by probation officers. During the five years that I had been in charge of the court, we had done more than twice as much work as any two courts in the history of the state, and we had done it for less than half the usual expense. In Indianapolis there were three judges and three courts doing the work of our one court in Denver. The judge and the clerks in our court had more than

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returned their salaries to the county in fees paid by litigants. Although the four district judges together had less work to do than I had, they were continually calling in outside assistance and the County Board was paying for it.

I appeared several times before the Board to ask for help, and I usually found in attendance as the Board's confidential adviser Mr. "Jim" Williams, the right-hand man in politics of "Bill" Evans and the tramway company. I was even, on one occasion, referred to Mr. Williams by the County Attorney for the answer to my plea for help with my court work. I did not get the help—avowedly because I refused to allow the Board to appoint extra officers, whom I did not need, at a cost of about $6,000 a year to the county.

"THE BRAINS OF THE SYSTEM"

One of the officers of the Democratic party of the City Hall came to me and said: "You ought to go and see Mr. Field, president of the telephone company He's willing to help you out." I did not go, but subsequently I accepted an invitation from a friendly county official to meet Mr. Field at luncheon, and I found him very suave and conciliatory, despite the fact that I had been publicly naming him, with Evans and Cheesman, as one of the corporation rulers of Denver.

Mr. Field is a desiccated, small man who came to Colorado as a "lunger" and here regained his health. He was known in Denver then (as he is now) to the politicians as "the brains of the System." Before I had been talking to him very long I guessed that he had been deputed to "take me in hand," to try friendship and gentleness where force and enmity had failed.

He blamed "Will," as he called Evans, for having opposed me in 1904; and he said he remembered well the conferences between Evans, Cheesman, and himself about my candidacy for a return to the County Court, and he confessed that they had played "poor politics" in opposing me. He did not think, however, that I quite understood the gentle Will—who was "really a good man" and wanted to help me. They all wanted to help me. They all admired the work I was doing in the Juvenile Court. But they all felt I was mistaken in my charges against the corporations.

However, he concluded by agreeing that I ought to have help in my court work, and he promised that he would take the matter up "with Will" on the following Sunday, when he and Evans were to meet. He subsequently sent me a check for $250 toward the expenses of the Juvenile Improvement Association. Did I accept it? I certainly did. Why? For the same reason that I once accepted the aid of a woman in Denver who conducted a disorderly house.

I sent for that poor creature, and an officer of my court brought her to my chambers. I took her by the hand, looked her in the face, and said: "Madam, I want to thank you for your good deeds and I want to tell you how I despise your evil ones. I accept the good you did, but I shall not shut my mouth about the evils of your business." She was a procuress, but her business was no worse than that of the corporations. She corrupted young girls; they corrupt whole communities.

(A secretary of Mr. John D. Rockefeller once wrote me from New York to ask my views upon "tainted money." I replied with this story about the procuress. He did not send me a contribution, but if he *had* done so, I should have accepted it.)

PLANS TO "LOSE" LINDSEY

I did not receive any help from Mr. Field, but I had a visit from Mr. "Jim" Williams and found him very friendly. Mr. Gerald Hughes also came to tell me how mistaken I was in my enmity to Mr. Evans and how Evans had had nothing whatever to do with my "turndown" by the machine in 1904. (Gerald Hughes is the son of Charles J. Hughes, Jr. He was counsel for Evans and the tramway company in the franchise investigation; and when his father became United States Senator from Colorado, the son nominally succeeded him as attorney of the tramway company and its allies.) They were all very pleasant, and I enjoyed their tacit admission that they and their master, the gentle "Will," controlled these appointments in my court as absolutely as if I were a chief clerk in one of the tramway offices. But I made no promises; I accepted their advances without being deceived by them; and finally I was informed by one of their agents: "There's nothing doing. They're still scared of you, and Will isn't going to tell the Board to give you help yet."

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The fact that they were crippling the administration of justice in the community had no more weight with them than it would have had with any band of criminals. And they were not moved by the consideration that they were hampering us in the work for the children, which they professed so much to admire.

I tried to force the County Board's hand by "grand-standing" in an appeal to the public through my annual report, published in the Denver *Post*. But nothing came of it. I accused two of the County Commissioners, including the chairman, Mr. William Lawson, of committing the "crime of cheap graft and repeated perjury," but even *that* did not move them. I had to arrange to become personally liable for the salary of the judges whom I called in to help me, and it cost me hundreds of dollars.

I relate all this merely to show "the cat"—and as a warning to any one who is ambitious to carry the banner of reform in his own state, that there are "other ways of killing a dog besides choking it with melted butter." I was almost dead from overwork. I realized that I could not go on as I had been; my health would not permit it. And then I was galvanized into new activity by a confidential report that the Powers, at the next legislature, were going to divide the County Court from the Juvenile Court and "lose" me "in the shuffle." *That* meant that I must watch the coming elections and use my influence for candidates who should help me in the "deal."

SUGGESTED FOR GOVERNOR

They were state elections. Governor McDonald's term was to expire; so was Judge Gabbert's; and a United States Senator was to be elected as well as a new legislature. It was certain that Alva Adams, who had been defrauded of his election as governor in 1904, would again be the Democratic candidate on a "vindication" platform; and it was common talk that Simon Guggenheim, the head of the Smelter Trust, was to have the support of the corporations for the United States senatorship.

As far back as 1902 my name had been used in preëlection gossip as that of a "dark-horse" candidate for the governorship; and I have already related how the corporation Democrats had tried to bribe me, on more than one occasion, with the promise of their machine's support in obtaining the office. For several years I had been receiving, from people all over the state, enthusiastic encouragement to run as a reform Governor; and the newspapers had been continually prophesying my candidacy and predicting my success. All this was very flattering, but I knew—probably better than any one else—that whatever the people might wish, the corporations were united against me; and the corporations ruled. I knew, too, that my work in the Juvenile Court was as important as anything I could do as Governor, and I was not willing to give up my court until I had evolved an efficient legal procedure to promote its purposes and had firmly established it by law.

ADAMS REFUSES TO RUN

In the early summer of 1906 there began to come to my desk hundreds of clippings from country newspapers and letters from friends, acquaintances, and strangers, urging me to be a candidate for the governorship and promising to support me. The men with whom I had been working for the reform of the election laws saw an opportunity to carry our laws by electing me on a platform embodying them. Mr. Paul Thieman, of the *Post*, was particularly confident. And finally, in order to put a stop to plans that I considered hopeless, I wrote to Mr. Alva Adams, privately, and urged him to come out as the Democratic candidate, so that I might be relieved of the expectations of my well-wishers.

I have made many mistakes in my life, but that was the most foolish. I had been fighting the Adams family for years, and I should have understood that there is no enduring virtue, as Mark Twain says, "in the good end of a bad banana." Frank Adams, as chairman of the Denver Police Board, had been the acknowledged agent of the Beast in controlling the saloons, dives, and disorderly houses for political purposes; and Senator "Billy" Adams had always been the crafty leader of the corporation agents in the legislature. Alva Adams, however, had seemed to me a man of another stripe; he was the logical candidate, I thought, of the Democratic party; and, in any case, if he would announce his intention of making the campaign, it would leave my friends without the support of any party for my name.

Alva Adams replied that he would "rather

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take to the woods" than run again. I wrote a second letter, but it received no reply—except a newspaper interview with Adams, saying that he would not be a candidate. His son, Alva Adams, Jr., came to my court and told Mr. Gerald Hughes and a number of politicians that his father did not intend to run and was favorable to my candidacy. I received similar assurances from other sources.

This left me in greater uncertainty than ever. A labor leader of national reputation, passing through Denver, came to my house and advised my candidacy. He assured me that the laboring men would never support Adams; he was equally sure that they would support me. The whole state was up in protest against the rule of the corporations and their use of the Supreme Court, and the hour had come to lead a reform movement to success. He asked me what newspaper support I could count on.

I told him that Senator Patterson's papers were calling on Adams to accept the Democratic nomination on a "vindication" issue, but that the Denver *Post* seemed favorable to me. We went to see Mr. Paul Thieman together, and Thieman was as enthusiastic as ever. I began to see visions and dream dreams of being able at last to attack the Beast with a united public opinion behind me—but I still hesitated.

AND THEN PLEDGES ACCEPTANCE

A few days later the *Post* endorsed me editorially as a candidate for Governor, and there was a flurry in the corporation camp. The paper was no more than on the streets before Mr. Field, as Thieman afterward told me, made a frantic effort to have the edition stopped and the paper's support reconsidered. But the *Post* had just lost in a fight with Evans about a public franchise deal, and the proprietors were eager for revenge. Their newspaper rivalry with Senator Patterson made them ambitious to defeat him as leader of the reform Democrats by forcing my nomination in spite of him. I found myself in the storm center of a small political cyclone. An independent body of Republicans in El Paso, Conejos, and other counties offered me their support; the independents among the Democrats seemed all favorable; it began to be evident that if I could get the Democratic nomination, the success of our whole reform movement would be sure.

And then, at the solicitation of Senator Patterson, Alva Adams came to Denver and signed a written pledge—published in the Patterson newspapers—in which Adams declared he would accept the Democratic nomination, and salved his conscience by adding: "Judge Lindsey has a right to run for Governor if he wishes."

BUYING A SENATORSHIP

Have you ever played politics with the Beast? It is as puzzling as the "con" man's shell game—as bewildering as a masked ball—as dizzying as a kaleidoscopic ballet danced in a transformation scene. I got my first clue to what was going on when one of Simon Guggenheim's personal friends explained: "I was out at a little party last night with Simon, and he told me I could say to you that if you will only keep out of this race for Governor and let things progress so that Adams can be nominated, he will promise you anything you want in the next legislature. He says he can guarantee it. He told me the deal is all shaped up with Evans, and Simon is to name enough candidates for the legislature to give him absolute control. And, by the way, he's going to nominate good men—men of good standing, and not the ordinary cheap skates that usually go into the Colorado legislature. Of course they're going to make him United States Senator. He told me frankly that he thought you could be elected Governor if you were nominated, and he's satisfied that Adams can't be. This vindication issue is all rot. They are prepared to show how the Democrats have taken the money and accepted the help of the corporations when it was offered them, and how they have stolen elections the same as the Republicans."

It was not news to me that Guggenheim was to have the senatorship. He made no secret of it himself. He had told Mr. John W. Springer that he intended to get it, even if it cost him a million; and in an interview with Frederick Lawrence, published in *Ridgway's Weekly*, after the elections, he admitted that he had bought his place.

But the part that Alva Adams was to play was matter for thought. I looked up his record as Governor and found that during his régime the corporations had fared better than they had under governors who were acknowledged corporation favorites. I recalled a conversation I had had with Field,

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in which he said he had been one of Alva Adams's best friends and had obtained money for Adams's campaign fund, from the corporations, at Adams's request. It was, therefore, no surprise to me when Adams, in the Democratic convention, accepted as the chairman of his campaign Milton Smith, the corporation agent and attorney—and this on a platform that denounced the corruption of the Supreme Court, demanded the initiative and referendum, advocated the direct primary law and the election of United States Senators by the vote of the people, and denounced the rule of the corporations with all the eloquence of a new declaration of independence!

FIGHTING GUGGENHEIM

I believed that Senator Patterson was honestly deceived; that he accepted Milton Smith in good faith. His paper, *The Rocky Mountain News*, has since said editorially: "If anything is clear in the political field of Colorado, it is that the Democracy cannot afford to have Smith in charge of its affairs. . . . So long as he is at the head of the state organization, the reform promises of the Democratic party will be greeted with derisive jeers, and its denunciation of political corporations will be a subject of mirth." This fact was as evident to me then as it is now. It was as evident to the independent Democrats. They advised me to stay in the fight, and they circulated the petition to nominate me. They argued that Adams, carrying Milton Smith, was hopelessly out of the running, and that thousands of both parties would vote for me and a legislative ticket to defeat Guggenheim. I went to El Paso County to help the independent Republicans fuse with the independent Democrats against the Guggenheim outrage; and a committee was appointed in Denver to name an independent county and legislative ticket that was to be subject to my approval.

But when this latter ticket was named, I found it largely composed of Speer corporation Democrats. Mr. Fred G. Bonfils, one of the proprietors of the Denver *Post* (which was still supporting me), assured me that Speer and his city organization would aid me if I would agree to lend my name to this ticket. I received assurances of the same character from Mr. Speer himself. Mr. Solomon Schwayder, who had been in the law office of Charles J. Hughes, came to my house twice and urged me to head this corporation ticket, promising me Hughes's support, on the ground that Hughes would be the choice of my proposed legislators for the office of United States Senator! In short, the corporations, being sure of Adams, now wished to make sure of me by tying me to the candidacy of a lot of corporation tools who would never allow us to obtain a reform law.

I refused to lend my name to any such business, and I lost thereby the support of the *Post* and the Speer Democrats. I had already lost the Patterson papers and the Patterson Democrats by refusing to support Adams unless he repudiated his corporation chairman. There was now no longer the faintest hope that I could be elected Governor, and I felt rather relieved, but I still had the backing of some independent Republican organizations, and I endorsed the Democratic legislative candidates in the El Paso and Denver districts in the hope that we might defeat Guggenheim, at least, by putting in a Democratic legislature. They had first pledged themselves to vote for the reform election laws that I was advocating.

CHANCELLOR BUCHTEL—CORPORATION CANDIDATE

Evans, meanwhile, had been casting about for a gubernatorial candidate to carry the corporation flag in the Republican party. Mr. Philip Stewart, of Colorado Springs, had accepted the rôle and then revolted, after his nomination, when he found that he was to carry Judge Gabbert on his ticket. According to the newspapers of the day, several other prominent men also declined the nomination. The situation was grave. Open public gambling in Denver and the progress of the Anti-Saloon League had made a "moral issue" that threatened the hind quarters of the Beast. Churches and religious organizations all over the state were entering the campaign. It was necessary to have a candidate who should give respectability to corruption.

Mr. Evans found his man in the Reverend Henry Augustus Buchtel, D.D., LL.D., a minister of the Methodist Church, who was Chancellor of the Denver University. And after a harmony meeting at which Mr. Buchtel accepted the nomination, he invited Mr. Evans's emissaries to rise with him, join hands, and sing "Blest be the Tie that Binds"!

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The tie that binds the Beast and the Church? Yes, and the Beast and the college! During the Peabody campaign, according to *The Rocky Mountain News*, a young student named Reed had been practically driven from the Denver University because he criticized the corporation Governor. Later, a university professor was sent to Europe to gather data which was used in the campaign against municipal ownership in Denver; and the professor was exposed but not forced into retirement. Later still, Buchtel reprimanded a student for volunteering as a worker in one of our Juvenile Court campaigns. Mr. Evans was president of the Board of Trustees of the University, and the Reverend Henry Augustus Buchtel was his Chancellor.

THE "CHURCH ELEMENT" FOOLED

The use of Buchtel in the campaign that followed was a huge success. Everywhere people said to me: "Why, the Chancellor will never stand for the sale of the senatorship to Guggenheim!" Or the "dear Chancellor" will never permit this or that undesirable thing in politics.* But Buchtel had already admitted to a ministerial friend that he believed Guggenheim ought to be elected —though he said nothing of it from the platform, you may be sure. After he was Governor, he not only endorsed Guggenheim but vigorously defended the legislature for electing Guggenheim, honored Evans with a place on the gubernatorial staff, and gave a public dinner to the corporation heads who had most profited by the rule of the System in the state. They reciprocated by sending the Denver University handsome donations; Evans led with $10,000, and Guggenheim, Hughes, and others followed with fat checks.

The keeper of a gambling hell, whom I summoned to my court and forced to make restitution to the wife of one of his victims, said to me: "I have some respect for Mayor Speer. He tells these preachers that he believes in our policy of open gambling. But I have nothing but contempt for that old stiff up in the State House who talks about 'the word of God,' and gets his nomination from a boss who protects *us*, and gets elected on money that *we* contributed to the organization!" It is one of the saddest aspects of this use of the Church that the Beast gains respectability thereby and the Church contempt.

I yield to no man in my admiration of what "the church element" has done to fight the saloon and the gambling house and the brothel in Denver. It was these good Christian people who conquered for us in all our earlier encounters with the "wine-room gang" and the political supporters of protected vice. It was they who helped the women and children to save the Juvenile Court when the attempt was made to destroy it. They are the hope of society in every fight for public decency and moral reform. But in a community where the "cohesive power of public plunder" has united criminal corporations with criminal politicians and the criminal poor—has put the dive into alliance with the dishonest public official, the unjust court, and the predatory millionaire—in such a community do you suppose that the churches by some miracle have escaped clean? I know that they have not. I know that the agents of the Beast have even dared to enter the house of God itself—to intimidate the minister—to cajole and deceive the congregation—and to use the religious organizations of a Christian community to increase the vicious power of the System and to punish its opponents. And I shall tell how I know.

THE BEAST IN THE CHURCH

I am well aware that what I am going to write will be quoted out of its context by the agents of the System and used by its newspapers to prove that I am an enemy of the religion in which I have been raised, and a traitor to the churches that have again and again saved me from political destruction. I can foresee, from my experience in the past, that when I attack the Beast where it hides behind the Church I shall be accused of attacking the Church—and so accused by the very agents of the Beast that I am attacking. But I hold that I should be a greater enemy of religion, a more cowardly traitor to the Church, if I were to keep my peace about these enemies within the camp of righteousness, these traitors who are trying to betray the very pulpit to corruption, to pollute the altar of God as they have polluted the court of justice, and to use the churches for the same purpose that they have used the dives.

When a petition was recently being circu-

* I did not, then, believe he would, wittingly. We were, and had been, warm personal friends. It was not until later that I learned many of the facts given here.

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lated to renominate me as judge of the Juvenile Court, a pastor of one of the most influential churches in Denver refused to sign the petition because I had "offended so many business men." "I can't come out publicly," he said. "I like Judge Lindsey. I think he is right. But *we have to build.*" For the same reason, a Denver prelate who was raising money to build a new church wrote to one of his clergy who was making platform speeches on behalf of the Anti-Saloon League, and ordered him to be silent.

THE BEAST IN CHRISTIAN SOCIETIES

The Christian Citizenship Union—during my last non-partisan and non-political campaign for the judgeship—endeavored to obtain the use of a downtown church in which to hold an afternoon meeting in support of my candidacy, at which Father O'Ryan, Rabbi Kauvar, and a number of other clergymen were to speak; no such church would allow them to hold the meeting under its roof. During this campaign a meeting was to be held in a downtown Baptist church, and permission to hold the meeting was revoked when it was learned that I was to speak; and the reason given for the refusal was the fact that I *was* going to speak. At a time when practically every labor union in Denver had adopted resolutions endorsing our work in the fight for the judgeship, it was discussed before associations of ministers, where it was proposed that they too should endorse me; they silently declined to do so. The Citizenship Union had printed at its own expense a number of non-political circulars advocating my reëlection on non-partisan grounds; the pastor of the Trinity Methodist Church refused to allow these circulars to be distributed to the congregation; and at the Central Presbyterian Church they had to be distributed on the sidewalk before the doors.

The young men of the Christian Citizenship Union were members of the Y. M. C. A. But an assistant secretary of the Y. M. C. A. during this same non-political campaign told me frankly that I could not be allowed to speak from the platform of the Y. M. C. A. hall because, he said, "We have to get our subscriptions from the business men to run the association." And—to descend to an incident so petty that it can scarcely be believed—the officers of the Union had been asked by the members of the boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. to give them a portrait of me to hang in their meeting-room, and they were informed that the association refused to allow the picture to be hung. Now, I had been at one time chairman of a building committee of the association, and had voluntarily resigned when I found that my chairmanship was an offense to the "interests" and hindered the work of raising money for the association. I had maintained my friendly relations with the young men of the association; and I do so still. The picture was in no way offensive. The photographer had done his best to make me handsome in it. If it was not a beautiful work of art, this perhaps was because, as Whistler said, the sitter was not a bewilderingly beautiful work of Nature. But it was not so hideously ugly that the objectors could not endure it. I shall never believe that! Never! The Beast is not so æsthetic.

These young men of the Y. M. C. A., who are banded together as the Christian Citizenship Union, have done more for the enforcement of the laws and the maintenance of public decency in Denver than any other similar body of young men that I know of in any city in the United States. I could say nothing too much in the way of grateful praise of them or of the association that gave them their ideals. But what I wish to say is that even *they* found the influence of the Beast above them, met it in the management of the churches of which they were members, and were punished by it in the houses of business in which they worked—for two of them received "notice" from their employers because they had been conspicuous in the work for reform.

DENVER PREACHERS VS. LINDSEY

At a session of the Colorado legislature in the spring of 1909, we were attempting to force the passage of a bill limiting the hours of work for women in laundries to eight hours a day. Revival meetings were then being held by "Gipsy" Smith in the Auditorium, and a resolution had been carried at one of his meetings endorsing the work of the Anti-Saloon League. It was proposed, at a conference of the men and women interested in our bill, that we should attempt to get a similar endorsement of our work to protect the unfortunate slaves of the laundry. And I was astonished to find that every one at the conference recognized the uselessness

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of such an attempt. Why? Well, it may be enlightening to notice—for example—that the Denver Gas and Electric Company had mounted upon the roof of its office building a huge electric sign advertising the revival meetings, and did not charge any rental for that aid to evangelism!

Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, writing of "The Godlessness of New York," in the *American Magazine*, has pointed out: "The churches . . . are still dallying with symptoms: offering classes and gymnasiums to people who are underfed and underpaid, who live in miserable and unsanitary homes. . . . They devote tremendous energy in attempting to suppress vaudeville shows while hundreds of thousands of women and children in New York are being degraded, body and soul, by senseless exploitation—too much work, too small wages, poor homes, no amusement. They help the poor child and give no thought to the causes which have made him poor. They have no vision of social justice; they have no message for the common people."

Is this the fault of the churches or of the Powers that are trying to dominate the churches? There are ministers in Denver—like Father O'Ryan, A. H. Fish, D. H. Fouse, Frank T. Bayley, Frost Craft, Bayard Craig, and Rabbi Kauvar—who have not only recognized that I was right in my charge that the corporations were corrupting our politics and exploiting our defenceless poor, but have dared to support me publicly in those charges. And I know, from more than one of these men, what influences were brought to bear to silence him and what authority he had to defy that he might continue to speak.

WHERE THE BEAST IS DEACON

The ministers are in the same position as the rest of us. They are allowed to do what they can—and they do much—to palliate the hardships of poverty and rescue the victims of economic wrong; but as soon as they propose to attack the causes of some of the greatest hardships of poverty and attempt to alleviate the injustices of corporate greed, our masters speak. As long as the ministers are content to dip the water out of a tub into which the faucet is still running, they are encouraged. But as soon as they attempt to turn off the faucet—to cure the cause instead of relieving the result—the strong hand of the System is laid upon them. How can the churches have any "vision of social justice" and any "message for the common people" when the rulers of their congregations exist upon active social injustice *to* the common people? We must be free of the Beast in our congregations before our ministers can be free. When the slaveholder sat in the pew, there was no abolitionist in the pulpit. Where the Beast is deacon, the minister is dumb!

CHAPTER XVI

HUNTING THE BEAST

Did you ever hunt the sacred monkey among the Hindoos? Have you been a revolutionist in Russia? Or were you an abolitionist near the Mason-and-Dixon line before the war? Well, did you ever make an anti-corporation campaign in a corporation-ridden community? It is an experience without which no man's public life can be said to be complete. No politician, till he has tried it, can truly boast, "I have lived!" My memories of my tour of Colorado in the autumn of 1906 I would not exchange for a copy of the best novel ever written, a seat for the most moving drama ever staged.

In the first place, having repudiated the corporation candidates of both parties, I was free to speak the truth of them all. Having no expectations of being made Governor myself, I did not need to consider how my words would affect my own candidacy. Being a candidate, I was sure of a hearing, no matter what I said—thanks to our American courtesy in such cases. And having no party claque to serenade and applaud me, I could speak of things as I knew them to people who were eager to see things as they are.

When either of the other candidates arrived in a town, on his special train with his staff of politicians, he was received at the station by a committee, escorted to his meeting by a brass band, and introduced—with all the praises of a hired eloquence, from a platform crowded with "prominent citizens"—to a hall half-filled with apathetic listeners who knew the whole proceeding was a lie. When I arrived in the town, I found at that same railroad station a few curious idlers who stared silently; I made my way to the hall as best I could; I found my platform empty even of a chairman, and in most cases introduced myself to a silent audience that packed the hall to the doors. But when, having paid

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my respects to both parties, I proceeded to explain how both were the tools and agents of the Beast, we did not miss the brass band. My fellow-slaves recognized the small voice of rebellion and greeted it with a shout.

The "prominent" citizen would whisper to me afterward: "It's a shame you had to introduce yourself. I'm with you, but, you know, I can't come out openly. They'd simply salivate me." Personal friends, speaking under the voice, would congratulate me and add: "We wanted to have you down to dinner, but we didn't dare. You know how things are." In the towns where there was an independent ticket that I could be on, there was no lack of reception and platform backing. And down at Montrose, in the fruit country, where the independent farmers did not depend upon the corporations for their bread and butter, the platform was as well-filled as the body of the hall. But for the most part I was preaching a proscribed doctrine in a country where no one —under pain of a corporation interdict and excommunication—dared to give me any conspicuous support.

A LINDSEY TICKET STOLEN

I do not write this pessimistically; for I knew, then, that the people were with me; and I know, now, that not a word of what I said was lost. Many thousands voted for me, even though they knew their votes would be thrown away. And our exposure of the political conditions and our explanation of their cure through a reform of the election laws—however clumsy, however feeble—started a demand for reform in Colorado that has not been stilled yet and cannot be stilled ever, until it has been granted. Therein lies the virtue of such apparent quixotism. That is the eternal weakness of the Beast. It can only rule through fear. Let but one man in your community defy it, and the revolt of thousands has begun. The days of the Beast in Colorado are numbered. It is masking itself now in one disguise, now in another—this year as one party, next year as another—but the people have seen it; they are beginning to track it down, through every devious winding, in all sorts of unsuspected lairs. It cannot "fool all the people all the time." We shall get it yet.

During the governorship campaign it even stole a "Lindsey ticket" to hide its stripes in El Paso County, and put up for election, under my name, a gang of corporation candidates who would oppose to the last breath the passage of any of the reform laws that I was advocating. I appealed to the court in Colorado Springs, and an outside judge, named Armour, was called in to hear the case.

(It is an old trick of the Beast to bring a judge from one county to decide its suits in another. By this means an outraged public cannot bring its anger to bear upon the traitor to its interests!)

Judge Armour at first expressed some sympathy with our indignation at the theft of my name, but he had a change of heart over night, and in an outrageous decision he finally ruled against us. We took the case to Denver, to the Supreme Court—which, under the statute of the state, has the right to hear such election cases, at its discretion. The Supreme Court decided not to hear it, on the ground that there was not time to do so before the elections. Consequently, we had to change the designation of our ticket in El Paso County, but we had no time to explain the fraud to the electorate, and several thousand voters, thinking they were casting ballots for me, voted for the so-called "Lindsey ticket" of corporation crooks.

Then in Denver, where we threatened the success of the Evans-Guggenheim "deal" by endorsing a reform ticket of Democratic candidates for the legislature—after they had pledged themselves in writing to support our election laws—another trick was played on us. On a Saturday, ten days before election day, our nominations were taken to the office of the Secretary of State to be filed, before five o'clock in the afternoon. The office, always open at such times until midnight, was found locked. The Secretary of State was not at his home. We heard that he was leaving the city, and a messenger intercepted him with the papers at the railroad station and forced him to accept them. That was ten days before the elections, and the law required that the papers should be filed eight days before election day.

ANOTHER OF THE BEAST'S TRICKS

The Secretary of State wrote us on Monday that, since his office had not been reopened until Monday, the eighth day, the nominations could not be accepted. We obtained a mandamus from Judge Mullins ordering him to accept them. Guggenheim's

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campaign manager obtained an order from Judge Peter L. Palmer to the contrary effect. The dispute was carried to the Supreme Court —the same court that had decided, a week previous, that it was too late to hear election cases. And the Supreme Court justices not only heard it, but—with Justices Steele and Gunter dissenting—they reversed Judge Mullins's decision, and ruled that our nominations had not been filed in time and could not be printed on the ballots.

GUGGENHEIM AND HIS GAME

I shall never forget that hearing. It was held in chambers, informally. The seven judges sat around a table at their ease, in a private room, carpeted and quiet. I appealed to them for justice—my own counsel—hoarse with the fatigue of a campaign that had worn me out. I was so weak that, for the first and only time in my life, I wept before a court. Five of the seven listened as if they had been the Grand Inquisition and I a heretic who must be exterminated. I saw their decision in their faces, and the blood went to my head. I turned and hurried out of the room lest I should reach across the table and seize one of those men by the throat.

Fortunately, such emotions do not endure. (If they did, life for some of us in Colorado would be a poisoned rage.) Crippled in my campaign by having my name stolen from me in El Paso County and our ticket refused in Denver—continually recalled from the platform in one town to defend myself before the courts in another—without a campaign fund to defray even legitimate expenses, and with no organization except in the few places where there was an independent movement to aid us—we came to election day with the certainty that our independent fight would prove itself the greatest failure in the history of the state. We had no watchers at the polls in Denver. One of the Democratic watchers in a polling place near the Court House, after the elections, offered to take his oath for me that, of 83 votes cast for me in his district, 40 were counted for Buchtel, 40 for Adams, and 3 for myself! But even so, on the face of the returns, we polled the largest vote ever counted in the state for an independent candidate. Had we been able to elect the representatives from the El Paso and Denver districts—whom the courts had prevented us from endorsing—the defeat of Guggenheim would have been certain, and the object of our campaign attained. Buchtel ran nearly ten thousand votes behind his ticket, and Adams only two thousand behind his; we cut into Buchtel's vote almost five times as much as into Adams's.

Buchtel was elected. His candidacy proved a successful disguise for the Guggenheim deal; and the "church element" was used as the "dive element" had been. A corporation legislature was put in power. It only remained for the corporations to deliver the United States senatorship to Simon Guggenheim "for value received," and to betray the nation as they had betrayed the state.

Simon Guggenheim had no more claim to represent Colorado in the Senate at Washington than John D. Rockefeller has—or Baron Rothschild. He was the head of the Smelter Trust, and he had been financially interested, of course, in the election of Peabody in 1904 and the defeat of the eight-hour law and the suppression of the "eight-hour" strike. These things entitled him to the gratitude of the corporations only. He was unknown to the people of Colorado. He had never been seen by them except in a picture. He had never been heard by them except in a newspaper interview. He had not, so far as I know, ever spoken or written a word publicly on politics. "I don't know much about the political game," he told one of his campaign managers, "but I have the money. I know *that* game." He does.

TRAFFIC IN MANHOOD

During this contest, a young man whom I knew—ambitious to be a State Senator—was summoned to the tramway company's "Majestic Building" and was promised a nomination on condition that he pledge his vote for Guggenheim. He refused, and he was not nominated. Another, of similar aspirations but less strength, after denouncing the proposed sale of the senatorship to Guggenheim (at a public meeting of young reformers), accepted a nomination from the Republicans, and explained to his reform friends, after his election, that he had to sell himself in order "to get anywhere." He voted for Guggenheim, and he became one of the most efficient tools of the corporations in the House. Boss Evans had controlled the Republican conventions, and resolutions had been passed providing that all members of the legislature, in voting for candidates for

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the United States senatorship, should be bound by the caucus—that is to say, should be bound by the corporations to vote for Guggenheim.

Many of the legislators, thus sold and delivered, did not get money for the prostitution of their manhood. One of them, whom I knew, was an insurance agent, and he received a big insurance policy from which his fees were large. Another, a young lawyer, had been paid in corporation cases to prosecute or defend; he had received, in the course of a few months, thousands of dollars in fees; and he had received them through the same boss who had helped to buy Gardener. This same young lawyer had come to me, after his election, like a man who had made a bargain with the devil, full of abhorrence for the betrayal of public trust that was now demanded of him. I counseled him rather to resign than to sell himself. He had not the strength. He voted for Guggenheim, and he is now one of the most notorious corporation advocates in the legislature. Others received fees, corporation business, or political favors and rewards of various sorts. The corporation Democrats joined the corporation Republicans in supporting Guggenheim. (At the Democratic club during the election campaign, Mr. Gerald Hughes, son of Charles J. Hughes, attorney for the tramway company, had made a speech in support of the Guggenheim Republican candidates, and what is known as the Evans-Hughes-Speer Democratic machine had openly supported that ticket.)

Guggenheim received his senatorship.*

WHO ELECTS THE U. S. SENATE?

Do you suppose that he is the only member of the Senate in Washington who has been so elected? Do you suppose that senators, *so elected*, represent any one in the Councils of the nation except the Powers that put them there? Whether these men be called Republicans or Democrats, do you think their votes are cast for any law, any tariff, any reform that will hurt "the interests" whom they represent? If you *do*, you do not know the Beast. It is not only Denver that lies beneath its paw. It is not only Colorado. It is this whole nation. The System controls the machinery by which we elect our national representatives as well as our state and city representatives as far as possible. It picks the same sort of legislators to rule in the Capitol at Washington that it picks to rule in the Capitol at Denver. Those men *so elected* give to the nation the same sort of government that they give to our state. And our fight in Denver is not a fight to free Denver alone—nor to free Colorado alone—but to help free the whole nation, and to reëstablish a free government of a free people in a country that shall be free. It was for this we fought in 1906. It is for this that we are fighting still.

THE NEWSPAPERS TURN ON LINDSEY

Our fight in 1906 had some disastrous results for us. We offended the blindly loyal party men among the Democrats as among the Republicans; and I lost the support of all the party newspapers. Senator Patterson's organs did not at once forgive my campaign against Adams. The Denver *Republican* treated me as an irreconcilable enemy of the corporations. And the Denver *Post*, having failed to tie me to a corporation Democratic ticket, turned to Buchtel and Evans, and enlisted under that black flag which it has served and fought for, ever since—with occasional independent forays of its own!

This is not as small a matter as it may seem. It has been my experience that there are no agents of reform as powerful in our American communities as the newspapers. They are the very eyes of the people. What they refuse to see, it is almost impossible to discover to the public. What they desire to see wrongly, it is almost impossible to show in its true face. And this is well known to the Beast. It not only uses the editorial pages; it applies its influence to the reports of the news columns; it supplements editorial arguments and abuse with misrepresentations, with falsifications, and with downright inventions in the reporters' room.†

For example: A complaint was made in my court, by the Humane Society, against a woman who was drunk and ill-treating her children. A deputy sheriff arrested her and put her in the County jail, at the request of the neighbors, "to sleep off her drunk"; and they agreed to take care of the children. One of the "interests'" newspapers, on its front page, headed the story something like this:

*Only two Republican members of the legislature voted against Guggenheim: Hon. Merle Vincent in the House and Hon. Morton Alexander in the Senate. Both were defeated for renomination at the next election.

†No reference is here made to *The Rocky Mountain News*, the Denver *Times*, or the Denver *Express*.

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"Juvenile Judge sends poor washerwoman to jail, while six children starve. Kind-hearted neighbors take care of children separated from mother who languishes in jail." The reporter who wrote the story came to my chambers and explained: "Judge, I'm sorry about that article, but it wasn't my fault. The city editor told me I had to find something to roast you about, and I sent in that story—but it wasn't so bad when I finished with it. A lot of things were added after I turned it in."

Or again: An Italian laborer, charged with neglecting his wife and encouraging his children to steal from the railroad tracks, came to my court drunk and used such vile language that I sentenced him to jail for thirty days for contempt of court. I suspended twenty-nine days of the sentence without telling him so, and next day—which was Sunday—I sent an order for his release, had him brought to my home, and gave him a friendly lecture. He apologized, and—after the fashion of his people—he kissed my hand before he went away, promising to attend to his work and look after his family. (And the court officers afterward reported that he kept his promise.) Some days later, a newspaper printed a sensational account of how I had taken a poor Italian from his home where his family was starving, and sentenced him to thirty days' solitary confinement in the County Jail because his children had picked up a few cents' worth of coal from the railroad tracks. The article was headed: "A Jeffreys on the Bench."

THE PROBATION SYSTEM ATTACKED

Whenever a boy who had been put on probation in my court was arrested for a second offense, the "kept" newspapers joined in an attack on the probation system, accused us of encouraging young criminals, and advocated the abolition of the Juvenile Court. Such an attack was made on us, once, because two of our boys had been re-arrested; and a railroad police officer (Mr. E. D. Hegg), in no way connected with our court, wrote to me that these boys were two out of 103 boys who had been before us from the district, and the 101 others had never backslid. Such misrepresentations, repeated and repeated for years, seriously hurt our work for the children. They seriously impaired the public credit of our court—and that is what they were designed to do. The Beast was preparing to "get" me at last; having driven me back upon the County Court, with no political support and no newspaper to defend me, it was trying to alienate the sympathies of the independent voters so that when my next election should come I might not have even the "sentiment" of the non-partisan citizens to rely on.

My term would expire in the autumn of 1908. But in the spring of 1908 the city elections would have to be held. As judge of the County Court, I would have power to hear all contests arising from those elections; and in order to get me off the County bench the legislature, in the spring of 1907, took up the "deal"—of which I had already been warned—to divide the Juvenile from the County Court by legislative enactment, and "lose" me in the division. Having failed in our attempt to elect any reformers to the House, I was left to face this "deal" without a friend among the legislators to defend me.

JUVENILE AND COUNTY COURT DIVIDED

Mr. George S. Redd was the man deputed to take the matter in hand. He was a cousin of George Stidger, who was then District Attorney, and he had been Stidger's law partner. He was a member of the Methodist Church, had been put on the legislative ticket by Evans, and had voted for Guggenheim. But he was not the sort of man that you might suppose from these antecedents. "Judge," he said, when he came to talk with me about the bill to divide the court, "I'm friendly to you. I believe in your work and I will tell you, now, that while I'm to introduce the bill, I'll do all I can to make it satisfactory to you." And he did.

I proceeded to draft a bill that would be satisfactory to me. District Attorney Stidger drafted one that was satisfactory to the System. I gave the Juvenile Court jurisdiction in all cases against minors and in all cases in which the protection of minors was involved, gave the probation officers complete police powers, and gave the court the right to arrest and punish adults guilty of contributing to the delinquency of minors. Mr. Stidger took away from the Juvenile Court officers the power to file petitions in children's cases, denied the probation officers any police powers, and made the Juvenile Court an impotent little police court for children. In the House, Mr. Wilbur F. Cannon (the same Cannon who murdered our insur-

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ance bill so many years before) amended Stidger's bill so as to give the County Commissioners the power to appoint all the probation officers, the superintendent of the Detention School and so forth, so that, even though I remained judge, the court officers would belong to the System. I simply served notice on Mr. Redd that I would not accept the judgeship of any such court, that I would remain in charge of the County Court—knowing that this was exactly what they were dividing the court to prevent.

THE FIGHT FOR THE JUVENILE COURT

After some irritated conferences, they agreed that I should have the right to appoint my own court officers, but they still refused to allow the probation officers police powers and refused the court the right to try the gamblers and dive-keepers who debauched girls and boys. District Attorney Stidger was very frank in his explanation of why I could not have this power. It would hurt the System. Pacing up and down his office, with the door shut, he spoke for the Beast and announced the ultimatum of the Beast. I was to be given a court in which I might try the cases presented to me by the System, but I was not to have a court that should give me any power to interfere with the System, by prosecuting those agents of vice who were protected by the System.

We kept up these quarrels and conferences until within a few days of the close of the legislative session, and then I served notice again that unless I were given a Juvenile Court with teeth, I should remain on the County Bench. Stidger and my old law partner, Senator Gardener, finally compromised by accepting an amendment to their bill—an amendment providing that the Juvenile Court should have coördinate jurisdiction with the District Court in all criminal cases in which minors were involved, and against all persons who violated laws for the protection of minors. Senator Gardener introduced this amendment in the Senate and had it passed.

This was all very well, but I had no proof that the amendment had passed the lower House. In fact, the Clerk's record showed that it had *not* passed the lower House. I do not wish, here, to charge that there was a conspiracy to betray me—although one of the newspapers at the time freely made that charge. But I had been warned that there was a plot to get me into the Juvenile Court and then "pull out the slats" from under me; and I refused to accept the Court unless I had proof that Gardener's amendment had passed the House also—for, without that proof, the "slats" would be loose. I got the proof. I was given a transcript of the records, signed by the Secretary of State, the Clerk, and other officials, showing that the Juvenile Court bill and the amendment thereto had passed both the House and the Senate! That transcript nailed down "the slats"—for the Supreme Court of Colorado has held that you cannot go behind the legislative records, even if you have extrinsic evidence to show that they are wrong.

GETTING THE BEST OF THE BEAST

I accepted the judgeship of the new special Juvenile Court in July, 1907, with all the powers to protect children that I had had in the County Court for seven years, but of course with no power any longer to interfere with the System in election cases or to try adults for any offenses in which the rights of minors were not involved. We have succeeded now in getting from the legislature laws that give the Juvenile Court not only power to go over the heads of the police in children's cases—so as to arrest offenders whom the System may wish to protect—but power also to act independently of the District Attorney in children's cases and to file complaints against offenders whom the District Attorney may wish to protect. It is true the legislature did not seem to know it was passing such a law, but there it is! There are ways of getting the best of the Beast, legitimately and honorably, without beating the tom-toms of public clamor. When the newspapers refused to help us with our "grand-standing," we found a way to do some still-hunting after night, horribly disguised.

The concluding instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the May number

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SPIRIT O' MARY

By CHARLES SOMERVILLE

Illustrations by Will Crawford

UNDER the dark, iron structure of the elevated road at Chatham Square and the Bowery, little Billy Kane stood for fully ten minutes flattened against a pillar. At this junction, the notorious thoroughfare is very broad; and the lights of the stores, saloons, and gaudy Chinese restaurants do not reach the center. Besides, the night gloom there is deepened by the structure overhead. Only the sharpest of eyes could have discovered the slender figure of the boy drawn rigidly against the post.

His hiding place had an added advantage. Through the flat, latticed bars of the pillar he could spy out for possible pursuers. The diamond stud that he had stolen was still hot in his hand. He had not dared pocket it while the pursuit was on. It had to be held ready to toss away in the event, and on the instant, that capture became certain. For the outlook would be dark for any well-known little "dip," which is to say, pick-pocket, caught with "the goods" in his possession.

Cruder "dips" usually had a confederate. Then, if the victim gave an alarm, the stolen thing could be swiftly passed to the accomplice, and the "dip" would stand his ground, strenuously deny his guilt, offer to allow himself to be searched, and—the police could do little, if anything at all. But Billy Kane scorned as amateurish the aid of a confederate. He was vain of the swift skill of his slender fingers, which could nip out a watch, a scarf-pin, or a stud with an oily ease that left the "mark" to discover his loss long after Billy Kane had vanished.

This night's escape, however, had been narrow. Standing behind the post with a sharp eye toward all directions, the boy upbraided himself for having exposed his working hand to the cold March winds. He had indulged in a cigarette while lurking outside the Yiddish Theatre, watching for a victim; and his cold-stiffened fingers had, in consequence, made the clumsiest of tugs at the huge diamond in the shirt-front of the big, stout Hebrew he had singled out. He got the jewel, but his victim had roared an alarm—the noise of it still rang in Billy's ears.

There had been a hard, long pursuit, in which Billy darted off the Bowery and down into the narrow, crooked streets of Cherry Hill. The crowd had not followed him there, for this they knew very well was the sanctuary of the underworld, perilous to invade. The "plain clothes" man only had kept up the chase. His persistence cost the boy his overcoat, shed in the cause of greater speed. But he had shaken the "plain clothes" man off at last, doubled on his tracks, got back to the Bowery, and, by a skillful use of moving cars as shields, sidled behind the pillar to get breath and make certain that the chase was over.

He had arrived panting, glowing from the exertion, and for a while had stood unconscious of the sharp, freezing wind that whined up the broad street and whipped at him. But suddenly the boy found himself shaking from head to foot in the grip of a heavy chill. Feet and hands had grown icy cold, and his teeth chattered, but, curiously, his head was burning hot.

With a last, furtive survey, he dashed from behind the post, making for the first bright place that promised warmth. As he ran, he slipped the stud into the little pocket at the waistband of his trousers. He went into Pell Street and slid through the side entrance of Barney Maginn's, then through the doorway that led into the back room. The place was strange to him, and he stood staring about the big room, smoke-beclouded, crowded with shabby men. Then, to his feverish eyes, it suddenly became merely a huge blur.

On the Bowery there were numerous other underworld resorts like Barney Maginn's, with its pallid pickpockets, burly burglars and highwaymen, and blear-eyed, shaky

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tramps. But Barney Maginn's owned a curious difference. It lay in the little cluster of men now sitting apart near the big, round-bellied, white stove. Their blue-jean overalls and peaked cloth caps, and the sun-tan on their rugged features distinguished them at once from the other frequenters of the room. There was, however, a deeper, a psychic contrast. The old man scraping a fiddle; the stout, middle-aged man plying an accordion; the lumbering, ruddy-cheeked Irish youth who jigged to the music, and the rest of the little group who sat tapping time with their heavy brogans, all showed an attractive simplicity and honesty of expression; a guilelessness that went well with their weather-beaten, rough-featured countenances and great bodies. Large as they were, "Big John" O'Brien was a giant among them. He was the foreman of these men—stevedores of the docks—by day; he was Barney Maginn's oldest lodger, and the patriarch of the group at night. In the lodging floor upstairs he had a front room—one with windows. The others were content with partitioned cubbies built against the walls on either side of the long hall. Now and then a marriage or a new job caused vacancies among them, but many had, like John O'Brien, occupied their quarters for years.

It was strange to see them in this den of thieves, looking into the face of the most wretched, sordid vice with the unsullied eyes of little children. Vaguely, of course, they became conscious of the world of craft and graft surrounding them; vaguely they came to know that the place where they lived was a hotbed of the big city's basest villainies. But they themselves—simple, regular in their lives, thrifty—were untouched. Nightly, upstairs, they knelt at prayer; every month they went to confession; every Sunday they heard mass. They worked hard, ate heartily, drank sparingly, played clumsily, slept soundly.

And all the tramps, all the thieves, all the lurking, crafty creatures who made Barney Maginn's a rendezvous, knew the iron law that Barney and his big waiters would enforce with black-jacks, if necessary. The rule was that there should be no tampering with the pay envelopes of "Big John" O'Brien's gang. This protection was, for the most part, sentimental on Barney's part. It was with these sturdy, honest lodgers that he had laid the foundation of his fortune.

With his pipe newly filled, John O'Brien straightened his great, gaunt frame, wiped his big red mustache, and began prodding in his pockets for a match. This movement chanced to send his glance in the direction of the doorway, and he saw little Billy Kane scanning the room with dazed and frightened eyes, and then he saw the lad sway and gasp and, of a sudden, pitch forward to the floor.

The big man strode over quickly and lifted the boy to a chair. As the lad's head fell back, John O'Brien was moved to look more closely at the little fellow, and, having done so, he continued to stare. The boy's face strangely stirred his memory, without, however, evoking anything definite. Dimly, only, the boy's wavy black hair and fair, white skin, the big blue eyes that once or twice looked out wildly at him, the contour of the boyish cheek, and the turn of the still tenderly childish mouth, brought the suggestion of a face he had somewhere, sometime known—a long time ago—a long time—

The lad clutched and tore weakly at his collar, the veins protruding on his slender throat. With his big hand, John O'Brien, in a single movement, wrenched the garments loose and threw open the boy's shirt.

A waiter stood now at his elbow, "gun" in hand. The "gun" was an ammonia atomizer, designed to revive patrons who slept too long in the chairs without renewing their orders for drinks. But the spray had no effect on the boy.

"He's pretty well got up," observed the waiter. "Looks like a swell kid—pretty young to be sportin'. I guess he must 'a' flashed a roll somewhere an' they petered his tea."

The waiter bent for a closer inspection. "No smell o' booze on him," he commented. "Gee!—pipe what he's got on his neck—a goil's picture. Maybe it's a poison case. Kids does nutty t'ings sometimes over a skoit."

John O'Brien, still with the curious gaze in his eyes, suddenly lifted the picture and looked at it. Instantly his memory was illuminated. He knew why the boy's face had set his mind puzzling.

"It's an amberl'nce fer him," said the waiter. "The horspital fer his."

"Ye'll not," said John O'Brien quickly; "ye'll not call an amberl'nce at all. He'll go to no horspital." For John O'Brien had an old-fashioned fear of such places; an ignorant credulity for the rumors of a "black bottle" used on the poor and unknown in the big,

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cold institutions, to keep up the supply of subjects for the students' dissecting tables. "He'll go to no horspital. He'll go upstairs to the other front room, and do you send for Dr. Maguire to come here," he ordered.

The waiter looked curiously at the big man. "Know the kid?" he asked.

"I do," said John O'Brien, and took the lad up in his arms. "Go you ahead," he commanded, "an' make a light."

When the waiter had left the room upstairs, John O'Brien looked again at the face of little Billy as he lay stretched on the bed.

"Mary's boy," whispered the big man huskily, "'tis surely Mary's boy." And he looked again from the little round tintype to the face of the unconscious lad, nodded, and sat quietly by the bed until the doctor came.

THE DIAMOND STUD WAS STILL HOT IN HIS HAND.

In the long weeks of convalescence from pneumonia, as Billy Kane lay in one of Barney Maginn's front rooms, he often found himself wondering about big John O'Brien — wondering why this man, an utter stranger, had assumed full charge of him, giving him a rugged kindness and companionship that had been more than comforting—that had, indeed, stirred in the boy an affection which made him wait impatiently for the twilight when he would hear the gruff voice of the big man asking:

"An' how's the lad feelin' to-night?"

There had been a trained nurse for him; picture papers, puzzle games, card games played with his big protector across a chair drawn to the bedside; meals carried on trays from a near-by restaurant by the big man himself, and brief instants when a huge, rough hand had brushed back the boy's tangled hair from his forehead or patted his thin shoulder, as big John O'Brien left him for the night. And the nurse, before she went away, had told him how his benefactor had relieved her in the night watches, when Billy had been delirious; how the big man had held him in his arms and calmed the nightmares of his fever. It was very strange, too, the boy thought, that the man had never asked him of himself at all.

The first day after his fever was broken, his hazy gaze had found the gaunt figure of John O'Brien sitting near. At first he had thought, sickeningly, that he was back in the reformatory and that this man was a keeper. But sight of his surroundings was reassuring on this point.

Nor could he think himself back in the flat with Gimp and Jimmy, his pals; Gimp would, of course, have been near, offering him whisky, for Gimp declared that whisky was the sure cure for whatever could be the matter with you. Then, still puzzling over the big foreman, Billy saw that he held in his hand the little round picture from Billy's own neck,

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and the boy was about to call out resentfully and ask him what he was doing with it, when the man, with a slow, lingering gesture, hung the picture by its cord on the iron knob at the foot of Billy's cot. Gradually Billy recalled the theft of the diamond; the sudden illness, the floundering into a strange, smoke-beclouded room. As to what came after, the big man merely said: "Ye dropped, an' I picked ye up and brought ye here."

As soon as he was strong enough, one day when the nurse stepped out of the room, Billy staggered out of bed to his clothing, which was hanging from a hook on the door. His fingers dived quickly into the little waistband pocket of his trousers. He grinned: the diamond was still there.

So the weeks had passed in the companionship of big John O'Brien, and although the huge, simply-spoken Irishman was of those honest men against whom Billy warred, of those who believed in prison for Billy's kind, yet several times the lad had found himself admitting that this, after all, was "a good old geezer."

Billy had now enjoyed his first day out of the room since his illness. The doctor had said he might try a short walk. It *had* been short. Billy was surprised to find how quickly he tired. In a very little while he had returned and was glad to stretch himself on the bed. He soon slept. When he opened his eyes again, it was like the time he had first wakened from his fever. John O'Brien sat in the chair near his bed and, as before, he held in his hand the little round picture. But this time Billy felt no resentment. His own mind dwelt on the picture, and he thought of many things that had happened since his mother, with her own wasted hands, had knotted the cord and slipped it over his childish head.

He was only eight years old then. She was dying. He had worn it ever since, making as much of a secret of the habit, however, as he could; fearful of the taunt of "softy," and of the cold grins of other hardened lads at the reformatory over his "sissiness." At times in recent years he had almost decided to discard the picture. Yet, whenever he had actually started to take it from his neck, there had struck vividly across his mind a memory that stayed his fingers—the memory of the flat-chested, white-faced woman who had held him so tightly, almost fiercely, in her hot, thin arms, kissing his cheeks, his forehead, and his eyes; begging him always to wear it; never to forget her; and, in her whispering voice, speaking a prayer for him to repeat, a prayer to God to make of him "a good, honest boy, and a good and honest man, through Jesus Christ, our Lord, Amen."

It was a thick and fragrant beefsteak with crisp brown potatoes and delicious coffee that had made the prayer an idle memory—that and the prospect of having such a steak every night, of wearing good clothing, of attending theatres and baseball games, of traveling on trains and boats; of having money in his pocket always, to spend as he pleased.

This was the temptation that came to him after two years of starvation, of a crazy, precarious existence; of a strange vagabondage lived constantly in terror of the "Society." For when his mother died, kind-hearted women of the tenements had fed him or lodged him for a night, a week, sometimes as long as a month—always with the idea that the "Society" should not get him. As to what the actual terrors of the "Society" were, he had no definite knowledge. But the women and the other children spoke of it in such tones as to conjure up the most awful of all dreads—that of the mysterious, the unknown. When no offers of shelter came to him, therefore, the child hid for the night in corners of tenement hallways, or, in pleasant weather, made his couch on the tin roof of some one of the gaunt rookeries. If offers of food failed—well, an agile lad could trust his legs to carry him to a saloon's free-lunch counter and out again while dodging the wet clout that the angry bartender would fling at him. Even if sometimes the slimy thing struck the mark, it didn't hurt much, though the beer on it would make a kid's eye sting for a while.

In this period of his desperation he came to know Jimmy Huff, a big, sturdy, loose-lipped, grinning boy, who sold papers on the corner, and who staked him to a nickel now and then, or once in a while lent him a small sheaf of newspapers to sell. Billy's adoration for the big boy, who could lick any of the other newsboys on all four corners, and who "inhaled" cigarettes when he smoked them, was unbounded; and the big boy's vanity responded; he came to regard Billy as a "good sort of a little bloke."

Suddenly Jimmy Huff disappeared out of Billy Kane's life, leaving him miserably lonesome. So little a boy as Billy must attach himself to somebody, somewhere, and Jimmy

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was the only person he had ever known who had received kindly his tentative offers of devotion. A little dog bereft of its master could not have been more disconsolate than was Billy when he found that Jimmy was lost to him.

One night—one glorious night, the night of the big beefsteak!—Jimmy Huff came back. Billy didn't know him. He walked up and slapped Billy on the back, and still Billy didn't know him! Billy only said hotly: "Youse is a fresh guy, ain't yer? Why don't youse take a feller yer size?" It wasn't surprising, for Jimmy had come back dressed up like a regular dude—a sport: turned-up trousers with creases in them; fancy flaps on his coat pockets, and cuffs on his sleeves; a white collar and a green tie, with a diamond pin; low shoes with big bows on them, and a felt hat with a telescoped crown and a jauntily twisted brim.

When Billy did recognize him, he was for throwing his arms around his neck and hugging him, but the big boy pushed him away.

"Aw—cut it out," he said indignantly.

He had grinned, nevertheless, in his good-natured way, and hooked an arm in Billy's and told him that he didn't care if he did look like a little "bum," he was going to buy him a "swell feed." He did, too—took Billy

HE HELD IN HIS HAND THE LITTLE ROUND PICTURE FROM BILLY'S NECK.

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into the big Bowery restaurant—the swell one where the ward leader and the captain of the precinct ate; where the sugar bowls were silver, and there were white cloths on the tables, and the knives and forks were silver, too!

There, over all the good things to eat, little Billy had stared at his companion with lively, joyous eyes. "Gee," he said, "you're lookin' great."

"I'm in pretty soft all right, all right," admitted Jimmy. "It's a beaut of a graft—if yer don't get copped, and dere ain't much chance o' dat, if youse keep yer lamps trimmed, and yer wind holds out—if ye're chased.

"Remember dat lame guy dat useter be outside Casey's saloon, wit' a souse on all der time?" continued Jimmie importantly. "Well dat's der geezer what puts me hep. He's a dip. 'Gimp'—dat's what de udder guys calls him. He was a wonder, but der booze trun him, see? His hands gits so shaky he can't do no more tricks. So he pipes me off an' offers to put me wise ter der game—an' I'm dere all right wit' a few lessons, an' it's me an' Gimp on Easy Street all right, all right. I copped out t'ree watches an' a pin las' week—jest in one week. Forty bucks is me rake-off. Maybe dat ain't goin' some fer jest a week. Hey?"

"Gee!" said Billy.

"Foist," recounted Jimmy expansively, "he has me runnin' up to a swell-lookin' guy an' flashin' me paper up in his face, hollerin', 'Extrer! Extrer!' An' den, while der guy jumps his nut back to keep from gettin' walloped in der teet' wit' der paper, it's me into his clothes fer whatever he's got—see? Matches is me game now—at night—up Broadway, in front of der teayters when dey's lettin' out."

Jimmy lighted a cork-tipped cigarette.

"I gets a special kind o' matches—dese matches what der wind can't blow out," he went on. "Dey makes a big flash when youse scratches 'em. Well, when der guy is comin' out, puttin' a butt up to his face, I strikes a match quick an' flashes it up in his mug, and he's blind fer a minute—see? Dat's when I goes t'rough his clothes. One night I got a fifty-case note cold outer der little pocket of one guy's vest dat way."

"Gee!" said little Billy Kane.

Jimmy puffed nonchalantly once or twice. "What youse doin' now, kid?" he asked, as they were ending the meal with a big slab of pie for each.

"Nuttin'."

"Jest panhandlin' along?"

"Yep," said Billy modestly.

"How would youse like me ter put youse wise ter der game?" said Jimmy, and grinned, as he added, "An' den youse could be a sporty guy yerself."

"Oh, dat'd be great!" cried Billy to his pal. "Will youse put me next? Honest?"

"Sure—if Gimp'll stand fer it," said Jimmy, and half an hour later he took the excited little fellow to Gimp's room just around the corner. They had a hard time waking Gimp up. At first he would only swear, but, after a talk with Jimmy and a study of little Billy, in which he appraised the big, bright, intelligent eyes, the slender little legs, indicating agility, and the slender little hands that promised future skill, Gimp said: "All right, bring him in to-morrow morning, but for Gawd's sake, lemme sleep dis off now."

From that time on, Jimmy and Billy shared the room next door to Gimp's. And Billy was proud when his *maestro* in thievery assured him that he "learned things" in just half the time it had taken Jimmy. On the very first occasion that he had flashed up a newspaper in a chosen victim's face—with considerable shakiness, to be sure—he had come away with a gold watch that must have been very valuable, for Gimp got thirty dollars for it from a "fence," and Jimmy explained to Billy that a "fence" never paid more than about a quarter of the real value for an article.

All that Jimmy had predicted for Billy's new life had come true, however—that is, for a time—plentiful and delicious dinners, "sporty" clothes; money always in his pocket; exciting "crap" games; dreamy nights at theatres, and unlimited quantities of cork-tipped cigarettes.

Once a watch had stuck in a man's pocket, and there had been a chase after Billy. Gimp, when he heard of it, said that it was "bad," and particularly asked Billy for a description of the "plain clothes" man who had pursued him for more than half a mile. Billy could give this description very exactly—the frightened glance he had thrown over his shoulder had photographed the detective sharply.

"Dat's Quinn of headquarters," declared Gimp, "an' he's a live one. Look out for dat mug, kid."

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Not long after this, Jimmy hurt his ankle in a hurried flight, and Billy volunteered to act as his accomplice until Jimmy should be able again to work alone. In front of a dry-goods store, one afternoon, just as Jimmy had neatly emptied a chatelaine bag suspended at the waist of a woman who was engrossed in examining a millinery window display—just as the boys wheeled to make off in different directions, Jimmy felt his collar tightened by an iron grip, and little Billy turned at the fall of a hand on his shoulder to look with terrified eyes into the face of Quinn of headquarters.

Both boys found themselves in the reformatory, and fell quickly there into the spirit of the others, which was to swagger instead of sob, to swear instead of pray; to wear a hard face above a breaking heart, until the heart became as hard as the face. They were paroled after a while, but the game was not as easy as before. What with their pictures in the Rogues' Gallery, and being rounded up every little while, to be marched before the detectives at headquarters, whose own countenances could not be seen because of the black masks they wore, the danger of detection was uncomfortably probable whenever they attempted a haul. The edge was taken off the enjoyment of such spoils as they secured by the subtly torturing, unexpressed fear constantly lurking at their elbows—the fear of being caught. Billy had come to know that it irked the hearts of all in the underworld; but the ethics were that it wasn't "game" even to mention this fear. Yet it was always there. And it had brought into Billy's big, clear blue eyes a shiftiness that little suited their natural frankness.

The boy on the bed raised the lids of his half-closed eyes as he came to the end of his drifting memories. Big John O'Brien still sat with his rugged face in solemn, thoughtful lines, contemplating the portrait in his hand.

"Dat's me mother's picture, Mr. O'Brien," said Billy, with some pride, knowing that the face it showed was pretty.

"'Tis plain to be seen," said John O'Brien. "Are ye feelin' all right?"

"Oh, sure; I'm feelin' all to the good—a little unsteady on me pins—dat's all."

"I knew yer mother well," said the big man. He regarded the picture silently for a few seconds. When he looked up, he turned his gaze full on the boy.

"I loved your mother," he said quietly. "'Twas a long time ago—back in Ireland. She'd not have me. Twice I asked her—though Lord knows how I did, I was that big an' clumsy, an' me tongue was fearful shy. But I did. She'd not have me. 'Twas little Billy Kane had her eye. That was yer father."

"Yes," said the boy.

"Ye can remember little av 'im—I remember hearin' he was killed workin' on the big bridge twelve year ago."

Billy nodded.

"An' yer mother—God rest her soul"—his heavy hand moved slowly in the sign of the cross—"I heard too whin she died. But I heard nothin' o' ye—av yer bein' left a little lad with none to care fer ye."

"Oh, I got along all right," the boy hastened to say. "Sold papes and worked around doin' errands fer people an'—well, you know—just sorter scraped along." He glanced shrewdly at the new, well-fitting suit of clothes he wore. "It's been pretty tough sometimes," he went on, and, as quickly as the idea could be shaped, he added: "The last job I got was bell-hoppin' at a hotel. Dat's where I got dese good-lookin' duds—a swell kid dat lived at der hotel gets 'em an' don't like 'em an' passes 'em along to me."

The big man turned his glance away from the boy. "I guess ye had tough times all right—a little feller like you havin' to shift fer yerself."

Tugging thoughtfully at his big red mustache, John O'Brien got up from his chair and sat on the bed beside Billy. He laid his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"It was strange the way ye came to me down there in the big room," he said; "the way ye came out o' nowhere to fall at me feet that way, stretchin' out yer arms to me in yer sickness—the way I found ye there wid her picture on yer neck."

The man's voice had grown low and slow and solemn. The boy looked up into his face, and John O'Brien's clear blue eyes half fascinated him by their steady, kindly gaze.

"Little Billy Kane," the man went on, "'twas like as if she guided ye to me—brought ye to me, so that I'd look out fer her lad. 'Twas like as if, knowin' how I loved her, knowin' that I never loved anny one befoore or since, the spirit o' Mary brought ye to me—like that it was—like ye were laid at me feet by the spirit o' Mary—yer mother, me son."

Billy Kane shifted uneasily on the bed, his

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eyes growing large with imagining. The thought that all this while, out of the darkness of the unknown world, his mother's sorrowing spirit face had looked clearly down on his driven, dishonest, vicious boyhood, was uncanny, intolerable. But, as John O'Brien said, it was strange—strange that, with his mother's picture like a charm around his neck, he had fallen in a thieves' den and into the arms of an honest man—a man who had known and loved his mother.

"I can't help thinkin' she brought ye to me," the big man continued. "And 'twould be grand if good came av it. I'm all alone, Billy, me boy. I'd like fer to have ye near me, ter help ye. I'd like, me son, to do what maybe would be pleasin' to her—to the spirit o' Mary."

Billy Kane raised himself on his elbow. "Gee!" he said. "As it stands now, I don't see how I'm ever goin' to get back at yer for all youse done already. Youse has treated me awful white, Mr. O'Brien."

"Well then, Billy, 'tis more that I'd like to be doin' fer Mary's boy—fer the son o' her I've not forgotten. I'd like to stand by ye and see ye come out a fine man—a good and honest man."

Billy stared—almost fearfully. "Good and honest man." These were simple words; anybody might use them. But just the same they were the words of the prayer—the prayer he had repeated in scared whispers long ago to the white-faced, dying woman. Uneasily he realized that it was as though, through the rough lips of big John O'Brien, who had loved her, there now spoke to him, in new appeal, the spirit of his mother.

Suddenly then, in that instant, there came from the boy what the cold, scientific, impersonal discipline of the reformatory had always driven back into sullenness; what in the ordeal of their harsh and threatening inquisitions, the police had never wrung from him; what all his piteous childhood had not drawn from him — a sob — a great, hard sob, swiftly followed by a gush of stinging tears. He plunged his face upon his pillow to hide them. But his slender hand groped forth, and the thin, lithe fingers, trained in thievery, curled tensely around the big, thick wrist of John O'Brien.

They sat silent for a while, and then the big man slowly withdrew his hand, patted the boy on the shoulder, and moved softly out of the room.

Billy returned from his walk the next afternoon not nearly so tired, and he had felt a curious sense of elation all the day—a new sense of freedom that, to his own surprise, enabled him to pass the policeman on the corner with a full look in the eye, instead of skirting him, as he would usually have done. He had brought an evening paper with him to his room, and he had been looking over its pages only a few seconds when, with a quick intake of breath, he read the headline:

PICKPOCKET NABBED ON BRIDGE.

Jimmy Huff, Notorious Boy Thief, Caught With Alderman Heeney's Watch in His Hand.

Billy stared above the paper. That would settle poor Jimmy—that would mean the reformatory, maybe Sing Sing, for years to come; that— There came a clamorous knock on the door of his room, and, without awaiting an invitation to enter, Barney Maginn, stout, red-haired, his small blue eyes narrowed, his face set unpleasantly, confronted the boy.

"Lookit here, young feller," said Maginn. "I'm wise to ye, and I'm wantin' to know what ye're hangin' around here fer—now that ye can walk. 'Twas all right maybe fer John O'Brien ter care fer ye when ye was on yer back—him knowin' yer mother. But now—well, I'm havin' no little crooks around here mixin' wid the honest men. Get wise to that, quick. I only got a line on ye meself to-day. Ye'd better beat it; fer whin I'm afther tellin' John O'Brien the kind av lad ye are, he'll be helpin' ye out wid his toe."

Billy Kane—the desperate, driven little Billy Kane—revived. He was angry with himself to find his voice shaking through weakness as he spoke, but he cried out: "Don't youse go tellin' him I'm a thief. Damn yer—don't do it. If youse do, I'll croak yer—I'll get a gun an' croak yer!"

"What's yer game, annyway?" demanded the man, ignoring the threat. "Somebody's tipped ye to the old man's carrying his roll on his clothes, and ye're layin' fer a chance at it. Is that it?" The red-haired questioner sneered. "Well, there's nothin' doin'—see? It's beat it right now fer ye—me bucko; right on the joomp, an' no talk o' croakin' annybody, or I'll lay yer face open wid me fist."

Billy drew up sharply and reached for a chair. "Don't youse lay a hand on me," he said fiercely. Then he looked suddenly, with

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parted lips, toward the door. For a voice had called:

"Are ye in there, Billy?"

It was big John O'Brien's voice.

"Yes," the lad answered huskily.

"I knocked off early," said the big man, entering, "ter tell ye the good news. O'Reilly

"Hear now," spoke Barney Maginn, mockingly. "So that's what ye're thinkin' av him, it is? Well thin, John O'Brien, I'll be tellin' ye this minute what sort av a lad ye have——"

"Shut your mouth," cried little Billy Kane so savagely that Barney started back, clenching

"I'M TRUSTIN' YE TO COME BACK, BILLY."

—he's the man I've worked fer fer twinty years—says as soon as ye're strong enough he'll have a good job fer yer. Ye'll kind av' be an assistant to him, bedad. He says 'tis a job only for an honest lad—goin' ter the bank for him and helpin' make up the pay envelopes; an', says I to him, that's just what ye are, I says—an honest lad—a smart lad, an' an honest one, I says."

his fist. "I'll tell him meself!" He lowered his eyes for an instant, but lifted them to look unflinchingly into the face of big John O'Brien. "He's goin' ter tell dat I'm a—dat I'm a dip—a pickpocket—a thief. Well, I am—I—I was. He's goin' ter tell yer dat I'm a-hangin' around here now waitin' fer a chance to cop out yer money—to do yer, to rob yer. But dat ain't right, Mr. O'Brien

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—dat's a doity lie. But it ain't a lie about me bein' a thief," added the boy more quietly, "so I guess it's all right; I better go."

He fumbled at his necktie for a few seconds. "But I—after the decent way youse has treated me an' —an' what youse said about maybe it was the—the spirit of me mother bringin' me here when I was in trouble—I—I—" the boy paused to steady his trembling lips—"I meant to be on the level—I meant to be square." He looked at big John O'Brien with straining, hopeless eyes. "Honest to God," he said vibrantly, "I meant to be square."

Big hands clamped on the slender shoulders of the lad.

"Who says ye're not goin' to be on the square?" said John O'Brien. "Sure—I knew about—about everythin', me lad. It came out av the talk av yer fever—the diamond ye stole from some man, an' the cop's chasin' ye, and ye'd knife the keeper up in the reformatory—an' oh, a lot o' things ye said. 'Twas then I knew best why ye come here, little feller—why ye come here wid the picture o' Mary on yer neck." He drew the boy close to him. "An' ye're goin' to stay, Billy " he said.

"I was goin' to be square," reiterated the boy.

"Av course," said big John O'Brien. Then he drew back, releasing the boy, and, thrusting his hand into an inside pocket of his coat, drew forth a rounded, soiled, worn leather purse.

"Look you now, Barney—d'ye see how much of a thafe this boy is now?" he cried. "Here's every cent I've saved—'tis near two thousan' dollars. An' I'm goin' to trust Billy here wid it—d'ye see that now? Here, me boy, take it. An' do you go out. Go annywhere ye please. I'm trustin' ye to come back, Billy. Ye're Mary's boy an' ye're my boy—an' that's good enough fer me."

He pointed at Barney Maginn. "Be the look in his eyes, me son, 'tis easy tellin' he thinks I'll never see ye again. Go on now. I'll not folly ye; nobody'll folly ye. Ye say ye're on the level, an' I believe ye."

With a gesture he urged the boy out of the room. The two men stood facing each other, and when the lad's steps had ceased to sound in their hearing, Barney Maginn spoke.

"Are ye daft, John O'Brien?" he demanded.

"The Lord knows," said the big man. "We'll see."

In the big chair in his room, John O'Brien slowly spelled out the contents of his newspaper, slowly puffed at his pipe. His face was very grave.

At last there was a hesitating, shy knock on the door.

"Come in," he called, eagerly.

Billy Kane entered. He held out the big, soiled pocketbook. "Here's yer money," said the boy.

"There's no hurry," answered John O'Brien, with a smile and a nod. "Kape it fer me a while longer. Put it under yer pillow an' dream ye're a millionaire."

The boy laughed. He hesitated, then walked over and put his hand on the man's arm.

"Good night——" he began, and paused.

Big John O'Brien sat with eyes still fixed hard on the printed sheet.

"In Ireland," he said casually, "I'd always call me ould man 'pap.'"

"Good night—pap," said little Billy Kane.

"Good night—me son," said big John O'Brien.

The man sent by Barney Maginn to follow Billy Kane had, of course, to report the boy's return. But he had also to report an incident quite mysterious. The boy had walked up the Bowery to Grand Street. He had paused a while and then with decisive steps made his way to the big East River bridge. He had walked well out toward the center before he stopped. Standing by the rail, he quickly drew something out of the small pocket at the waistband of his trousers, and tossed it with a jerk of his hand far from him. It sparkled an instant as it crossed the rays of a near-by lamp, and then fell into the darkness of the vast space and of the river below.

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The Players

PLAYS nowadays are much more interesting than they used to be, because of the ideas in them. The tendency is to define and interpret the big things that are working, consciously or unconsciously, in our minds, things that vitally concern us. The efforts are not always successful. In fact, it is pretty evident at times that the playwright himself doesn't realize the full import of what he is attempting, beyond the fact that he is trying to dramatize something he feels is in the very air. But one thing is clear: the Sardou school, which maintains that drama should be limited to physical and emotional action, no longer ranks first in popular taste, although it must always have an important place, because, at its best, it presents the highest development of pure technique. Also, ever so many of us would still rather feel than think.

The modern playwright who deals with important ideas has a much harder task than have the dramatists of the Sardou school, because it is incumbent upon him to master the problem with which he is dealing as well as the tremendously intricate and involved mechanics of the play. And, besides, he must translate his ideas into emotions, for without emotional appeal there can be no play. Not only must he harrow, not to say plow, the feelings, for the sake of sensation, but through them he must reach the mind. Naturally, the possibilities of making blunders are unlimited.

Consider how many of this newer order of plays—the drama of significance—have been offered in recent years. The later plays of Augustus Thomas and of Charles Klein are purposeful dramas in the sense that each playwright has earnestly tried to present ideas which he believes have great significance and in which he himself thoroughly believes. Mr. Thomas had a real success in "The Witching Hour," and Mr. Klein—by what appears to have been an accident—in "The Lion and the Mouse." Mr. Thomas missed fire in "The Harvest Moon," while Mr. Klein had a measurable success, because of a powerful first act, in "The Third Degree," and an utter failure in "The Next of Kin." All these plays have the dignity of standing for something in addition to mere emotional excitation.

Mr. Thomas has become so earnest in presenting his theories—which, although he does not so designate them in his plays, I believe may be summed up as Mental Science—that the propagandist has almost eclipsed the dramatist. Charles Klein is avowedly a Christian Scientist, and he constantly incorporates the tenets of that belief in his plays. Also he is eager to reform things generally, more eager to reform than to understand them.

The youngest successful American dramatist has tackled one of our gravest national problems in "The Nigger," and has made a powerful drama despite technical weaknesses. Wherefore the prospective importance of Edward Sheldon looms large on the theatric horizon. Clyde Fitch, too, after making a wide reputation and a fortune out of dramatic millinery, left a posthumous drama, "The City," which contains a man-size idea treated in man fashion.

In England, John Galsworthy and Rudolf Besier, whose best work has been presented in the New Theatre, believe in plays that present ideas. Alfred Sutro has worked mildly in the same direction for several years. Even W. Somerset Maugham, he of the impish humor and audacious cleverness, occasionally brings real notions into his airy dramatic trifles.

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It is a fine thing for the New Theatre that it has been able to establish itself as the home of the new drama of ideas. "Strife" was the first, a play whose strength is shown by the fact that it grows in favor with each repetition. It is one of those fine things that must gain popularity slowly.

But if the New Theatre had not already established itself, the presentation of "The Nigger" would alone have proved its value. The repellent title is perfectly descriptive. But the author handles the theme as a problem, and in a big, broad, intelligent way. That a youth under twenty-five should be able to grasp it so thoroughly, to present it so convincingly and so powerfully, is amazing. And not only does he define it, but he gives a solution for the particular phase with which the play concerns itself.

He has taken for the hero a progressive, earnest, high-minded young Southerner, who, in the first act, is sheriff of his county and candidate for governor. The act ends with the lynching of a negro for "the usual crime," in a scene that is a triumph of dramatic effect by suggestion. One sees first the miserable criminal and his mother. The brute slinks into the darkness. And then comes the father of the victim, carrying a rope. Then there is a rush of dim figures through the shrubbery at the back, the clatter of hoofs, the baying of bloodhounds, hoarse cries of vengeance, shrieks of agony. But clearly before one's eyes in the foreground is a beautiful Southern home, the loveliness of soft moonlight and of flowers.

In the second act the sheriff has become governor of the state, through the offices of a whisky distiller who counts upon him to veto a Prohibition bill. But the governor has come to believe in the bill. Meanwhile the distiller has discovered that the governor has a few drops of negro blood in his veins—the same blood that flowed in those of the negro who was lynched in the first act. It makes a scene of tremendous power when the distiller convinces the governor that, under the law, he is a "nigger." The secret is made the price for the veto. But the governor approves the Prohibition bill, with full realization of what it means—the loss of his office, his sweetheart, his social status. And this makes truly great drama, poignant in the situation itself and tremendous because of the background.

Up to this point Mr. Sheldon handles his play in masterly fashion. But in the succeeding scene with the sweetheart he goes astray. The conduct of the governor, which may be natural enough in the circumstances, robs him of the sympathy of the audience. And this results not only in weakening "The Nigger" as a play, but in making the idea less forcefully effective. For in the last act, where the governor is shown at his best, he has to overcome a feeling of antagonism on the part of the audience. In this act there are fine and moving scenes with a wise, homespun politician who is the father of the Prohibition bill, with the distiller, with the sweetheart, while outside a great crowd waits for the governor to make a speech. It is not to be the speech he planned. He is going to tell the truth about himself.

It is something of a shock to learn that this man has decided to ally himself with the negro race, to "turn black," as they express it in the South, and to devote himself to the negroes. But that great authority on the black people, Booker T. Washington, says that this is just what is taking place. After the experiment of trying to forget their negro blood, the intelligent, highly educated "white negroes" are deliberately turning black. It is a development that makes one think.

As for the acting, Guy Bates Post and Annie Russell play the governor and his sweetheart excellently; but the performances of Ben Johnson as the distiller and of Beverly Sitgreaves as the mother of the lynched negro eclipse the others because of the power and intelligence of their impersonations. Very fine, also, is Lee Baker's portrayal of the old politician.

"Don," by Rudolf Besier, an Englishman whose name, even, was unfamiliar in this country, is a play whose production added to the distinction of the New Theatre. The hero is a warm-hearted young man, exceedingly clever in his own way, who goes about righting such wrongs as come under his notice and within his capacity, utterly regardless of all laws—statute, conventional, or social. Hence the title, which is short for Don Quixote. He is the son of a clergyman and engaged to the daughter of a retired army officer. The particular exploit upon which the play turns is his calmly carrying away *Elizabeth Thomsett*, a former *protégée* of his, from her husband, an unpleasant fanatic, who devotes himself to street preaching when he isn't working as a commercial traveler. *Elizabeth* happens to be madly in love with *Don*, but he doesn't allow that to influence

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GERTRUDE VANDERBILT AS NOTTA SOUND IN "*THE JOLLY BACHELORS.*"

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him at all. While everybody is wondering where the pair has gone, *Don* calmly brings *Elizabeth* to his father's home, explaining in a casual way that she was so ill that they had to spend a night in a hotel on the way. All through the play there is a constant clash of ideas and of characters, characters wonderfully drawn and perfectly acted. The

Photo by Byron.

MATHESON LANG AS ORSINO
ANNIE RUSSELL AS VIOLA IN "*TWELFTH NIGHT*"

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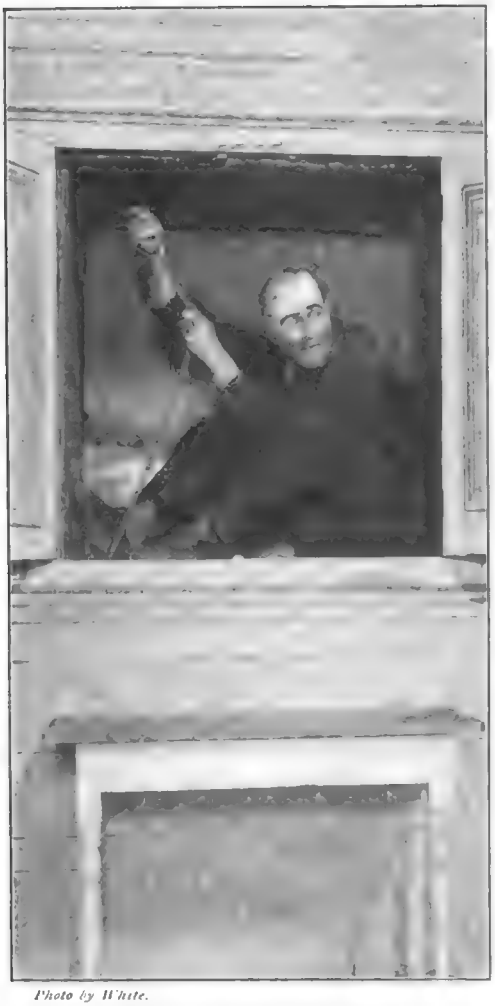

Photo by White.

WILLIAM EVILLE—BURGLAR.

culminating scene between *Don* and the deserted husband is remarkably strong and novel. One isn't sure whether it is more dramatic emotionally or intellectually. And to attain that balance surely is an achievement.

The adroit and effective way in which it is brought out that *Don* and *Thomsett* are very much alike in many ways and that, when they come to understand each other, most things seemed changed, stamps this unpretentious comedy as a pretty big play. The author not only has something to say, but he knows how to present it most effectively in delicious comedy and in strong situations.

The most cleverly drawn and the best acted character is that of the clergyman's wife. The way in which Mrs. Harriet Otis Dellenbaugh shows the real woman, whose love for her son is the great thing in her life, and her professional attitude of smiling conciliation in dealing with others, is a delight. Just as remarkable is Louis Calvert's impersonation of *Thomsett*, a type that is utterly unknown in this country, but that was made real and convincing.

Not only in modern plays has the New Theatre established itself. The productions of "The School for Scandal" and "Twelfth Night" were almost a revelation in their pictorial beauty—the combined effect of the scenery, the lighting, costuming, and accessories. Most people familiar with the classical comedy have known far better performances of the principal characters. In the

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JAY WILSON, POLICEMAN—IN "SEVEN DAYS."

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Sheridan comedy, one doesn't have to join the reminiscents to recall Charles Coghlan's perfect performance of *Charles Surface*, the *Sir Peter* of John Gilbert, the *Lady Teazle* of Ada Rehan. But the ensemble of the New Theatre production was finer than in any former presentation of the play in this country. Never have I seen the minor characters so admirably played; and they gave the fine old comedy a fresh significance.

This is true also of "Twelfth Night." Annie Russell is not an ideal *Viola*, although she is too good an actress to play anything badly; but the fine acting of Lee Baker as *Antonio*, Ferdinand Gottschalk as *Sir Andrew*, Jessie Busley as *Maria*, and Louis Calvert as *Malvolio* more than made amends for the comparative shortcomings of the principals, and went far to prove the wisdom of the New Theatre's policy of giving finely balanced performances of the classics.

The strongest play Clyde Fitch ever wrote —and the total is more than half a hundred— was his last, and he did not live to see it produced. "The City" is an unpleasant play, not so good technically as "Truth," and not so clever as many of the Fitch comedies, but infinitely more powerful than any of the others. In fact, there is more drama in one act of it than in all the rest put together. Furthermore, it has a basic idea of real significance, which reaches the audience, after a fashion, despite the fact that the author not only seemed to lack a clear grasp of it, but sidetracked it for the sake of emotionalism.

The point is emphasized that, as contrasted with the small town, the city is a forcing-house that develops to the highest degree the best and the worst in a man, instead of being a power for evil alone. One of the fundamental weaknesses of the play is that this is merely stated, and that none too convincingly, instead of being shown. Really, the play is a study of heredity plus environment and training, of the visitation of the sins of the father upon the children.

Photo by Moffett, Chicago.

LAURETTE TAYLOR
AND H. B. WARNER IN *"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."*

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The first act is one of Mr. Fitch's finest achievements in dialogue, characterization (with the exception of the principal character), and in development. He shows a family, all the members of which, except the father, are weary of the small town and want to go to New York. The elder *Rand*, rich, respected, the leading citizen, is content to remain where he is. There are certain financial and social sins that are likely to find him out elsewhere. He is being blackmailed by a natural son, a degenerate creature, a victim of drugs, who doesn't know his relationship to the elder *Rand*. The death of the father leaves the family free to go to the city, where young *Rand* forges rapidly to the front. He is an apt pupil in following the methods of his father in financial affairs, and manages to accumulate a large amount of what used to be called "tainted" money. *Rand* takes with him, as his secretary, the drug fiend, *Hannock*, in order to protect the memory of his father.

The great success of "The City" is due to a tremendously sensational scene in the second act, where the discovery that *Cicely*, the younger sister, is in love with *Hannock* is followed by the announcement that the pair have been married an hour before. When *Rand* reveals the relationship, the half-crazed *Hannock*, in a wild outburst, hurls at *Rand* the most profane imprecation ever heard on the American stage. On the heels of this he shoots *Cicely* dead, that she may never know the truth. It is a scene that sends women into hysterics. While it is one of the most effective the modern stage has known, it is, of course, purely emotional. The real idea of the play is sidetracked for the time, and the effort to make this scene a vital part of the drama brings the act to a painful anti-climax without in the least accomplishing its purpose.

In the last act *Rand* reforms. His eyes have been opened to the iniquities which the audience knows only by hearsay and therefore doesn't take very seriously. Yet somehow the real idea of it all seeps through for those who wish to receive it; but to get at its deepest significance they must do their own thinking.

Tully Marshall's performance of the drug-crazed *Hannock* is one of the most remarkable impersonations I have ever seen. Without apparent effort he lays bare the ugliness of the degenerate; but at the same time, especially in the big scene, he conveys the impression of the creature's utter irresponsibility, and in some mysterious way creates a certain sympathy for him.

Photo by Gross.

FRANK MONROE AS DOYLE, THE DETECTIVE, IN *"ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE."*

Apart from young *Rand*, who is a mere abstraction without even a vestige of reality, the characters are wonderfully drawn and finely acted. Especially is this true of the alcoholic society man—played by Edward Emery—who has a creed of manners if not of morals.

Even David Belasco seems to have realized that ideas as well as emotions have value, for

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in his latest adaptation from the French, "The Lily," there is a suggestion of the eternal clash between individualism and the social order. The theme, however, is the paternal right to order the lives of children, especially their love affairs, and that isn't much of a problem in American life, however serious it may be in France.

In "The Lily," an aristocratic, penniless rake has sacrificed his elder daughter to his own selfishness. He has refused to let her marry the man she loved because he had not money enough to overcome the objection to his birth. So *Odette* has grown into a sallow old maid at thirty-five, her whole life taken up with household cares, and barren of affection save for her younger sister. Both are marooned in the country while the father and his caddish son lead a gay life in Paris. The younger daughter falls in love with an artist, before she learns that he is married—he and his wife having been separated for ten years. The discovery of the relationship between the girl and the artist is approached by a series of climaxes that culminate in *Odette*, "the lily," championing the cause of her sister and turning against her father, overwhelming him with a flood of truths.

The first act is mostly "goo," the keynote being furnished by the gushingly lovely garden of the artist, the over-elaborated, sweetly pretty kind of garden that an artistic faker

Photo by Hall, N. Y.

MAXINE ELLIOTT AS EVE ADDISON
O. B. CLARENCE AS BENNETT
AND ARTHUR BYRON AS CHARLES WINSLOW
IN "*THE INFERIOR SEX*."

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A. G. ANDREWS AS ISIDOR BLUM
OTIS SKINNER AS LAFAYETTE TOWERS
IZETTA JEWEL AS MARGARET DRUCE
AND ALFRED HUDSON, JR., AS "DICK" PRENTICE
IN *"YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT."*

would delight in and that would drive a real artist to drink. Half of the second act is given over to preparation and "atmosphere," tiresome at the time but wonderfully effective later, when the drama begins to move. Its progress, once it begins to march, is swift and powerful and finely logical. The attitude of the father, the caddish son, the morality of the rich bourgeois cotton merchant, the character of the kindly lawyer—all these things and many more become very important parts of the main story, illuminating and defining it, so that one is profoundly interested not only in the people themselves but also in the things they stand for. It is real drama. But the last act, in an effort to bring about a conventional ending for American audiences, does not get anywhere at all.

Nance O'Neil, an actress widely known as an emotional star but hitherto without the recognition in New York that has been accorded her elsewhere, plays the title rôle finely. She has the courage to efface all physical charm, thereby making her all the more effective when she reaches the big scene, which she plays with real power. Charles Cartwright, one of the best of actors, is wonderfully consistent in his characterization of the father, but his concept is difficult to understand. Julia Dean acts very hard as the younger sister, while Bruce McRae is of course admirable as the good lawyer.

There was, naturally, a deep anticipatory interest in "The Faith Healer," because it was expected that William Vaughn Moody, as a college professor who had shown, in "The Great Divide," that he could write a very successful play, would handle a truly important theme effectively. Those systems or forces which we identify as New Thought, Christian Science, Faith Cure, hypnotic suggestion, or the like, are very much in the air we breathe these days, and dramatists realize that there is enormously valuable material in them. But "The Faith Healer" is probably the worst play ever written by an

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intelligent man. And the fact that it has high literary quality only renders its badness, as a play, more conspicuous. It serves a valuable purpose, however, in that it makes obvious the reason for the failure of plays of its type, of which there are many.

The trouble is that it deals with magic—in this case white magic—which, you know, is beneficent, while black magic is malevolent. Now there was a time when everybody believed in magic. The mere application of the term was accepted as a final and incontrovertible explanation of the supernatural or of anything beyond one's understanding. In those days "The Faith Healer" would have been perfectly comprehensible. But nowadays most people do not believe in magic.

Now it would be quite possible to make a successful dramatic vehicle based upon the premise that there is magic. For if the preparation were sufficiently adroit, an audience would be willing to accept it, and even to accept its workings as true—during the progress of the play. But obviously nothing was farther from Professor Moody's intent than to convey the idea that the healer's cures were accomplished by magic and that his faith was a belief in magic.

In a drama like "The Faith Healer," it would be possible to demonstrate a faith so strong, so pure, so fine that one could believe it would accomplish anything. But, for stage purposes, it must be shown, be made absolutely convincing. Merely to state that this faith exists and then to use it in accomplishing the supernatural, or even the incredible, is simply to fall back on the sheer magic of earlier centuries.

Otis Skinner has a lovely time in "Your Humble Servant," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson. Any really competent actor would. It is an actor's play. The chief character is a barnstorming star, an irrepressible, cheerful, utterly irresponsible and wholly lovable person, devoted to his art and noble beyond words. Really the character is the chief hero in the folklore of players. The rôle gives opportunity for comedy that runs the gamut—high, low, to say nothing of jack and the game, together with chances for heavy emotion, a touch of tragedy, and noble self-sacrifice stunts that go on every minute.

Of course Mr. Skinner plays *Lafayette Towers* beautifully. He doesn't overlook a single point, and he is a constant delight. Those who accept the play seriously, even as a comedy, are irritated—it belongs to the comedy-drama of a quarter of a century ago; but those who accept it for what it is, just joyous foolery, have almost as good a time as does Mr. Skinner. There is a lot of fun in "Your Humble Servant," and not a speck of harm.

Phot. by White.

THE PONY BALLET IN "*THE OLD TOWN*."

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BUTCH AND THE WANDERLUST

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Author of "Pa Flickinger's Folks"

Illustrations by John Conacher

THIS here story, 'The Cowboy Baron,' reminds me over and over ag'in of my Little Butchie," Mandy Panner told her sister, Opal Flickinger, who was making a new dress for Mandy.

"Listen. It says: 'Harold Monteith was sensitive'—that's Butchie's trouble. He 'was a youth of high moral parts, and as delicately strung as an instrument of music. He could not lie'—jest so our Butch. 'And his proud spirit refused to be domineered over by the gruff old Baron Monteith. So Harold left his princely home for the wild, free West.' That's Butchie and his pa to a T. For Butch keeps threatenin' to leave home, and his pa jaws him night and day."

"Butch is old enough to mind without scolding," said Opal, as she basted the long seams with deft fingers. Mandy had never learned to sew, and now sat in a large, cushioned rocker in her littered sitting-room, reading "The Cowboy Baron."

"Butch does mind *me;* but William seems possessed to pick on the boy; and he ought to know that if Little Butch is as big as a man, he ain't got the judgment of a man," complained his mother.

At supper-time Little Butch came noisily into the house, followed by his father, Big Butch Panner, whose real name was William.

"Son, here's company," reminded Panner; for the boy had not spoken to Opal.

"Opal, she ain't company," grunted Butch ungraciously.

"But she's your aunt, and it'd look nicer for you to say 'how-dy,'" corrected his father.

"Butch has seen me once before to-day," Opal hastened to explain.

"Still, manners is manners," maintained Panner. "And, son, you cut twict as much meat for Koontzes and only half as much for Applewhites."

"I didn't neither," denied Butch. "The orders read that way," he hastily added, as he saw the black look on his father's face. "I don't like to cut meat, no how. Lemme drive the meat wagon ag'in."

"And I can't see, William, why you don't," broke in Mandy, coming in from the kitchen.

"If he'd drive the meat wagon as he oughter, I'd be glad to have him do it," stated Panner plainly.

"How can he do his best when you're continually a-pickin' on him?" asked Mandy warmly. "It makes him nervous. And Old Jane's safe."

"Yes, the horse is safe; but Butch ain't a safe driver. He'll lam Old Jane like fury when he's out of my sight."

"But she's such a tough-hided old beast that I'll betche Butchie don't hurt her none," declared Mandy.

"Mebbe he don't hurt her hide," allowed Panner; "but it hurts her feelin's. She's a faithful old animal, and I won't have her whacked careless by nobody. But what interests Butch most is to git all the speed out'n the old horse that he can—nothin' in his wagon's interestin' him. If the meat all gits delivered, it's jest a happen-so; but generally, afore he's back, folks begin to telephone in that they've got the wrong package."

"They'd kick, anyway," grumbled Butch.

"Not if they git good service," said his father briefly. "Why, only this mornin' old Mis' Kettlehout, she got ham instead of liverwurst, and you put it up."

"She ordered ham," asserted Butch sullenly. "If I say I'll give 'em ham, I give 'em ham!"

"That's it, Butchie won't lie; he's always a-stickin' to his word," put in Mandy hastily. "I wouldn't want to sell meat to foreigners, anyway; they're always gettin' things mixed up."

"Yes, you would, too," contradicted Panner. "They're good customers. But every time Butch's got an order that he can't remember where it goes, he jest shoves it on to old Mis' Kettlehout, 'cause she's Dutch."

"It don't matter who does it—it gits laid on to me," growled Butch.

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"That's right," agreed Mandy. "Everybody picks on you. And your pa's too ha'sh."

"And I know what I can do—I can go West," threatened Butch.

"You don't want to go West," began his father persuasively. "Remember, Butchie, how I went away up to Klondike and pretty nigh died; but I always said," he continued, softening perceptibly toward his unresponsive son, at the thought of those grim days, "'There's my wife and the little feller waitin' for me at home'; that kept me from droppin' by the wayside. You don't want to go and rough it, Butchie. Stay at home and learn to do things right. Then after a bit it'll be 'Panner and Son'—think of that!"

Mandy was melted to tears; but Little Butch was as unmoved as one of his father's beeves in cold storage would have been.

"Think, Butchie, what your poor father underwent for you," urged his mother.

"Mandy, don't I git no supper?" demanded Butch.

"Sure! Whatever possessed me to stand gabblin' like this?" she answered with sudden compunction. "Supper ready in a minute, dear."

"Mandy, why do you let that young one call you by your first name?" questioned her husband.

"'Cause I can't help it," acknowledged the boy's mother. "He got in the way of it when you was gone to Klondike. He's never heard nobody call me anything but Mandy, and it come natural."

Panner sighed.

"Nothin' decent to eat!" shouted Little Butch rudely, as they sat down to the supper-table in the smoky kitchen.

"A good supper, son," corrected his father.

"Aw, git out!" dissented Butch.

"Wait till you've et it," Panner tried to speak good-naturedly.

"This meat's as tough as luther," criticized Butch, gobbling his food noisily. "Darn these 'taters, Ma; cold as ice."

"We could eat our 'taters cold in Klondike—if we could only git the 'taters," said Panner.

"Aw, Klondike! It makes me sick to hear the word! Pa can't open his head but it's Klondike this and Klondike that. Gimme some more meat."

William Panner, at this colossal effrontery of his son, had suddenly no appetite for his meal. Opal ate in pained silence, though Mandy seemed to relish her supper as much as if the conversation had been amicable.

"Ain't there any peach preserves, Mandy? I can't eat this here old cake without sauce," grumbled Butch.

"We didn't git much cake—up there," said Panner lamely.

"My peach preserves is all put away down cellar for winter. Mamma can't git you any now," said Mandy.

"You can, too!" cried Butch. "You mosey down and git me some. There ain't nothin' here that's fit to eat."

"I hate to open a can," sighed Mandy; but she was rising to get the peaches, when William Panner brought his fist down on the table with a mighty bang.

"I'd like to know what this thing is!" he demanded hoarsely. "Ain't my own little lad nothin' but a pig? Did I crawl home from Klondike to feed a pig that can't think of nothin' but what goes into his mouth?"

"Oh, William, how can you be so ha'sh with Little Butch?" pleaded Mandy, and then began to sob with the easy lamentation of a lazy, emotional woman.

"But look how he acts!" accused his father. "Drivin' his own mother like she was his slave! And he ain't got no more notion of what I suffered to git back to him than as if he was a speckled pig."

"But he was such a little, little boy when you went to Klondike that he can't take it all in."

"He can't take nothin' in but victuals," asserted her husband violently.

Nobody said anything after this outburst till Little Butch inquired in a subdued, though insistent, voice, "Mandy, don't I git no peach preserves?"

As Mandy started from her seat, her husband thundered: "Set down!"

The supper was finished in heavy silence, broken only by the occasional sniffs of Mandy.

"Don't forgit to feed that horse," Panner reminded his son shortly, as Butch rose from the table.

"I always feed her," returned Butch aggressively. "And I'll tell you one thing, Mandy—if I can't have enough to eat, and can't be treated white, I'll leave home. And don't you forgit it!"

"Naught but a pig—jest an everyday, common pig," muttered the boy's father as Butch left the room.

"But you're so ha'sh with him, William," accused his wife. "You know yourself how

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"I'M GONE FOR GOOD."

sensitive Little Butchie is; he's high-strung and nervous, jest like I be."

"Jed and Billie used to get queer streaks, too," Opal tried to console him.

"But this ain't a streak, Opal; it's solid meat," complained Panner; "all there is to him."

"You don't understand Butchie," protested Mandy. "He likes to eat jest like any other boy; but he's got his good p'ints; he won't lie—for one thing."

"Which shows how much you know about Butch," scoffed his father.

"Never," declared Mandy emphatically, "has that there boy yit told me one!"

"Do you want a pocket on your dress, Mandy?" asked Opal, to create a diversion.

"No need of a pocket. When I do have one, my handkercher never gits into it," returned Mandy plaintively, as if it were the fault of the handkerchief.

"You'll soon be sewin' weddin' things for yourself, hey, Opal?" said Panner with heavy facetiousness.

"I guess not," answered Opal.

"Seftie Woods give Opal the go-by," explained Mandy.

"Give Opal the go-by!" echoed Panner dismally. "'Pears like nothin' goes right any more. I dunno what we're all a-livin' for, anyway; nothin' but trouble, trouble—and then some more!"

Opal went home depressed by Panner's pessimistic estimate of life. And the next morning seemed drearier than ever to her; for it was raining, and the Flickinger kitchen was thick with smoke and dank smells.

"Breakfast is always a disagreeable meal, and I like to git it et," said Opal's mother, Ma Flickinger, as the family sat down to the table. "Jed and Pa are always so shut-mouthed and so cross, and— What's that stramplin' on our side stoop?"

"Little Butchie's gone. He ain't here, is he? They'll have to drag the canal!" cried Big Butch Panner, bursting wildly into the room.

"William, calm yourself! You act like a wild Indian!" commanded Ma Flickinger. "Now, what's happened to Little Butch? Spit it out!"

"He's gone! We don't know where! We don't know when!" shouted Panner dramatically.

"Do you know why?" questioned Ma, like a cold-hearted officer of the law.

"That's what's worryin' me, Mrs. Flickinger," groaned Panner, so nervous that he addressed his mother-in-law as a stranger. "I'm turrible fearful that I druv my little boy to his death."

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"Aw, shucks, Panner!" remonstrated Pa Flickinger, unmoved. "Butch'll turn up."

"But his bed wa'n't slept in last night. And I was ha'sh with my little lad. Ask Mandy. I always jawed him!"

"Little Butch has been threatenin' he'd leave home," informed Jed.

"I know he threatened to go; but I feared he was druv to somethin' worse."

"He's probably taken the interurban and gone up country where they need thrashers," said Jed practically.

"If I could only believe it!" cried Panner. "But I'm afraid of that durned canal."

"Why, lookie here, Panner, a young lad that hates water like Butchie does wouldn't throw hisself into the canal," argued Pa, to hearten Panner. "Butch can't be driv to wash his face and hands, scurcely, without a general hullabaloo."

"That's right," admitted Panner. "Oh, mebbe he's on top!"

"Of course he's on top, William; I've got a leadin' he is. Had your breakfast?" Ma concluded hospitably.

"No, I can't eat."

"Yes, you can, too, eat, William. Set down. No wonder you're pretty nigh dead with worry—no breakfast! Here's 'tatoes, here's ham; spoon yourself up some meat grease."

"You'll feel like a different man, Panner, when Ma gits through with you," prophesied Pa heartily, when his son-in-law reluctantly began to eat.

"I'll run to Gowdy's store and telephone to the interurban station and see if Butch's been there," promised Jed as he hurried out.

"Sample the fried 'tatoes ag'in, William," urged Ma. "You've gotta keep your strength up. How's Mandy?"

"I left poor Mandy squallin' like tunket. I dunno whatever I was born for! I'm a complete failure!" mourned Panner. "I druv off my only son!"

"Shucks, William, you can't lose Butch. I ain't a-worryin' a bit," encouraged Ma, though she was constantly running into the pantry to wipe her eyes. "Here, William, here's a quarter of a mince pie; that'll put heart into you!"

Before Panner had finished eating, Mandy came. She had found a note left by Little Butch in the sprinkling can on the back porch, in which secure repository they always kept the door key when they were away from home.

Ma pounced upon the note, but threw it to Opal, who read:

"I'm gone for good. This is my last word you will ever hear from me. Pa can't pick on me no more. Jed can have my fishing pole. I don't care who has my skates. B. P."

"Butch has jest got miffed and run away. I'll betche, Mandy, that he'll be home for supper," comforted Pa. "I did the same in my time; nothin' to bawl about."

"No, he'll never come back, 'cause he says he ain't; and Butchie never lies. Oh! how can you set there and eat, William Panner, when the only little baby we ever had is lost?"

Panner was beginning to wipe his eyes and groan, when Ma Flickinger spoke sternly: "Mandy Panner, how you talk! The idee that William ought to starve jest 'cause Butchie's took it into his foolish head to go to foreign parts for a few days. Had your breakfast, Mandy?"

"I couldn't touch a thing," protested Mandy indignantly.

Ma peremptorily pulled off Mandy's sunbonnet and forced her fat daughter into a seat at the table. "Bear up for William's sake; here's William nigh out'n his head now about Butchie!"

"That's so," sniffed mercurial Mandy. "Poor William nearly died in Klondike; and then to have Butchie act like this!"

"Mandy, here's meat; here's 'tatoes; here's ham grease. You gotta keep a-goin'. Panner's et all the pie. Opal, fetch up a can of them strawberries; Mandy needs a ralish."

"Butch ain't in the canal," informed Jed when he came from the store. "Noey Carter saw Butch take the interurban last night with some other fellers that were goin' up country to thrash."

Panner visibly brightened, and Mandy must have felt relieved, for, though at first she nibbled languidly at the food, she was soon heartily assisting herself with a knife, and she lingered long over the strawberries.

"It's the burries that give me a ralish," apologized Mandy.

"Butch's jest gotta touch of the wanderlust," observed Jed.

"What's that?" demanded Mandy alarmed. "Mebbe he caught it deliverin' meat. I always said them foreigners had queer diseases."

"Shucks, Mandy, it ain't a disease," grinned Jed.

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"Mebbe 'tain't, but it sounds like it," contributed Ma.

"It's a longin' to travel and see things," explained Opal.

"I guess I was a bad case of it when I went off to Klondike," acknowledged Panner.

"I always said Butch would come to some bad end," broke in Ma abruptly. "He ought to have been cuffed more; but Mandy wouldn't do it, and I didn't always have the time when it was most needed."

"But I never had a word of trouble with Butchie till his pa come home from Klondike," testified Mandy tearfully.

"You didn't have no trouble, Mandy Panner, 'cause you didn't see it when you had it," accused Ma bluntly. "When William was away, you spoilt Butch; and now when William tries to make a man of him, everything goes wrong. I don't blame William one bit for this mix-up—and William don't need to blame hisself. A born angel with wings, and a palm branch a mile long, couldn't make no dent on Butchie's actions now; you've let him have his own way too long."

"But I'm glad that I never punished him," said Mandy stubbornly. "I've got it to remember that I was always a good mother to Little Butchie."

"A dark closet every other day 'd 'a' give Butch a turn in the right direction," remarked Ma unfeelingly.

"But you can't shut a kid up that's as big as Butch," dissented his father; "he'd think his folks wa'n't bright."

"Show me a young one that does think his folks is bright," observed Ma tartly.

"But look at Jed here, a feller to be proud of," admired Panner.

"I've thrashed Jed," admitted Pa, with a look of pride at his tall son.

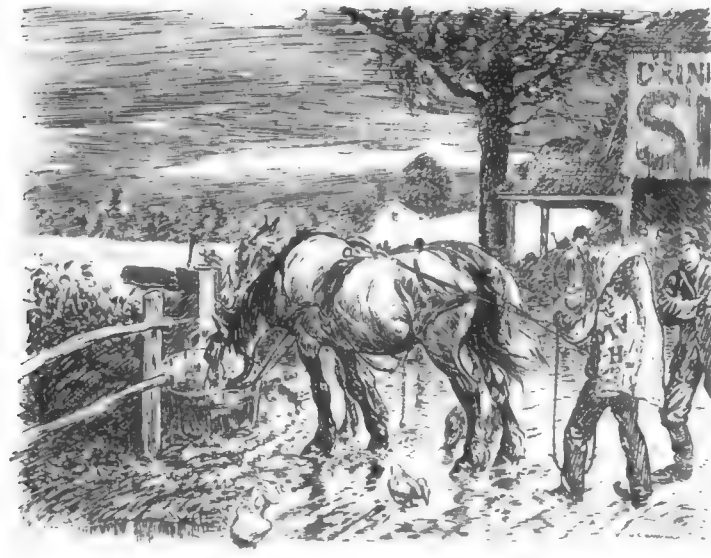
"But I was too ha'sh," lamented Panner. "Still, I didn't know what else to do."

"You're worryin' your head off, William, about something that you ain't to blame for," declared Ma Flickinger. "A few knocks out in the world'll make Butch appreciate his folks more."

"But I wanted to educate the little tyke," mourned Panner. "I built great hopes on my little lad's a-growin' up and a-profitin' by all my experience; but now he's gone. And I even had chose the colors for that sign, 'Panner and Son.' Yallow it was, with green letters and pink shadin'. Oh, hum!"

A week passed by, and Little Butch did not return, though they heard definitely that he was in the country; and, then, one morning when Mandy was almost hopeless, she found this letter in the mail box:

"Dear Ma, I take my pen in hand to let you know I am well and working on a thrashing machine. I have promised Jake Friday the man that runs it to stay till the thrashing is all done. Our nooning hour aint any at all some days and we have to work till dark if Jake says so. But am glad to work and see



"I GIT BLAMED TIRED OF BEING BOSSED AROUND."

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something of the world besides our old town. Write soon. Best wishes to you and reserve some for the rest of the bunch,

"And remember me always as

"MR. CLARENCE PANNER.

"P. S. Ma where we are now is no sheets on my bed, and mostly salt pork, and fresh aigs gits all salted down to eat when they aint, or sold, we don't see none. C. P."

Scarcely had Flickingers' folks got through discussing Butch's first letter when another came, which began:

"Dear Ma and Pa, I don't git no time for nothing but hard work. The meat market is fun besides thrashing. And no place to spend my money when I do draw it, and too tired to go to town after work.

"I git blamed tired of being bossed around. And some places lard for butter. Slept twict in a barn. And now no plaster in my room and hornets in this attic. don't say nothing.

"A feller wouldnt git much schooling if he stayed here till Friday is through tell Pa.

"Remember me to my father and all others.

"Your son

"Butch.

"Oh say tell Opal that her old beau Seftie Woods was buggy riding up here Tuesday with Jane Feathers, and Lemuel Sinn as crazy as a guy can git. We thrashed a hundred bu oats on a farm thats Jane Featherses when an old ants dead. I got weighed Saturday tell Pa, and I am fifteen pounds more than our scales at home, or these lied. B."

Peace was now restored to the Panner home. William was getting used to the absence of his boy; and Mandy was happy in complaining of the way Little Butch was treated "up country," when a third letter came from their son.

Big Butch sat reading this welcome scrawl by the dim light of the summer sunset that struggled uncertainly through Mandy's grimy kitchen window, flushing the cheap paper with a rosy tinge, which was very indicative of Big Butch's present state of mind. For here was a letter directed to himself. This is what he read:

"Dear Father, we thrash all the time which is now a old story to me. Only one decent meal this week. Tell Ma I haft to work like fury. I aint homesick but the cooking up here is fierce.

"September is most here, and our school teacher said last year our first school days ought not to be missed or what comes after is no good.

"Pa you write a letter saying you need me bad in the meat market, and I can show it to Jake Friday for an excuse; for I give my word to stay till the machine stopped, and Jake says he can't leave none go. But I guess a father has a right to say what a kid does ruther than a man of no relation. And I'll tell Jake I aint of age, and hate to go, but dassent stay. I could put up meat orders all day with care, and no meat delivered where it didnt go. Tell Ma I haft to work too hard, and no cream in my coffee half the time, and lots of other things make it hard on me. Git your letter up here by Saturday morning. With love to all, reserving plenty for yourself,

"Your affectionate Son Butchie."

"Mebbe we'll git a little schoolin' into our lad's head yit," Panner told his wife when he had read the letter. "And I dunno as pink'd be as good for shadin' that sign as sky blue."

"To think of havin' him home Sunday!" exclaimed his mother happily. "William, git a-grindin' on your answer."

Panner, after a hard hour's work, doubled over the kitchen table, with the slender penholder gripped in his great hand, triumphantly read this letter to his wife:

"Dear Son, Be glad you've got a good hard-working job. And be glad you got enough good honest vittles to fill you up even if it aint ice cream and fixins. Stay by your job till Mister Friday says you can go, then we'll talk about school. You undertook that job, now you finish it. In your next letter tell us more about your work and if you do it better, and give us less clack about your vittles.

"Stand by your job and a man never reggrets it. And remember to be square to them as in any way uses you well, and also to all others.

"Respectfully,

"WILLIAM PANNER."

Before he had finished reading, Mandy was in tears. "Oh, William," she pleaded, "how can you be so ha'sh when Little Butchie wants to come home? The only little boy we've got!"

"I can't write anything else," Panner spoke firmly. "He's got to be taught to keep his word. The thrashing machine may make a man of him yit."

"Mebbe you've done right," wavered Mandy; "but Butchie's victuals is so bum—he says so in every letter."

"But the little tyke's gittin' fat," grinned his father, sealing the envelope and then holding his great fist down on it, as if he feared a word of advice might escape unless he were careful. "I've done considerable thinkin' since the boy left, and it's come to me to do this, Mandy, to tackle the problem of makin' a man of Little Butch, jest like I tackled the problem of gettin' home from Klondike when I was broke; and the first step is to make him stick by that job."

"And the way you dashed off that letter, William," admired Mandy, won for the time, at least, to his way of thinking. "I never could 'a' helt up my head if I'd a-married a niggerunt man."

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STRAIGHT TALK

EXTRACT FROM A WIFE'S LETTER

I live in a little village on the shore of Puget Sound. I am not at home very much, but each month I send home my EVERYBODY'S. We cannot all afford to take all the standard magazines over there, so we divide them up and try to pass them around among us, so that several can get the benefit of each subscription.

My wife is reading aloud "The Beast and the Jungle" at a weekly reading club. I feel that there will be interest and encouragement for you all in the following excerpt from one of her recent letters to me. I hope that many thousands throughout the country are doing as she is:

"We had our meeting of the Reading Club yesterday, and I gave them the November instalment of 'The Beast and the Jungle.' Not a single word was lost upon them. They listened with an interest that was almost painful, and all wept over the account of the mismanagement of the little children, and Judge Lindsey's work for them. I could scarcely go on, but I managed to control my voice. It is a glorious work, and I feel like getting down on my knees to Judge Lindsey and the editors of EVERYBODY'S."

To all of which I say, Amen and Amen!—nor let us forget Mr. O'Higgins, who has put the story in such fine shape. I sent out seventeen of your postals. Several of them brought replies saying the recipients were already reading the story.

Wishing you all Godspeed in your noble work for righteousness, I am, Sincerely yours,

Lakebay, Wash. K. C.

REGARDING QUITO AS A RESORT FOR CONSUMPTIVES

Extracts from a Surgeon's Letter

Referring to your inquiry with regard to the city of Quito as a resort for consumptives and to the article published in "Straight Talk" in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE:

That Quito possesses natural advantages for a certain class of consumptives is true; that a number of people have gone to Quito suffering from tuberculosis and have recovered is also true; to think that all who go there in any but the last stages will recover is childish. You will remember the case of the English gentleman who came to Quito to be cured of consumption. His condition on arrival was that of an average advanced case. He died after a little more than one year. You also recall the American young lady who, although she was not in Quito, spent some months in Huigra, Ecuador—a climate quite as good as, or better than, Quito; she did not improve, and died shortly after leaving.

You probably recall the American physician (a specialist in this disease—I do not remember his name) who came down two years ago for the purpose of establishing a sanitarium for consumptives somewhere in the interior of Ecuador and who, after spending about three weeks studying conditions, left in disgust.

About eighteen months ago I was called in consultation to see a banker (an Ecuadorian) who has lived in Quito for the last twenty years. He was suffering from consumption, apparently contracted in Quito. I advised him that he would do as well in Quito as in any other place in Ecuador. His disease has steadily advanced, and his condition is now apparently hopeless, though he has not taken very good care of himself, remaining at his desk at work when he should have been out in the air.

Consumptives should remember that climate is not everything in the treatment of this disease: the difficulty of securing desirable living accommodations in Quito; the fact that the houses are not heated and are cold; the abominable conditions that are bound to exist from the practice of dumping filth into the numerous ravines that permeate the city; the badly polluted drinking water, with the consequent danger from typhoid fever and tropical dysentery and its train of consequences, not infrequently invaliding the sufferer for months or years; these, and a number of other conditions, somewhat offset the natural advantages.

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Finally, there are many places in the United States that are better suited to consumptives than Quito. Notably among these are certain places in Arizona, New Mexico, and West Texas, where the cost of living is less and the conditions are infinitely better. BOLIVAR J. LLOYD.
Passed Assistant Surgeon, United States Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service.

LINDSEY'S STORY *IS* BEING DRAMATIZED

I suggest you have Judge Lindsey's story dramatized. Name it "Everybody's Play." For it would in truth be everybody's play—everybody should be vitally interested in this story.

If there is no law of libel involved, I suggest the names of characters be true to life and the entire cast made up to look like the originals. It is high time this state of things, whereby churches are built with one hand while the other throws human food to the Beast, under the plea of business necessity, were visualized more vividly than white paper will do it. I warrant you that, properly staged, "Everybody's Play" would draw grand-opera receipts the country over. F. K. S.
Seattle, Wash.

OUR "FOOZLING" WEATHER BUREAU

If the American people really knew how much somnolent stupidity and how much blatant bluff go into the management of some of the bureaus operated by their government at Washington, they might be disposed once in a while to arise in their might and kick in the door. Indeed, a certain mild article on the Weather Bureau, printed in the issue of EVERYBODY'S for May, 1909, seems to have been construed as a gentle rapping at the door of one of the principal Washingtonian citadels of stupidity and bluff. In answer there was a somewhat extended press campaign carried on for some months, of course at government expense, with the wholly apparent intention of discrediting the magazine and casting aspersions upon the motives actuating it. Some of the more willing organs of the Weather Bureau went so far as to say that the publishers of the magazine and the author of the article were dupes of a personal enemy of the bureau. The old "discharged employee" story was used to furnish this personal enemy *ex machina;* the best answer to which manner of stupidity is no answer at all.

The best answer to any question as to the thoroughness with which the subject was handled is a little more handling of precisely the same sort. The refutation of the Weather Bureau's sweeping claims are to be found in the deadly parallel, which sets forth the weather predictions in juxtaposition with the news facts, as shown on the same printed page in the daily press. For instance, on September 21, 1909, some six months after the justly celebrated prediction of the Weather Bureau for the inauguration day of President Taft, the news columns of Southern papers showed that New Orleans and Louisiana were visited by the "worst tropical hurricane since the disastrous visitation of 1895, when over 3,000 lives were lost." What did the Weather Bureau do for its part? As might be supposed, it did most of its predicting after the storm had happened. Before the happening, it mostly relied upon the convenient words "apparently" and "probably."

On September 18 a special warning was published saying: "Tropical disturbance apparently moving northward over east central Gulf. Will cause brisk to high northeast winds." The forecast for September 18 said: "Probably a hurricane on the Coast." In all its explanatory stories regarding these Gulf storms, where the Bureau has so many times pitiably failed to make good, care is taken to state that there are many of these tropical disturbances out over the Gulf and that it is "impossible to tell just where they will strike." The Bureau seems able, like much of the rest of the public, to tell where one has struck after the thing has happened! The *explanatory* stories of these Gulf storms seem to have grown longer and more elaborate since May, 1909. The predictions *in advance* of the storms are quite as Delphic and ambiguous as ever they were, perhaps more so. About the only thing which the Bureau felt safe in boldly announcing at that time was that the moon would set at 8:54 A.M. Very "probably" it got that out of the almanac!

Take the case of the Galveston storm of the same date, September 21. Galveston is, commercially and journalistically, a trifle touchy about storms in these days. She wants all the world to believe that her sea-wall is an absolute protection. The Galveston *Tribune* accuses the Houston papers of "taking a knock" at Galveston by putting untrue coloring on the news in the headline, "Hurricane Warnings Posted at Galveston." "As a matter of fact," said the *Tribune*, "there were no hurricane warnings to be put up here at any time. At the time this item was printed, the storm was thundering at Mobile and other points in that section." The Houston paper later apologized, admitting that Galveston had had a great storm, but without loss of life or serious danger. The sea-wall would seem to have come out of it with honor. Let us see how much honor the Weather Bureau can claim.

On July 21, 1909, Galveston did have a storm which even her newspapers admitted was worth mentioning. Again the sea-wall did its work. Again the *Tribune* accuses its contemporaries of playing up the storm too much, but admits that ten lives were lost on the Gulf and considerable property loss suffered. What was the record of the Weather Bureau on this storm? In the upper left-hand corner of the front page the Galveston *Tribune* prints the daily weather predictions.

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The storm came on July 21. The prediction on July 20 was, "To-night and Wednesday, generally fair. Light northerly winds." On July 21, the day of the storm, the prediction was, "To-night and Thursday, generally cloudy weather, probably with rain." On July 23, another hurricane ought to have been expected, because the Bureau came out firmly with the announcement, "*Possibly* occasional showers!" All these announcements are made at a lineal distance of two to four inches from ten-ply black-faced headlines, telling what the storms really did.

Can you beat this sort of thing? Doesn't the Weather Bureau just naturally take the baby-blue first prize premium ribbon for cold-footed strabismus and general disingenuous ambiguity? Note the nice use of the words "probably," "possibly," and "occasional." They are excellent words to cover up the not infrequent Bureau retreat.

The article in EVERYBODY'S looked only one way at a time. It was not strabismic, although necessarily brief. It claimed and proved that the predictions of the Weather Bureau were purposely ambiguous; that its "verifications" were elastic to uselessness; that the Bureau spent too much money in explaining and defending itself, and that it was more mysterious than scientific. We still claim all those things, and can, if necessary, go on proving them.

The Weather Bureau should feel safe in meeting us on the bloody sands. It has no reputation to lose. A writer who signs his name to an article in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has at stake a reputation for accuracy, squareness, and reliability, and that reputation cannot be sustained by indefiniteness and vagueness, any more than it can be protected by the favorite *post mortem* words of the Bureau—"probably," or "possibly," or "occasionally." Probably the American people think by this time that the Weather Bureau possibly might be and ought to be, occasionally, a little more accurate, a little less ambiguous; perhaps or possibly or occasionally even a little more dignified than on the face of its own records it of late has been. EMERSON HOUGH.

Chicago, Ill.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW

I think every woman in the land should read Lindsey's "The Beast and the Jungle." It will give them, as it gives me, a good insight into the workings of political machinery. It's just what I have wished to learn for years. I am a home woman and a mother; I need all the privileges I can have to help make the community safer for my boy.

Women certainly need to know the truth about politics, for the time to exercise their intelligence to its utmost is coming. We can hear the rumbling, ominous warning growing louder and louder. It has already burst into a thunderclap in England. Thanks for the article "Why?" I read it with astonishment at the common woman's disadvantage over there.

And the brave mothers of Colorado have shown that women *can* help purge politics. Woman's influence is bound to become an important factor in the body politic of the state and the nation.

Fort Dodge, Ia. MRS. R. S.

WHERE THE STARS AND STRIPES CUT NO FIGURE

While in Buenos Aires several weeks ago, I read in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE a highly interesting article on the American Mercantile Marine, or the lack of one. I have been to South America twice, and during those voyages I saw the American flag flying over four ships, three of the ships on the American Line running between New York and Southampton, and but one ship, and that a naval transport, in South American waters. Never on the way to or from South America, or in the harbors, anchored, or tied to the docks, did I see an American merchant vessel. British, German, Italian, French ships I saw in countless numbers. There is one mail and passenger line running from New York to the east coast of South America, south of Pernambuco. This line runs a fortnightly direct service to Bahia and Rio de Janeiro, and monthly onward to Montevideo and Buenos Aires, calling at the above ports and at Santos, the greatest coffee port in the world. Few North Americans visit South America, and Americans seem to know very little about Buenos Aires, a large modern city—in fact, the fourth city in the Americas—or of Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay. Few have seen the city of Rio de Janeiro, or its harbor, the finest in the world.

But South America is only one of the many places where an American vessel is practically never seen. American trade is carried on nowadays all over the world, but carried in foreign vessels. Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy, and Japan all have powerful merchant fleets. The fault lies with Congress, and, back of Congress, with the American citizens. The value of a merchant fleet as transports and colliers is unquestionable, as Mr. Bierce said in his article. I hope that you will publish more articles on the subject in the future. R.

AN AMERICAN

For over a hundred years my father's people, my mother's folk, and my wife's dear ones have stood in the battle's front in defense of Our Country. I also had the honor of standing on the firing line in Cuba. Now I have three boys and a baby girl to protect from the "Beast." Show me my place on the firing line, and, with O. M. H., I think you can find about a million men who are tired of talk and will fight.

New York. L. W. D.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

A RECENT writer, in referring to the traditionally divergent attitudes of the English-speaking and the Continental worlds toward literary reticence, has said that in England and America it has been the custom to tie up literature in order to give young people the freedom of the library, while elsewhere it has been customary to turn literature loose and to tie up the young. The result, he adds, is that *we* have developed precocious young people and an insipid literature, and *they* a precocious literature and insipid young people. Which is a witty summing up of a tangled situation. Unhappily, like the man and wife who respectively preferred cotton and linen sheets and who, after much acrimonious argument, "compromised" on cotton, we in America seem to be by the way of granting a certain liberty to literature without placing a corresponding restraint upon the browsing of the immature. And we are thus creating a problem with which every conscientious commentator upon current literature finds himself constantly faced; namely, upon whom—the writer, the critic, or the parent—rests the responsibility of safeguarding the reading of the young? Personally, it seems to me that there is but one answer: that the responsibility for the physical diet of childhood and for the intellectual diet of adolescence rests upon the same shoulders; that there is no more reason for turning a girl of fifteen loose in a public library than for giving a boy of seven the run of the jam closet and medicine chest; no more excuse, in a family with half-grown members, for leaving adult literature on the sitting-room table than for leaving adult razors on the nursery floor at an earlier stage of the same family's development. And one notes in passing that it has not yet been found needful for us to wear beards for the safety of the next generation.

These observations, purposely placed before the notice of Hermann Sudermann's "The Song of Songs" (Huebsch), are, like the poison labels of the pharmacist, intended as a warning to the inattentive, and not as a deterrent to the wise. For "The Song of Songs" is not, as the doctors would say, "indicated" for the immature, no matter what their years may be. It is a clinical demonstration by a great moral surgeon. A greater than Sudermann has said, "The wages of sin is death," but we have prattled the text till we have forgot that there is more to it than poetry. Sudermann has put it into prose. Indeed, as Jane Addams has finely said of Ibsen and Hauptmann, he "deals so directly with moral issues that the moralists themselves wince under his teachings and declare them brutal." Let me see if I can put the story's outline and intention into words. Lily Czepanck is the daughter of a musician who, in slipping from rung to rung of ambition's ladder, has fed his own waning self-respect, the worldly hopes of his slattern wife, and the idealism of his romantic child upon the possibilities of an all-but-finished oratorio—his youthful masterpiece, called "The Song of Songs." When, at the very beginning of the book, he disappears from their lives and from its pages, he leaves this roll of music behind; and when, soon after, the girl is left alone to face the world as best she can, this manuscript is her sole possession and comes in time to stand to her (and to us) as the concrete symbol of her dreams. She is that most pitiful of human types, an unfailingly well-meaning but self-defenseless weakling. She drifts, always hopefully, from dependence to dependence and, still clinging to her ideals, sinks from unsought but unresisted shame toward the nethermost abyss of degradation. Until at last, when all that she has supinely waited for—love, life, help-

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fulness, honor—seems to drift within her reach, she wakens from her last illusion to find her soul corroded and her precious manuscript in shreds. And when she hurls "The Song of Songs" into the canal and, trying to follow it but finding even this grace beyond her, accepts with open eyes a leering parody of respectability, the understanding reader stands face to face with that most tragic of all tragedies, a conscious and irretrievable defeat that wears the outward air of victory. "The Song of Songs" is a terrible story, not because it deals with a descent into hell, but because it neither palliates nor exaggerates the truth. And it is a great novel because, instead of picturing a phase of character, it traces a process of development—the death in life of a human soul.

Have you ever noticed that when one yokel tells another yokel a story, he almost invariably begins or ends by poking him in the ribs? The act is not premeditated, it is instinctive; and its object is to jog the auditor's imagination. Crudely speaking, that poke is the beginning of art. For the story of art is the story of man's growing skill in more and more subtly, yet more and more effectively, jogging the imagination of his fellows. Let us take an example. Allen Upward, in "The New Word," to which reference was made last month (and the American edition of which I am assured by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley will appear simultaneously with this number of EVERYBODY'S), speaks of "those diviners who now write themselves divines." And I have heard it said that Mr. Upward has here crowded the whole history of theology into a single sentence. But there is no history in the sentence. The history is in our heads. What Mr. Upward has really done is to poke our imagination in the ribs. One of the modern masters of this poke-eloquent is Anatole France, and in the recently published translation of his satirical parody upon French history, "Penguin Island" (Lane), one is privileged to experience to the full the stimulus of his attacks. Quite naturally, the more familiar one may be with the religious, political, and social development of France, the more fully one will appreciate the oblique irony of his veiled ridicule. But religious, political, and social egotism are not French monopolies, nor have French historians been the only ones to play the literary game of "Follow my Leader." An ordinary working knowledge of the history of western Europe and the sense of humor that inheres in an imagination capable of being tickled are the only equipment necessary to the enjoying of this subtle but searching satire.

The more carefully we study our own intellectual response to literature, the more clearly we come to see that this metaphorical dig in the ribs is the only real motive power of the written word. It is not by what an author says to us, but by what he spurs us into saying to ourselves, that he really works his magic spell. The bungler "describes" a face; the magician induces us to think one. The tyro "tells us a story"—"toils us a story" would be nearer the truth; the master first arouses our fancy and then guides it. Literature is sheet music for the imagination. The rest is print. And it is because Percival Lowell, the astronomer, thus addresses our imagination through our understanding that his scientific expositions are so illuminative. He does not merely try to make us swallow dead facts; he actually does make us see living visions. His latest volume, "The Evolution of Worlds" (Macmillan), is thus one of the most enlightening of recent popular statements of scientific conclusion and conjecture. There are doubtless many debatable assumptions in its pages. There are certainly many admitted guesses. And Professor Lowell himself is, in the estimation of a large number of his professional brethren, "long" on imagination. He is accused of being the self-appointed landscape gardener of the planet Mars. But these are matters for experts to quarrel over and for time to pass upon. For us laymen he is a playwright who has enabled us to sit in the stalls of the sidereal theatre and look on with something of human emotion at the life drama of a universe.

Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "The Tower of Ivory" (Macmillan), is a brilliantly written story, with its feet satisfyingly planted on the ground and its head held somewhat grandiloquently in the clouds—a fictional attitude not altogether untypical of its author, whose marked talent and critical acumen are oddly joined to a literary passion for heroic treatments and heroic figures that sometimes leads to heroics. This is by no means the result of a calculated sensationalism, but of a temperamental tendency. Mrs. Atherton is congenitally impatient of mere life-size. It is not only in her biography of Alexander Hamilton, "The Conqueror," that one sees this. It crops out continually in varying ways in her work. One feels it in the pageantry of "The Splendid Idle Forties," in the insistent occultism of "The Bell in the Fog," in the theme of "Rulers of Kings," in the dénouement of "The Gorgeous Isle." Its elimination from "The Aristocrats" alone made possible that successful incognito. In "The Tower of Ivory" it is controlled and yet controlling. The scenes of this novel are in Bavaria and England. Its subsidiary characters are admirably sketched. Its descriptions are moving and at times impressive. Its comment upon life is shrewd and informing. The heroine of the story is Margaretha Styr, a woman who has won her way from the premiership of the New

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York Tenderloin to that of the Munich Opera House. The hero is a young English attaché who is destined to a great diplomatic career. The history of their attempted friendship and destroying passion is a big conception. But the author's imaginative hyperbole hangs like a disturbing halo about the heads of the two chief figures and rises between us and them like a distorting mist.

One can not, however, live by tragedy alone. Nor (without risking a stiff-necked spirit) can one gaze upward too constantly—whether it be at the likes of Professor Lowell's all-star cast or of Mrs. Atherton's heroic drama. But, luckily, there are antidotes for over-sophistication, if one will but deign to use them. Unconsidered laughter is good for more than the digestion; and there is an emotional Kneipp cure that consists in occasionally taking off one's literary shoes and stockings and walking barefoot through the wholesome sentiments of homely life. The readers of EVERYBODY'S have sampled the refreshment of this latter practice in Bessie R. Hoover's little tales of the Flickinger family; and now a series of these tales has been gathered into a semi-continuous story called "Pa Flickinger's Folks" (Harper). Perhaps the first thing that strikes the oversophisticated reader of this volume is the astonishing naïveté of the performance. Its literary shoes and stockings have not been taken off; they have never been put on. The author's appeals to our sympathies through pathos are so undisguised, and her care to reassure us by subsidizing a beneficent providence is so open, that at first we are almost ashamed of being interested. That is the Kneipp cure beginning to work. Later, one becomes interested in having been ashamed. And then, when the cure has quite done its work, one forgets to remember that one is barefoot, one forgets to feel the literary naïveté of construction and of emotional appeal, and yields oneself gladly to the recaptured power of responding to the simple appealingness of emotion, the wholesome homeliness of sentiment, and the lovable humanness of "folks." It is doubtless a heinous confession to make, but I should not be too greatly surprised some day to find that I still remembered little Miss Hoover's Ma Flickinger when big Mrs. Atherton's Margaretha Styr had faded for me from a personality to a name.

As for the other antidote, happy laughter, Josephine Daskam Bacon's "The Biography of a Boy" (Harper) may be relied upon to supply it. It is generally possible to laugh heartily with those who laugh whole-heartedly at themselves. Last month we glanced at Jerome K. Jerome's account, in "They and I," of a family migration to the suburbs, of the humors of rural readjustment, and of an English father's somewhat puzzled facing of the growing individuality of the next generation. In Mrs. Bacon's book we have the same situation, but presented from the quizzical and yet wistful point of view of a young American mother; a charmingly informal narrative, full of personality.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Isle of Dead Ships" (Lippincott), by Crittenden Marriott. A sufficiently exciting sea-yarn, in which three survivors of a shipwrecked vessel play Swiss Family Robinson among the crowded hulks of the Sargasso Sea.

"The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley" (Houghton, Mifflin), edited by Dorothy Stanley. This title is something of a misnomer. The work consists of two distinct parts, the very interesting beginning of a self-history and analysis undertaken late in life by the once famous explorer, who died, however, before he had carried the writing beyond his twentieth year; and an outline of the remainder of his life compiled by Mrs. Stanley from her husband's journals and correspondence. The real autobiographical interest is necessarily confined to the first and shorter part.

"The Image of Eve" (Harper), by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. A bright little volume in which a confirmed matchmaker confesses the details of her bewildered efforts to play providence, and incidentally introduces us to a number of pleasant people.

"The Demagog" (Holt). A sensational story, by William Richard Hereford, that inevitably suggests itself as a fictional paraphrase of the journalistic, political, and social career of a yellow editor of national prominence.

"The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets" (MacMillan). A series of papers by Jane Addams of Hull House, discussing with her usual sympathetic clearsightedness some aspects of modern industrialism viewed at close quarters.

"The Dragnet" (Huebsch), by Evelyn S. Barnett. A detective story with which, at a pinch, one can kill time without too disquieting an after-sense of having committed murder.

"The Land of the Lion" (Doubleday, Page), by W. S. Rainsford. A markedly readable volume describing the author's hunting and camping life in British East Africa and voicing frankly personal, and hence doubly interesting, views upon the natives, the government, the game, and the country.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

THE old physician is an enthusiastic angler in every sense of the term. While on his way home from a fishing trip he received an emergency call. The proud newly-made father was impatient to have the child weighed, but couldn't find the steelyards; so the physician had to use the pocket scales with which he weighed his fish.

"Great Scott, Doctor!" exclaimed the father, as he saw the pointer go up. "Thirty-seven and a half pounds!"

The little daughter of a clergyman stubbed her toe and said, "Darn!"

"I'll give you ten cents," said her father, "if you'll never say that word again."

A few days afterward she came to him and said: "Papa, I've got a word worth half a dollar."

A Swede entered a post-office in the Northwest and inquired:

"Bane any letters for me to-day?"

"What name, please?"

"Ay tank de name is on de letter."

A reputable citizen had left four umbrellas to be repaired. At noon he had luncheon in a restaurant, and as he was departing he absent-mindedly started to take an umbrella from a hook near his hat.

"That's mine, sir," said a woman at the next table.

He apologized and went out. When he was going home in a street car with his four repaired umbrellas, the woman he had seen in the restaurant got in. She glanced from him to his umbrellas and said:

"I see you had a good day."

A bunch of old deep-sea fishermen in the cabin of a smack had been puzzling for half an hour over the mental problem: "If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, how many herrings can you buy for a shilling and a half?"

"What did you say the mackerel and a half cost?" asked one of the fishermen.

"I didn't say mackerel; I said herring!" explained the skipper.

"Oh, that's different," said the sailor man. "I've been figuring on mackerel."

"Who can mention one leading fact about the Epistles?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, looking over the class.

Johnny's hand went up.

"Well, Johnny?"

"They were the wives of the Apostles."

The ashman was raising a can of ashes above his head to dump the contents into his cart, when the bottom of the can came out. Ethel saw it and ran in and told her mother.

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"I hope you didn't listen to what he said," the mother remarked.

"He didn't say a word to me," replied the little girl; "he just walked right off by the side of his cart, talking to God."

There was a small job of diving to be done and, as the divers were all absent, an Irishman who had just been engaged to work the air pump volunteered to go down. He was told how to signal when he wished to be brought to the surface. He had been down barely long enough to begin work when he signaled that he wanted to come up. As soon as he was on the boat, he motioned to have the helmet taken off.

"Begob," he said, when his head was free, "I'll not wor-r-k where I can't spit on me hands."

Mr. Johnsing, aged ninety years, and his faithful wife, aged eighty-seven, were returning from the burial of their only son, who had died at the age of sixty-three. The father was taking his loss very much to heart, when the mother put her hand on his arm and said:

"It ain't so sudden, Rastus. You know I always said we'd never raise dat chile."

She looked up toward the man standing back of her chair in the box at the opera and said sweetly:

"You may look over my shoulder."

"I'm looking both of them over, and they're all right," was the response.

Isidore was turning over the pages of his new reader. The picture of a cow greatly excited him. "Teacher, teacher," he called. "I vonce seen a cow!"

"Did you? Where?"

"In the street. A man had her and he vas going to kill her for her milk."

"How many of you boys," asked the Sunday-school superintendent, "can bring two other boys next Sunday?"

There was no response until a new recruit raised his hand hesitatingly.

"Well, William?"

"I can't bring two, but there's one little feller I can lick, and I'll do my damnedest to bring him."

A Barnegat schoolma'am had been telling her pupils something about George Washington, and finally she asked:

"Can any one now tell me which Washington was—a great general or a great admiral?"

The small son of a fisherman raised his hand, and she signaled him to speak.

"He was a great general," said the boy. "I seen a picture of him crossing the Delaware, and no great admiral would put out from shore standing up in a skiff."

A water-front missionary in New Bedford, when that old town was the whaling capital of the world, was trying to make a Biblical start with a Kanaka boat-steerer by telling him the story of Jonah and the whale.

"That man Jones," interrupted the listener, "why didn't they throw him overboard again?"

"For what?" asked the missionary.

"For letting the whale get away."

A man was telling about an exciting experience in Russia. His sleigh was pursued over the frozen wastes by a pack of at least a dozen famished wolves. He arose and shot the foremost one, and the others stopped to devour it. But they soon caught up with him, and he shot another, which was in turn devoured. This was repeated until the last famished wolf was almost upon him with yearning jaws, when——

"Say, partner," broke in one of the listeners, "according to your reckoning that last famished wolf must have had the other 'leven inside of him."

"Well, come to think it over," said the story teller, "maybe he wasn't so darned famished, after all."

The mother of the girl baby, herself named Rachel, frankly told her husband that she was tired of the good old names borne by most of the feminine members of the family, and she would like to give the little girl a name entirely different. Then she wrote on a slip of paper "Eugénie," and asked her husband if he didn't think that was a pretty name.

The father studied the name for a moment and then said:

"Vell, call her Yousheenie, but I don't see vat you gain by it."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The great unrest in New England has manifested itself in more directions than the far-famed movement to reform the municipal housekeeping of Boston. An impression has grown up in New England, and has been allowed a certain currency elsewhere in America, that this territory is losing its old-time commercial and manufacturing grip. By the Boston Chamber of Commerce and by the Pilgrim Publicity Association of New England, who have a membership of 3,000 between them, the situation has been taken vigorously in hand, and on February 25 they gave a joint banquet in Boston to diagnose conditions and obtain advice. Among others they invited Mr. Ridgway, publisher of EVERYBODY'S, *to tell them how the New England body politic looked to an outsider, and to prescribe accordingly. Mr. Ridgway made his own investigation of New England trade conditions, and presented his deductions. His prescription was publicity. The best method to preserve the prestige of New England's manufacturing eminence and to counteract wrong impressions of decadence, was to speak up and tell the country the big facts of the case. Here is his address—presented in this place both to help that good cause and for its intrinsic interest to those in the habit of reading the "Publishers," which is Mr. Ridgway's own forum.*

MERCHANDISING BY WIRELESS

THERE'S a reason—in fact there are four reasons—why I should feel among friends in Boston.

First. The singular and remunerative standing of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE we owe to a Boston man, Mr. Lawson.

Second. We have reason to remember a Boston house, S. D. Warren & Company, who during the panic sent us seventy thousand real dollars: one of those admirable combinations of good business and good friendship which give bouquet to business life.

Third. Boston and New England advertisers during that same panic, having nerve and money, did not reduce their advertising appropriations, thereby earning our gratitude, and

Fourth. For your committee's invitation to address you to-night I am grateful.

In preparing for this talk I have refreshed my memory of your past, I have studied your present, and I have tried to see your future. To-day New England has Health, Wealth, Enterprise, Brains, Conscience, and Heart. This is said in fairness, not in compliment, and I ask you to remember that I said it if I say other things also not in compliment. I would not appear to abuse your hospitality while striving to accomplish the purpose for which I was invited. Hospitality enjoins an obligation upon the host beyond the spreading of a feast. It was your own Emerson who said: "Hospitality must be for service and not for show."

You can be of service to me if you will permit me to take a leaf out of your Yankee account book and collect on delivery for this speech in trade. I want to tack a tin sign to each one of you, a "Ridgway's Reliable Remedy" sign. This talk is bound to make some kind of an impression on you. If I should be so fortunate as to make a favorable impression, I want you to agree to display my tin sign. Good, old-fashioned, highway publicity. If I do not make a good impression, strain your sympathy but not your mercy, and hide the sign.

Unfortunately, tin signs suggest fence

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posts, trees, and telegraph poles—hardly animated enough to flatter you, I'll admit, but you could scarcely expect me to ruin a good simile just to be nicely exact.

Your invitation was accepted in the hope that I might make a few more friends for myself and the house I represent; also in the hope that I might be of some service to you. It would tickle my vanity if I could.

I have no apology to offer for trying to show the men of New England how to make two Gold Dust Twins grow where one grew before. Money is a necessity. It may become a luxury or a nuisance if you get too much. So may food and fame and womankind.

An old darky was in charge of a ferryboat on a Southern river. A man hurried up.

"Mose, lend me the price of a ferry ticket. I've forgotten my money."

"Hain't you got no money, Boss?"

"No."

"Well, I doan' len' no money to nobody what hain't got no money. Ef you hain't got no money, you's jes' as wuss off on t'udder side de ribber as you is on dis side."

This is a money age—a material age. Yes, and it's our age. That's what we are here for.

ARTICULATING DIVINITY

The Almighty said to Gabriel, "Look at those workers down there in America."

And Gabriel said, "They look good to me."

And the Lord said: "Give them the secrets, Gabriel. They're the first since Creation strong enough to hear about steam, and electricity, and wireless, and flying, and advertising, without turning their heads. I like them, Gabriel."

And then the Lord smiled, half sadly: "Remember the Pilgrims, Gabriel? Went over to America so they could walk and talk with me. Strong, able men—but—I'd rather walk and talk with their descendants."

"Some of them losing their heads," said Gabriel.

"Of course, of course," said the Lord; "that's human, Gabriel. The Pilgrims overdid their mission a little, too, you remember; but these fellows are doing a bigger job, Gabriel, and doing it mighty well. See them work. Hear them talk about conservation and coöperation, and looking after the children and the old folks. They know how to play, too, Gabriel. And they call their flag —Old Glory. Good name, that. I guess they'd fight for that, Gabriel, if they couldn't have peace with honor. Good workers, good players, good fighters, good fellows. If good men make Divinity articulate, Gabriel, I am making more noise in that little old earth than I ever did before, and you can write that down in the book."

And Gabriel touched his cap and said, "Yes, sir." Because Gabriel is only an angel, and not one of the family like us. Gabriel is a sort of secretary like Loeb and Carpenter. No, not like Cortelyou. Cortelyou aspired to fill Teddy's boots. Even Gabriel wouldn't try to do that. I mean the Lord's boots.

Well, let's get down to business.

What's the meaning of this "1915" movement? What's the matter with you folks?

Step up here, Mr. New England Business, and stick out your tongue. You look husky to me, but you must be sick if you think you are.

Ah, tongue not bad—rather small for so big a man—you don't talk enough—arrested development—*Sprechen Sie—Parlez Vous*—Talk—See!

Let me feel your pulse—strong, very strong, but painfully deliberate. Sit down over there and tell me about yourself. First of all, who sent you to me?

"The advertising agents."

Now, tell me about your family history.

"Plenty of traditions!" Well, that's good in the shape of bedsteads and rocking-chairs and memories, but you can't run a business on tradition. Business is traditioning your goods for the other fellow's gold.

What are your symptoms?

"You have a pain in your insides that moves round in the same track."

That looks a bit serious.

How is your appetite? "Always hungry"?

And is your walk elastic? "Not exactly!" My friend, let me warn you. If you should ever suspect that you have the red-tape-worm, don't trifle with it a minute. A business should be run the right way—that is not necessarily the old way. Every department should be adjusted to new conditions at least once a year. Our house sent a recent college graduate to Albany, then to Scranton, Pennsylvania, then ordered him home. He came home by way of Albany because he had gone that way. But I don't believe either red tape or thoughtlessness is your trouble, my friend.

What's the next symptom?

"With 'Everybody's' Publishers" is continued on Page 94 of the Advertising Section.

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